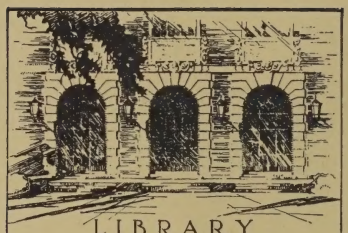
# MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

## 1820 — 1830



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

944.05
B52mE
v.3

Charlotte L. Noyes.

Easter 1908.

**CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS**

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **You may be charged a minimum fee of $75.00 for each lost book.**

**Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.**

**TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400**

**UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN**

JUL 21 1997

MAR 26 2007

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date. L162

# MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

Volume I—1781–1814
Volume II—1815–1819
Volume III—1820-1830
Each, *net*, $2.50

*The Comte de Boigne.*

*after a contemporary portrait by Tardieu.*

# MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

1820–1830

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

BY

M. CHARLES NICOULLAUD

III

WITH PORTRAIT

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK :: :: :: :: :: :: 1908

Copyright, 1908, by
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published February, 1908

944.05
B52mE
v.3

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

The Princesse de Poix—Her *salon*—Anecdote concerning the Princesse d'Hénin—The Comtesse Charles de Damas—The Abbé de Montesquieu—The Comte de Lally Tollendal—*Salon* of the Marquise de Montcalm—Family connections of the Duc de Richelieu—The Duchesse de Richelieu—Mesdames de Montcalm and de Jumilhac . . . . . Pp. 1–11

CHAPTER II

The carnival of 1820—The Palais Royal—Ball at the Élysée—Humour of the Duc de Berry—Masked Ball given by M. Greffulhe—Masquerade at the house of M. de La Briche—Assassination of the Duc de Berry—His courage—Details of the event—Ill feeling against Comte Decazes—He is obliged to resign—The Duc de Richelieu takes his place—Promises of Monsieur Pp. 12–29

CHAPTER III

Second Ministry of the Duc de Richelieu—Presents sent by mistake to the Duc de Castries—Trial of Louvel—Intrigues of the Ultra party—The Duchesse de Berry takes part in them—The execution of Louvel—Political agitation—Institutions founded at Chambéry by M. de Boigne—M. Lainé—Queen Caroline of England—Her conduct in Savoy—Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux—Observation by General Pozzo—Promotion of Knight Commanders . . . . . Pp. 30–46

CHAPTER IV

Military insurrection—Congress of Troppau—Tact of Prince Metternich—He is reconciled to the Emperor Alexander—Conduct of the old King of Naples—The *Paura*—Description of it—Insurrection in Piedmont—The Prince de Carignan—Conduct of General Bubna at Milan—Death of the Emperor Napoleon Pp. 47–56

## CHAPTER V

Intrigues against the Ministry—Mme. du Cayla—Resignation of the Ministry—Conversation with Monsieur—The King's anxiety—The Ministry of M. de Villèle—His character—The Congregation—Its projects . . . . . Pp. 57–72

## CHAPTER VI

Death of the Duc de Richelieu—Persevering affection of the Queen of Sweden—Her grief—Death of Lord Londonderry—M. de Chateaubriand as Ambassador at London—He finds the post wearisome—The Vicomte de Montmorency—Congress of Verona—The Duc Mathieu de Montmorency—His life and death Pp. 73–90

## CHAPTER VII

Mme. de Duras secures the appointment of the Duc de Rauzan as Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—Spanish War—Departure of the Duc d'Angoulême—Intrigue at Bayonne—Cleverness of Ouvrard—Intrigues of the Ultra party—Prudence of the Duc d'Angoulême—Ill-feeling against him—Mme. de Meffray—The Spanish campaign—Capture of the Trocadero—Conduct of the Prince de Carignan—The grenadiers give him woollen epaulettes—Observation upon this subject by the Duc de Reichstadt—Madame at Bordeaux—The Baron de Damas takes the place of the Marshal de Bellune—Return of the Duc d'Angoulême . . . . . Pp. 91–104

## CHAPTER VIII

The Duc de Rovigo and Prince de Talleyrand—The country seat of Saint Ouen—Details of this festivity—The Duc de Doudeauville replaces the Marquis de Lauriston as Minister of the King's Household—Lauriston is appointed Marshal of France Pp. 105–111

## CHAPTER IX

The Duc de Rochefoucauld Liancourt is deprived of his sinecures—The execution of four young subalterns—Government elections—Recall of M. de Chateaubriand—His anger—The indemnity to the *émigrés* and the conversion of Government stock—The Archbishop of Paris, M. de Quélen—Political position of M. de Villèle—Father Elisée—Objection of the King to leave the Tuileries—His motives . . . . . Pp. 112–122

## CHAPTER X

Last illness of King Louis XVIII.—Adroitness of Mme. du Cayla—The King's death—The Dauphin is asked to take precedence—The King's funeral—The title of "Madame" is refused to the Duchesse de Berry—The title of Royal Highness is given to the Princes d'Orléans—Reception at Saint Cloud—Entry into Paris of King Charles X. . . . . Pp. 123–132

## CHAPTER XI

The Dauphin enters the Council—Demands of the Congregation—Law upon sacrilege—Attitude of the Prince towards the army—Evening receptions given by the Dauphine—The Duchesse de Berry at Rosny—Her habits—Her tastes—Her popularity—Coronation of the King at Reims—Festivities at Paris Pp. 133–144

## CHAPTER XII

The Austrian Ambassador refuses to recognise the titles of the marshals of the Empire—Receptions at the palace—Theatrical performances at the Tuileries—The indemnity for the *émigrés*—The three per cents—Influence of the clerical party—Birth of Jeanne d'Osmond . . . . . Pp. 145–155

## CHAPTER XIII

Death of the Emperor Alexander—The anxieties of his last years—Mission of the Duc de Raguse to the Emperor Nicholas—Death of Talma—M. de Talleyrand is assaulted by Maubreuil Pp. 156–163

## CHAPTER XIV

The law upon the right of primogeniture—Funeral of the Duc de Liancourt—Disbanding of the National Guard—Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld and M. de Villèle—The King at the camp of Saint Omer—Projects of the Ultra party—Wisdom of the Dauphin . . . . . Pp. 164–172

## CHAPTER XV

The battle of Navarino—The elections of 1827—The society known as "God helps those who help themselves"—Intrigues of the Ultra party—The fall of M. de Villèle—Visit of Dom Miguel to

Paris—The Martignac Ministry—Disappointment of M. de Chateaubriand—He accepts the Embassy at Rome—Fresh intrigue of M. de Polignac—Strange freak of nature. Pp. 173–187

CHAPTER XVI

Change in the Dauphin's attitude—The Baron de Damas as guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux—Ordinance of June 1828 against the Jesuits—Journey of the King in Alsace—Ball at the house of the Duchesse de Berry—The little Mademoiselle—The education of the young Duc de Bordeaux . . . Pp. 188–200

CHAPTER XVII

M. Pasquier declines the portfolio of Foreign Affairs—Conversation of the King with the Duc de Mortemart—Campaign of the Russians against the Turks—The King declares for the Emperor Nicholas—Intrigues in the Chamber of Deputies—Return of M. de Chateaubriand—Death of the Bishop of Beauvais—Progress of the clerical party—Difference in the King's language to M. de Martignac and M. de La Ferronnays—Prophecies unfulfilled . . . . . Pp. 201–212

CHAPTER XVIII

Fall of the Martignac Ministry—General outcry against the Polignac Ministry—Refusal of Admiral de Rigny—Resignation of M. de Chateaubriand—Marriage proposal for the Princesse Louise d'Orléans—Illness of the Duchesse d'Orléans—Ovation given to M. de Lafayette in Dauphiné—The Jesuit party defeats the Ultra party—The King believes himself able to justify M. de Bourmont—Marshal Marmont secures a decision for the Algerian expedition—He is completely tricked by M. de Bourmont—The Marshal's fury . . . . Pp. 213–229

CHAPTER XIX

New Year's Day, 1830—Charity ball at the Opéra—Royal session at the Louvre—The King drops his hat and the Duc d'Orléans picks it up—Will of the Duc de Bourbon—The African expedition—Observation by M. de Bourmont—The King and Admiral Duperré—Journey of the Dauphin to Toulon—MM. de Chantelauze and Capelle join the Ministry . . Pp. 230–241

## CHAPTER XX

Abolition of the Salic law in Spain—Impression of the Dauphine—The court of Naples at Paris—Ball given by the Duchesse de Berry—Ball at the Palais Royal—Illness of General de Boigne—His death—Conflagrations in Normandy—Insurrection at Montauban—Departure of the Neapolitan sovereigns—Moderation of the Dauphine—Capture of Algiers—The July ordinances—The secret kept—Short-sightedness and incapacity of M. de Polignac . . . . . Pp. 242–255

## CHAPTER XXI

Note written in 1837—March 1814 and July 1830—The *Moniteur* at Saint Cloud—The Duchesse de Berry—The Duc de Raguse learns of the *coup d'état*—His opinion—Appearance of the streets—Count Apponyi and General Pozzo with M. de Polignac—Differences of their opinions—The first popular rising—Strange attitude of M. de Polignac—Agitation in the town—The workmen . . . . . Pp. 256–264

## CHAPTER XXII

Visit to Neuilly—Regrets of Mademoiselle—Conversation with Mme. de Montjoie—Observation of M. de Sémonville—Alarming news—The first barricades—Pozzo maintains the right of nations to punish perjured kings—M. de Girardin—Appearance of the streets on Wednesday morning—Conference with M. Pasquier—Message to the Duc de Raguse—Conversation with M. de La Rue, his *aide-de-camp*—Colonel Fabvier—The first cannon shot—Patrol in the Rue d'Anjou—The insurgents seek arms . . . . . Pp. 265–277

## CHAPTER XXIII

Resumption of the conflict—Tactics of the insurgents—At the Porte Saint Martin—The tocsin—The black flag—Alarming rumours—Manufacture of cartridges at the Bourse—Impossibility of leaving Paris—Illusion of the Duc de Raguse—Barricades in the Rue d'Anjou—God protects good mothers—Marshal Marmont declines to fire upon groups containing women and children—Opinion of the Duc de Rauzan—M. Arago and the Duc de Raguse—Observation of M. de Polignac—Request of the Dauphin to M. Arago—Capture of the Louvre—Evacuation of Paris by the royal troops . Pp. 278–289

## CHAPTER XXIV

The pupils of the Polytechnic School—My little general—The boat of Essonnes—A walk through Paris—The barricades on the boulevards—The politeness of their defenders—The Rue de Rivoli—Pozzo and Lord Stuart—Mme. de Labédoyère—Bonapartist song—The barricade in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré—"Long live the Charter!"—Messenger from Rouen—The soldiers of the Royal Guard—Story of M. de Glandevès, Governor of the Tuileries—Obtuseness of the Government—The King's game of whist at Saint Cloud—"Jules de Polignac has seen the Holy Virgin"—Martin—The Duchesse de Berry Pp. 290–304

## CHAPTER XXV

A night of anxiety—Note from M. de Laborde—The workmen resume work—Benjamin Constant—M. Arago offers drink to the defenders of a barricade—A forgotten sentinel—Honesty and toleration of the populace—Pozzo changes his opinion—Letter from M. de Chateaubriand—Popular enthusiasm for M. de Lafayette—M. de Glandevès at Saint Cloud—Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais Royal—General Sébastiani Minister of Foreign Affairs—I write to Mme. de Montjoie Pp. 305–316

## CHAPTER XXVI

I refuse to start for Pontchartrain—Position of the Duc de Raguse—General anxiety—Reply of Mme. de Montjoie—I go to Neuilly with M. Arago—Proclamation by the Lieutenant-General—Death of a grenadier in the Royal Guard—Arrival at Neuilly—Conversation with Mademoiselle and the Duchesse d'Orléans—The two princesses differ in opinion . Pp. 317–328

## CHAPTER XXVII

My relations with the Duchesse d'Orléans—Her character—Her virtues—Good qualities and defects of Mademoiselle—I go to see Pozzo—His attitude—"They wish to reign"—Jules de Polignac and the diplomatic body—Strange indifference shown to the Ambassadors—Note from Mme. Récamier—"Glorious Revolution" of 1688 . . . . . Pp. 329–340

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Mademoiselle desires a conversation with Pozzo—The meeting arranged at my house—I inform M. Pasquier—Appearance of the streets on Sunday, August 1st—Visit to the Palais Royal—The Duchesse d'Orléans—Appearance of the palace—News of the Dauphin's wife—Return of the Duc d'Orléans—I guide Mademoiselle to my house—Interviews with General Pozzo and M. Pasquier—The "pen of honour"—I go to see Mme. Récamier—She takes me to M. de Chateaubriand—His fits of rage—The Duc de Bordeaux—The "Glorieuses" Pp. 341–356

APPENDIX . . . . . Pp. 357–360
INDEX . . . . . Pp. 361–377

# MEMOIRS OF THE
# COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

## CHAPTER I

The Princesse de Poix—Her *salon*—Anecdote concerning the Princesse d'Hénin—The Comtesse Charles de Damas—The Abbé de Montesquiou—The Comte de Lally Tollendal—*Salon* of the Marquise de Montcalm—Family connections of the Duc de Richelieu—The Duchesse de Richelieu—Mesdames de Montcalm and de Jumilhac.

THOUGH I habitually remained at home, I was, none the less, often to be found in two *salons* in addition to that of Mme. de Duras. These were held by the Princesse de Poix and by the Marquise de Montcalm. Mme. de Poix[1] used to receive me with the utmost kindness, and I was delighted with her social circle. It was a society absolutely different from that of the ordinary *salon;* none the less, it continued to take a keen interest in all the events of the day, and might be thought to represent the past century standing at the window to watch the passage of the present age. A young lady who could talk at once became a general favourite and was the object of warm compliments which, though inopportune, were none the less welcome. Such at any rate was my impression of them.

The Princesse de Poix was the most delightful old lady

[1] Anne Louise Marie de Beauvau, born April 1, 1750, daughter of Charles Just de Beauvau (1720–1793), and of Marie Sophie Charlotte de La Tour d'Auvergne (1729–1763), his first wife; on September 9, 1767, she was married to the Prince de Poix, eldest son of the marshal, the Duc de Mouchy. (See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 171.)

that I have ever met. Her intellectual accomplishments and her perfect social tact were united to a strong and dignified character which fitted her to be both the head of a family and a leader of society. The exemplary conduct of her youth permitted her to be indulgent in her old age, and she used her privilege so discreetly that her favour was both an honour and a support. She died, full of years, dignity, and respect, after surviving all her contemporaries and even her son, the Duc de Mouchy,[1] whose loss was a heavy blow which hastened her own death. For several years she had been entirely deaf, an affliction which she bore with admirable patience, employing every reasonable means to alleviate her burden, and bearing the inevitable discomforts of it with that courageous and cheerful resignation which alone can mitigate such a calamity.

As Mme. de Poix had never gone into exile, her *salon* had been little influenced by the Revolution, and some of the guests who met there every evening had been accustomed to visit her daily for forty years. Others, after an absence of greater or less duration, had gathered round this centre, reasserting the social tone and conventions of which, until recently, the old wife of the Marshal de Beauvau[2] had been the example and the oracle. Thus this circle was in direct connection with society as constituted under Louis XV. The children and grandchildren of the Princesse spent some time with her after dinner, and went away to the pleasures of a wider society about nine o'clock. Their places were

[1] Charles de Noailles; married Nathalie de Laborde; took the title of Duc de Mouchy in 1814. (See first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 329 and 332.)

[2] Elisabeth Charlotte de Chabot, sister of the Duc de Rohan-Chabot, born December 12, 1729, died in 1806, second wife of Charles Just de Beauvau (1720–1793). She was herself the widow of Louis de Clermont d'Amboise, Marquis de Renel, who died in 1761; she had married the Marshal de Beauvau in 1764.

taken by Mmes. de Chalais, d'Hénin, de Simiane, de Damas, and MM. de Chalais, de Montesquiou, de Damas, de Lally, etc., who met there every evening. There were other constant though less habitual visitors, and all the best society of Paris passed through this *salon*. The persons whom I have mentioned formed the coterie properly so called. It was an association of long standing, for long before the Revolution the Princesses de Poix, d'Hénin,[1] de Chalais[2] and de Bouillon[3] were known at court as "the united princesses."

The social tone of this company was sensitive and enthusiastic upon matters which seemed very trifling to our generation, which had been recalled to simplicity by the importance of events; but these seeming exaggerations did not exclude courtesy and kindness. A remark which showed any trace of wit in conversation was received with an approval which often found vent in hand-clapping. Such exclamations as "How charming she is!" "What wit!" etc., were lavishly scattered before the subject of them. Mme. de Staël had retained something of these traditions, though at a younger age. She was also better able to accommodate them to the habits of a century, the changes of which she had been forced to feel. In the *salon* of Mme. de Poix, any story in the least degree touching would evoke floods of tears. This again was a survival from the youth of these ladies, when soft-heartedness was fashionable.

A story is told of the Princesse d'Hénin, who professed a

[1] Marie Françoise Marguerite de Talleyrand; married her cousin de Talleyrand, Prince de Chalais.

[2] Etiennette de Montconseil; married in 1766 Charles Alexandre Marc Marcellin d'Alsace de Boussu de Chimay, Prince d'Hénin (1744–1794), guillotined during the Terror.

[3] Marie Hedwig Eleonore Christine of Hesse-Rheinfels-Rothenburg, born in 1748, married in 1766 to Jacques Lèopold Charles Godefroy, Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon (1746–1802). She was the last representative of this illustrious family in the direct line.

passionate friendship for Mme. de Poix. One evening, when the latter was very far from well, Mme. d'Hénin was obliged to leave her, being on duty as lady of the palace at Versailles. The next morning Mme. de Poix received a letter from her young friend. She said that she was writing as she had not been able to sleep all night, that she had counted every hour, and that when the hour which should mark the crisis of an illness had struck, she had herself been seized with a kind of shuddering. This had terrified her. She feared it was a presentiment, was unable to bear her anxiety, and was sending a man upon the spot. Until the messenger's return she would be in mortal dread, and begged that a reassuring word might be sent, etc. Mme. de Poix was greatly touched by Mme. d'Hénin's account of her condition, and hastily wrote a note saying that she had spent a fairly good night; she then summoned the footman to hand him the note.

"Take this answer to Mme. d'Hénin at once. She has had a very bad night, has she not?"

"I do not know, Princesse."

"Was she very poorly this morning."

"No one had gone into her room when I started."

"She did not, then, give you the letter herself?"

"Oh yes, Princesse; she gave it to me yesterday evening."

Mme. de Poix was much amused at the apprehensions of her friend, but this incident in no way shook their intimacy, which was continued until death. It must be added that Mme. d'Hénin was the most affected of all these ladies, whereas Mme. de Poix was the most natural, the most amiable, and reasonable of them.

Mme. de Simiane,[1] to whom I have already referred when

[1] Anne Emilie de Félix; married on July 15, 1776, François Léon de Simiane de La Cépède, Marquis de Simiane. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 21.)

speaking of M. de Lafayette, had been the beauty of the court of Louis XVI., and still preserved much of her elegance and charm, and as much humour as was required to make her gracious benevolence attractive. Mme. de Chalais was a cleverer woman, under no necessity of pleasing, though she was extremely kind. The Comtesse Charles de Damas[1] was not so old as these other ladies, while her intimacies were dictated rather by relationship than by sympathy; among her contemporaries she was always considered extremely clever. I have never seen any trace of her powers, but I will not venture to oppose my views to the general opinion. She was always in tears and lamentations, and was for me the personification of "doleful Elegy in long habiliments of woe," and her sentiments were too affected to arouse my interest.

A few days before her confinement, her husband found her in tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Alas! I am grieving for my child."

"But what a foolish idea; why should you lose it?"

"Lose it! Such a frightful thought would be the death of me; but alas! I am to be separated from it."

"Separated from it. But you propose to nurse it."

"It will no longer be within my womb."

The child[2] born of so affectionate a mother did not inherit her affectations. She was one of the most distinguished and natural characters that I have ever known. My friendship with her has continued since our childhood.

[1] Marie Louise Aglaé Andrault de Laugeron; married Joseph François Louis Charles César, Comte de Damas d'Antigny (1758–1829), field-marshal, gentleman of honour to Monsieur, duke and peer of France in 1825.

[2] Adélaide Louise Zephirine de Damas, born October 5, 1784, died in 1838. Married (1) Charles Elzéar François de Vogué; (2) on November 17, 1813, César Laurent de Chastellux (1780-1854).

Her first husband was M. de Vogué, who was killed by a fall from his horse. Mme. de Damas did her utmost to intensify her daughter's natural grief, but eventually she escaped from this maternal care, and married César de Chastellux, the elder brother of Henry, afterwards Duc de Rauzan.

I return to the *salon* of Mme. de Poix, where, indeed, Mme. de Chastellux was often to be found. The leading figure in this circle was the Abbé de Montesquiou.[1] He was another of those persons, reputed brilliant, whose merits I have been unable to recognise. I will admit that he had some intellectual power, but he used it merely to make his public life a series of blunders and his private life unendurable by the acerbity of his temper. In consequence a certain doctor of Nancy, a deputy of the Undiscoverable Chamber, who had been adopted by the Ultra society because of the violence of his opinions, said one day to the Abbé de Montesquiou, who was pouring his wrath upon the ministers who had succeeded him:

"Sir, you should never forget that you have every right to be extremely modest."

This offensive observation secured the exclusion of the doctor from the society, though his absence was no great loss, as he was ridiculous as well as tactless; but his remark remained in men's minds.

M. de Lally[2] wrote petitions, memoirs, speeches, tragedies, satires, panegyrics upon the dead, and laudatory addresses to the living in yet greater number. Whether any of these compositions will survive him I cannot say: his contem-

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 364.

[2] Trophime Joseph, Marquis de Lally Tollendal, born in 1751, deputy to the States General, went into exile in 1790, was peer of France in 1815, Minister of State, member of the French Academy, and died in 1830.

poraries called him the fattest of sensible men, and they might have added that he was the flattest of windbags. Possibly his weaknesses were due to advanced age, but whenever I saw him he was full of ridiculous affectations and ready to shed tears upon the smallest provocation. He would weep upon the subject of youth or old age; he would weep for glory, defeat, joy or sadness; in short, he was always blubbering. I used to see him constantly at the Palais Royal, where he played his part to excess, asking questions of all the children, even of those in long clothes, bursting with emotion at their answers, and overwhelming them with exaggerated flatteries, which were not fashionable in that quarter.

I shall say nothing of the other men who were members of the society of Mme. de Poix. Some were new figures, subsequent to the Revolution, and did not belong to her age. MM. Chalais and de Damas were excellent and straightforward characters, but in no way remarkable.

The *salon* of Mme. de Montcalm was composed of our contemporaries, and until the death of her brother, the Duc de Richelieu, this society was marked by a strong political colouring. The Duc de Richelieu, when seventeen years of age, had married Mlle. de Rochechouart, who was twelve years old. According to the custom of the time, he had been sent forth on his travels. During the three years of his absence he received constant letters from his child-wife, who wrote with much grace and wittiness. At his urgent request, she sent him her portrait, which revealed to him the features of the little childish countenance engraven upon his memory, though somewhat more developed. When the Comtesse de Chinon, this being the title of the young couple, had completed her fifteenth year, the husband was recalled. Full of hope, he reached the Hôtel de Richelieu, and his relatives came forward to meet him upon the staircase. The

old marshal[1] his grandfather, and the Duc de Fronsac[2] his father, had placed between them a little, stooping hump-backed monster, which they presented to the Comte de Chinon as his companion for life. He staggered back three steps, and fell down senseless upon the staircase. He was then carried to his room, and said that he felt too ill to appear in the *salon*. He wrote to his parents stating his firm resolve never to consummate a marriage which was so wholly repulsive to him, ordered post-horses the same night, and went away in despair to Germany, afterwards joining in the campaigns of Souvarov[3] against the Turks. The Duchesse de Fronsac, his father's second wife, had been able to make her way to him during his short stay in Paris, and to present to him two charming little sisters, of whom he carried away pleasant memories.

Fifteen years later, when the revolutionary uproar had somewhat subsided, he obtained permission through the Emperor Paul,[4] whose service he had entered, to make a

[1] Louis François Armand de Vignerod du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu (1696–1788). He was the grand-nephew of the great Cardinal, Embassador at Vienna from 1725–1728, lieutenant-general in 1744, marshal of France in 1748, governor of Guyenne and of Gascony in 1755, member of the French Academy in 1720. He was thrice married, to Mlle. de Noailles in 1710, to Sophie of Guise, Princess of Lorraine, in 1734, and to Mme. de Rothe in 1780.

[2] Louis Antoine Sophie du Plessis Richelieu, Duc de Fronsac (1736–1791). In 1776 he married Adélaide Gabrielle de Hautefort, who died February 6, 1767, and in 1776, Marie Antoinette de Galliffet, who was born in 1757. The minister of Louis XVIII. was born of the first marriage.

[3] Alexander Vasilievitch, Count Souvarov (1729–1800), a celebrated Russian general. He fought in the war against Poland from 1768 to 1772, against the Turks from 1773 to 1774, was governor of the Crimea in 1786, and conducted the second campaign against the Turks from 1787 to 1789. He commanded the Russian army sent against the French in Italy; after some successes, he was defeated at Zurich by Masséna in 1799.

[4] Paul I., Emperor of Russia. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 338.)

journey in France, while Bonaparte was Consul. Revisiting his sisters with memories of the past, he found two little hunchbacks no less ugly than his wife. On this occasion, however, being more hardened to such sights, he did not run away. He sold his property, paid the debts attaching to the estate, and divided his share of his father's inheritance among his sisters. He then returned to the Crimea, where he occupied himself in founding the town of Odessa. The difficulty of communications during the Revolution had kept the Duc de Richelieu as ignorant of the physical development of his sisters as the ill-advised silence of his family had concealed the appearance of his wife. He retained a kind of instinctive repugnance to hunchbacks. Long afterwards, when he was appointed guardian to his niece, Mlle. d'Hautefort, who became Baronne de Damas, he found her similarly misshapen, and could not help exclaiming, as he shook hands with a friend:

"Good Heavens, this is too much! I seem to have been born to be pursued and beset by hunchbacks."

Though the little monster of fifteen years had inspired the Duc de Richelieu with an invincible repugnance, the sight of him had produced a very opposite effect upon his wife. His noble appearance and attractive face had confirmed the impressions produced by the tender correspondence which the young couple had maintained. Beneath her ugliness Mme. de Richelieu possessed a noble mind and generous heart. She did her best to reconcile the two families after the precipitate flight of M. de Richelieu: she offered to second any attempt her husband might make to annul the marriage, and accepted his refusal as a favour. As her husband's conduct had warned her of the personal unpleasantness which she might be compelled to undergo, and which her parents' affection had striven to hide, she declined to expose herself to the scorn of the world or to the pity of the care-

less. She then retired to a beautiful estate, Courteilles,[1] distant twenty leagues from Paris, where she lived until her death.

Although she was very young when the Revolution broke out, her virtues had already secured her considerable influence, which she used to preserve the peace in her own neighbourhood. She was the good genius of the whole Richelieu family: far from showing any resentment towards the Duc, she constantly manifested her disinterested friendship by the most delicate attentions, and gave no sign that she was ever animated by any keener sentiment than friendship. The Duc de Richelieu was overcome by this generosity, while his own loftiness of character obliged him to pardon one whom he had so grievously insulted. After the Restoration he occasionally went to visit her at Courteilles, where he was received with extreme joy. Their respective ages would have eventually made this mode of life both simple and easy, and I am persuaded that at the moment of his death M. de Richelieu had almost resolved to take up his residence at Courteilles. As for his wife, nothing would have induced her to confront Parisian society, from which she had withdrawn before she had entered it.

Mme. de Montcalm was the eldest of the two sisters of the Duc de Richelieu. Exceedingly bad health forbade her to leave her couch, and the hope of hiding her figure gave her patience to bear this affliction. Her face was handsome, and the rest of her person was so wrapped up in shawls and coverings that her deformity was almost entirely hidden. It is to this circumstance that I have always attributed the marked preference which M. de Richelieu showed her as compared with her sister, Mme. de Jumilhac, who paraded her appalling figure without the smallest embarrassment at every social gathering or festivity. Her mordant wit, her

[1] Courteilles, near Verneuil (Eure).

imperturbable gaiety, and a wholly natural animation, which I have never seen surpassed, made her the favourite of the most fashionable members in the best of society. No festivity was complete without Mme. de Jumilhac. She was very fashionable, and, strange to say, to be fashionable was the aim and object of her life, notwithstanding her figure.

Mme. de Montcalm was a more cultivated woman, but in my opinion far less agreeable than her sister. She was very exacting, and anxious to be admired by people who could appreciate her merits, which she thought were transcendent, whereas her sister's only object was to pass the time pleasantly with any one who came to hand. Possibly my judgment of the two sisters is not wholly impartial. I was very friendly with the younger, and it has been very difficult for me to hold the balance between them. In all important circumstances nothing could exceed the nobility and delicacy of their consideration for one another; but upon the details of daily life they teased and harassed one another so constantly that their mutual detestation became most cordial. Their intimate friends were necessarily influenced and were induced to take sides. In any case, M. de Richelieu showed a marked preference for Mme. de Montcalm. He would spend the greater part of his evenings at her side, and thus she was able to gather all French and foreign notable personages around her couch.

## CHAPTER II

The carnival of 1820—The Palais Royal—Ball at the Elysée—Humour of the Duc de Berry—Masked ball given by M. Greffulhe—Masquerade at the house of M. de La Briche—Assassination of the Duc de Berry—His courage—Details of the event—Ill feeling against Comte Decazes—He is obliged to resign—The Duc de Richelieu takes his place—Promises of Monsieur.

THE carnival of 1820 was extremely gay and brilliant, for the wounds inflicted upon the country were beginning to heal. Scanty as had been the gratitude for the Government whose efforts had succeeded in liberating the country, the very people who feared this result and had intrigued to prevent it, none the less experienced great relief when they no longer saw foreign uniforms strutting in our streets "as though they were their own."

The Duc de Berry gave a great ball at the Elysée. Invitations were numerous and were distributed with great liberality. The Duc de Berry considered that the court society was far too exclusive. Members of this society had profited by the sedentary and retired tastes of the Princes to monopolise them entirely; to have access to the Princes it was necessary to be a member of their household or in close connection with it. The Duc de Berry disliked this exclusiveness, and announced his intention of breaking with it. He had already given some dinners, to which he had invited peers and deputies who were famous in the political world, and he proposed further to extend the circle of his guests. He himself would have had everything to gain, for he was sufficiently intellectual to profit by the conversation and to

attempt to stimulate it. He was encouraged in this project by the attitude of the Palais Royal.

The Duc d'Orléans had shown more than any one his relief at the departure of the Allies, and had changed his mode of life in consequence; he liked people to notice the greater freedom with which he could now breathe. The first Wednesday of every month he was at home as a prince, though not in court dress. Court dress was only worn at the Palais Royal by ladies who were presented for the first time, and they, again, were often excused. There was no separation between gentlemen and ladies, as at the Tuileries, nor did they enter in bands marshalled by an usher to receive the word or the nod, which was given with as much boredom as it was received.

The drawing-rooms of the Palais Royal were brilliantly lighted, and filled with ladies in magnificent dresses and with men sparkling with orders and gold braid, who moved about as they pleased. People could meet one another and join their own circles; thus they were very ready to wait for the progress of the Princes, who bestowed their favours with the utmost graciousness. Receptions at the Palais Royal were thus excellent parties, where people could be amused and from which they came away pleased with their entertainment and with the givers of it. Hence these receptions were very fashionable. I do not know for what reason they were afterwards abandoned in favour of one sole reception upon the first Wednesday of the year, when the crowd was so great that attendance was an unendurable infliction.

Apart from the social gatherings of which I have spoken, there were numerous and excellent concerts, as well as large dinner parties by no means dull; care was taken to secure that the invitations were sufficiently mixed for every shade of opinion to be represented, to the exclusion of no particular party.

I went constantly to the Palais Royal. Upon ordinary days the Princesses and their ladies were working at a round table placed at the end of the gallery, and the children were playing at the other end. The Duc d'Orléans divided his time between these two groups and the billiard table. As soon as the children were in bed he came up to the table, and conversation went on in a manner wholly informal and often very amusing. The Duc d'Orléans was abreast of every novelty in art or science. Scientific men communicated their discoveries to him, and those which were likely to interest the Princesses were exhibited and demonstrated in the *salon*. Artists who came in met with appreciation, and introduced an element of variety much prized by habitual guests. The list of guests was so wide that some thirty people were always to be found in the course of an evening composed of those to whom the doors were always open, and of those who came by appointment to pay their respects. The Duc de Berry came sometimes with his wife, and seemed to be entertained. It was only upon rare occasions that I ever saw him. After the second Restoration he had ceased to pay calls, and after his marriage he only went out to the great balls to which he accompanied his wife. When, however, we happened to meet, we easily resumed the long-standing familiarity which dated from our youth.

I remember that one evening at the Palais Royal I was seated beside him upon a bench in the billiard-room. He then expressed his approval of the social habits of the master of the house, and said how much better it was than to be always "by ourselves like the Jews, as we always are."

I pointed out to him that it would be very easy for him to put the receptions at the Elysée upon the same footing, and that he would have everything to gain by becoming better known.

"Not so easy as you seem to think. My father would

like it and would even be ready to turn it to advantage, for he likes society, notwithstanding all his religious scruples; but I do not think that it would suit the King, and I am sure that it would displease my brother, and my sister-in-law still more. She does not like people to be entertained except in her way, 'very sadly'; you know what I mean." And he began to laugh.

This "very sadly" is a phrase which Froissart used in speaking of English amusements. After some long dinner in London the Duc de Berry often used to exclaim, "Ah! we have indeed been 'very sadly' entertained, according to the custom of their country."

Apart from the strictness of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, there was one further obstacle which he did not state, but of which he was well aware: this was the disagreement existing between the Duchesse de Berry and the Duchesse d'Orléans. However, the approval of the Prince could not entirely conceal his great jealousy of the Palais Royal. Of this I had a fresh proof upon the day of that ball at the Elysée, to which I now revert after this long digression. The illness of the Duke of Kent[1] had induced him to consider the advisability of postponing the ball, but a slight improvement encouraged him to give it. A telegram brought the news of his death upon the very day when the entertainment was to take place. I learnt the news from the Duc de Berry. A long row of carriages had delayed me, and I found the Duc, when I arrived, looking as he usually did when he was displeased. The ball was so beautiful, so brilliant, and so animated, that I could not understand his dissatisfaction. He approached me.

[1] Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, son of George III. and Queen Charlotte, born in 1767, married in 1818 to Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha (1786–1861), sister of Leopold I. of Belgium, widow of Prince Heinrich of Leiningen (1814). He died at Sidmouth in 1820, leaving a daughter, who became Queen Victoria.

"Well, I suppose you know that the Palais Royal is not coming, and has sent excuses?"

"Really, Sire?"

"It is most inopportune. The King had decided that the news of the death of the Duke of Kent should not be published until the morrow, and now they are spreading the news by their absence, which will require an explanation. It is to put me in the wrong."

I tried to calm him by reminding him of the fact that the Duc d'Orléans was an intimate personal friend of the Duke of Kent, that he must be much grieved, and that his position was wholly different from that of the Duc de Berry.

"Oh, nonsense," he replied impatiently; "it is always their aim to keep themselves to themselves." There was indeed some small tincture of truth in this ill-tempered exclamation.

The ball was magnificent and perfectly arranged. The Prince did the honours of it with full courtesy and condescension, and the success of this entertainment, which he had very near at heart, brought back his good temper before the end of the evening. He told every one about him that he was delighted to see their pleasure, and that these balls would often be given upon future occasions. None of us blind mortals could have foreseen that it was the last! The Duchesse d'Angoulême did the honours with a graceful readiness which I had never before observed in her. She was polite, affable, covered with diamonds, magnificently dressed, and looked indeed a grand princess.

On the other hand, her sister-in-law looked like an ill-bred boarding-school girl. She showed no politeness to any one, and was wholly occupied in running after the Duc de Berry to ask him for the names of dancers. He did not wish her to waltz, and she looked sulky whenever the orchestra struck up a waltz. It would be difficult for any

one to look more unpleasant or to act more completely the part of a silly little girl than the Duchesse de Berry that evening. The time, however, was approaching when she was to show a distinction of character which no one imagined her to possess.

I can remember, however, hearing the Duc de Berry relate that he was with her one day in a carriage when the horses ran away; she had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last he had said to her:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses, it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt. The Duchesse de Berry was one of the most courageous characters that I have ever known.

Etiquette did not allow us to leave the ball before the Princes. I was utterly exhausted when I met the Duc de Berry after supper. He seemed in excellent good humour, and delighted with the success of his ball.

"You are tired," he said; "you had better go home."

I offered some objections.

"Nonsense, it is I who tell you to go. Good evening to you, my dear old Adéle."

This was his friendly mode of address for me, and they were the last words that I ever heard him speak, while the grasp of the hand which accompanied them was also the last which he ever gave me. I cannot recall these moments without emotion. With all his faults, he had most attractive qualities, and within his princely breast there beat the heart of a generous man.

The following Saturday, preceding Shrove Sunday, February 13, 1820, there was a fancy dress ball given by M. Greffulhe, a rich banker who had married Mlle. Duluc

de Vintimille, and had been made a peer of France. It was a magnificent entertainment, and the most fashionable members of Parisian society were there. The Duc and Duchesse de Berry honoured the ball with their presence. The Princess did not dance, but as she was dressed in the costume of a queen of the Middle Ages, with a floating veil and velvet covered with gold brocade, the fact was not observed.

At this time a parody of the opera, *The Danaides*, was given at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin. The actor, Potier,[1] after giving the daggers to his daughter to kill their husbands, observed, "Off with you, my little lambs," which was uttered in so inimitable a manner that it made the success of the play and went round the whole of Paris. The Duc de Fitzjames was wearing Potier's costume, and had his pocket full of knives, which he gave to all the young ladies, adding some phrase appropriate to their individual circumstances. He spoke at much length to the Duchesse de Berry, and a humourous argument took place between them as to the part of the heart which should be pierced, and I saw the Duchesse go away holding the knife in her hand. Unfortunately, twenty-four hours had not elapsed when a more formidable dagger was buried in that heart which she had been advised to pierce. Edouard de Fitzjames often reproached himself for this jest, which was entirely innocent, but the recollection of it may very well have been painful to him.

M. Greffulhe never left the Prince for a moment while he was at the ball. He seemed anxious and preoccupied, and as soon as had placed his illustrious guests in their carriage and the vehicle had left his courtyard, he seemed to be relieved of a heavy burden. I heard that he had received numerous warnings that some assassin might use the occasion

[1] Charles Potier (1775–1838).

of a masked ball to attack the Duc de Berry, but, apart from the master of the house, no one attached any importance to these anonymous threats. Every one was happy and cheerful, and every kind of amusement was in progress.

The coterie to which I belonged met the next day, which was Sunday, at the house of Mme. de La Briche.[1] A masquerade had been prepared representing a village baptism. A certain M. de Poreth, a man six feet high, was the baby, and carried his nurse in his arms. The whole affair was arranged upon these principles, and the absurdity was quite amusing. Every one was highly cheerful, although one of the characters of the farce, M. Greffulhe, the host of the previous evening, was kept at home by an indisposition, which, by the way, ended in his death five days later.

Bursts of laughter were at their height when Alexandre de Boisgelin[2] came in. He sat down by the side of Mme. de Mortefontaine near the door, and spoke to her in a low voice. I was upon the point of going out, but they called me back. Alexandre had just come from the Opéra, and knew that the Duc de Berry had been struck down. He had seen the assassin and the blood-stained dagger, but he was unaware of the danger of the wound. He thought that the wounded man could be moved, had been to give orders at the Elysée, and was on his way back there to wait for him. He insisted upon our silence, and promised to return as soon as the Prince should have reached his rooms. Mme. de Mortefontaine and myself remained seated side by side, hardly daring to look at one another, lest we should give way.

Soon further news reached this room where pleasure was

[1] Mme. de La Briche, mother-in-law of Comte Molé. She lived in the Rue de la Ville l'Evêque.

[2] Alexandre Bruno, Comte de Boisgelin, colonel of the Tenth Legion of the National Guard, lieutenant of the bodyguard, and deputy.

still predominant. I shall never forget its appearance: the groups farthest from the door gay and laughing, while those nearest successively received the sad news, and consternation spread from spot to spot, though slowly. No one would cry the news aloud, and it passed quietly from neighbour to neighbour. Those men who were able to rid themselves of their costumes rushed into the street to gather information; those who had duties to perform hastened home to put on uniform. Soon none but the ladies were left and M. de Meun, who was dressed like a lady of the château, with lace collar, furbelows, and plumes, and was unable to rid himself of his costume. He remained thus dressed all night in the middle of those who came and went: *aides-de-camp*, footmen, orderlies, and messengers of all sorts came in to us, but no one noticed him, neither ourselves nor the newcomers, so great was our dismay, and only after reflection upon the evening did we remember the fact.

We learnt that it was impossible to carry the Duc de Berry to the Elysée, and that Mme. de Gontaut had received orders to take the little Mademoiselle to the Opéra,[1] while the ladies of the Duchesse de Berry were to go and meet her there. At length, at four o'clock in the morning, we were informed by the watch at the Elysée that better news had arrived; the Prince's wound had been dressed, he was easier, and was to be carried upon mattresses. Each of us went away with fear in his heart; we had been waiting since seven o'clock to learn the end of this cruel tragedy. The accounts which I have received are scrupulously correct, and have been confirmed by too many mouths for me to doubt them for a moment.

The death of the Duc de Berry was that of a hero and a Christian; he thought of every one with admirable courage, presence of mind, and coolness. It may be asked how this

[1] Cp. *Mémoires de la Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 206.

fact is to be harmonised with the want of resolution sometimes attributed to him. I cannot say. Men are full of these inexplicable anomalies. To represent them as perfectly consistent is to draw only the portrait of a novelist's hero.

The Duc de Berry had just put his wife in her carriage, and the footmen were closing the door. He was going back to the Opéra, to see the last scene of the ballet and to receive from a member of the ballet the signal for a visit which he wished to make to her. He was followed by two *aides-de-camp*, and two sentinels were presenting arms at either side of the door. A man passed through all these people, and pushed so violently against one of the *aides-de-camp* that he said, "Take care what you are doing, sir." At the same moment he placed a hand upon the shoulder of the Prince, and with the other hand drove into his breast below the shoulder an enormous knife, which he left in the wound, and took flight; no one in this numerous escort had time to anticipate his action. The Duc de Berry thought at first that he had received a blow with a fist, and said, "That man struck me"; then clapping his hand to his breast he cried, "Ah, it is a dagger! I am a dead man."

The Duchesse de Berry, seeing the struggle, wished to go to her husband. Mme. de Béthisy,[1] the lady on duty, from whom I have these details, attempted to keep her back. The footmen hesitated to lower the steps, and the Princesse sprang out of the carriage without waiting for them. Mme. de Béthisy followed her. They found the Duc de Berry seated in a chair in the passage. He had not lost consciousness, and merely said, "Ah, poor Caroline, what a sight for you." She threw herself upon him: "Take care, you are hurting me."

They succeeded in carrying him up to a little drawing-

[1] Marquise de Béthisy, the lady companion to the Duchesse de Berry (*Almanach Royal*).

room which communicated with his box. The men who had carried him then went out to fetch help, and he was left alone with the two ladies. The knife, which had been left in his breast, caused him dreadful suffering, and he insisted that Mme. de Béthisy should draw it out, after making a vain attempt himself. She was eventually induced to obey. The blood spurted forth abundantly, and her dress and that of the Duchesse de Berry were covered with it. From that moment until the arrival of the physicians with their bandages he merely groaned continually, saying from time to time, "I am stifling; give me air." The poor women opened the door, and the music of the ballet which was in progress and the applause of the pit made a dreadful contrast with the scene before their eyes. The Duchesse de Berry showed a calmness and a strength of character beyond all praise, for her despair was terrible. She thought of everything, prepared everything with her own hands, and the boarding-school girl of the morning became suddenly heroic.

I think that the Duc d'Angoulême was the first of the Princes to arrive, and was followed by Monsieur. The latter had thrown himself into the carriage of the person who came to bring the news. As yet it was unknown whether this assassination marked the outbreak of a wider conspiracy. There may have been some danger of such an event. The Duc de Maillé, First Gentleman of the Chamber, was unable to find any room in the carriage, and therefore got up behind, thus honourably repeating the courtly devotion of the old Marshal de Beauvau, who as Captain of the Guards had returned from Rambouillet to Versailles behind a post-chaise in which the young Louis XVI. had taken refuge one day, when his relays of hunting horses had failed. How circumstances change the character of the same actions. Though the Marquis's conduct was loudly

applauded at Versailles, I have always thought that he acted like a footman and the Duc de Maillé as an honest gentleman.

I have heard eye-witnesses relate that the progress of the old King through the corridors of the Opéra, where he dragged himself along to receive the last sigh of the last member of his house, was more imposing by contrast than a similar scene would have been in the interior of the palace. The touching details which accompanied this dreadful catastrophe, and which are placed beyond dispute by the number of the witnesses, did much to restore the credit of the royal family in the eyes of France, and the death of the Duc de Berry was more useful to his family than his life.

The smallest incidents of that dreadful night were related to me by many who were there, and especially by the Princesses d'Orléans. They were overwhelmed when I went to see them the next day. Mademoiselle told me that the King had said to the Duc d'Orléans, at the moment when the Duchesse de Berry threw herself upon her husband's body and refused to leave him:

"Duc d'Orléans, take care of her; she is with child." The Duc de Berry had also begged her to take care that she did not hurt herself, but to do justice to the young Princess, she thought nothing of her own condition, and was whole-hearted in her grief. She interrupted her lamentations only to express her distrust and hatred of M. Decazes: he was overwhelmed by consternation, and, secure in his innocence, did not even perceive the animosity which he excited, or understand the words and gestures which he provoked. To such an absurd point was this feeling pushed, that when M. Decazes went into the room where Louvel was guarded, and asked him at the request of the physicians whether the weapon had been poisoned, those about him were infamous enough to say that he had been to arrange

matters with the assassin. The Duc de Berry continually asked the King's mercy for this wretch, whom he presumed to have some personal grudge against him, thus giving a fine example of Christian charity. He recommended to his wife two girls in England who were daughters of his by a Mrs. Brown,[1] for whom he had shown much affection. They were sent for, and arrived in a condition that may be imagined; the Duchesse de Berry took them to her heart. She loyally kept her promise to the dying man, brought up the girls, provided them with dowries, married them, found them posts about her person, and showed them unbroken affection. We have seen them appear at court, first as Mlles. d'Issoudun and de Vierzon, afterwards as Princesse de Lucinge and Comtesse de Charrette. The Duc de Berry also entrusted to the kindness of his brother the care of a child he had recently had by an opera dancer, Virginie. The sobs of the Duc d'Angoulême testified to the readiness with which he accepted this charge. I do not know what became of this little boy, but I will answer for it that he was not abandoned by the Duc d'Angoulême.

The Duc de Berry had something appropriate and touching to say to every one; he was under no illusion whatever as to his condition, and thought only of others. He fulfilled his religious duties with resignation and confidence, and surrendered his soul to God with a calmness wholly unexpected in so impetuous a character. If any exception could be taken to so good a death, I should venture to reproach the Prince for his forgetfulness to send a word to M. de La Ferronnays. Twenty-three years of devoted service deserved at least a thought. But at that time he was far away at St. Petersburg, the Prince's sufferings lasted but a few hours, and present cares left him little time to think of the absent.

The death of the Duc de Berry was universally lamented.

[1] See the *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut*, pp. 188 and 207.

People who thought they were in no way concerned sympathised with the grief of the noble family, and the narrative of this cruel night brought tears to the eyes even of the strongest opponents. It is extraordinary that the ferocious Louvel,[1] who had been pursuing the Prince for some time, should never have found an earlier opportunity to strike him down. The irregular life of the Duc de Berry brought him almost daily and without escort into places where it seemed far easier to attack him. Had the catastrophe happened at the door of some dancing girl, at the moment when he was leaving a cab, a very different impression would have been made compared with that produced by the sight of him in the arms of his young wife, who was covered with his blood, while he was surrounded with all that was due to his rank. From this point of view there was something providential in the manner of this great misfortune. The despair of the Elysée Palace was indescribable. The Duc de Berry, notwithstanding his fits of temper, was adored by his servants. He was kind, generous, just, and even affable as soon as anger had passed away.

It is not sufficiently well known that he was the first to introduce savings banks into France. He had founded one for his own household, to encourage economy among his servants. When any one of them had saved five hundred

[1] Louis Pierre Louvel, born at Versailles in 1783. He was a saddler, and was employed in the Imperial Saddlery. In 1816 he entered the stables of Louis XVIII. He was condemned to death, and executed on June 7. More than two hundred and fifty years previously Nostradamus had written the following lines:

Chef de Fossan aura gorge couppée
Par le ducteur du limier et lévrier.
Le faict par ceux du mont Tarpée
Saturne en Lèo, 13 de février.—Cent. III., 96.

(*Les prophéties de M. Michel Nostradamus . . . a Lyon, chez Pierre Rigaud, rue Mercière, au coin de la rue Ferraudière avec permission.* Without date [1555 or 1858]. Bibl. nation., Invent. Ye 1785 Rés.)

francs he doubled that amount. The details of this business were his personal care. If one of these servants required to withdraw his money, he inquired into the nature of his needs, and supplied them when they were real and honourable. The attention which he thus devoted to their small interests secured him their passionate devotion, and his loss was bewailed with heartfelt tears.

If the Duc de Berry had been brought up by reasonable people, had been taught to conquer his passions, to consider public opinion, and to sacrifice his whims to social conventions he would have become an accomplished prince, for there was within him excellent material. As it was, his death was no loss either to his son, his family, or his country. My conviction of this fact has not, however, prevented me from regretting him sincerely. This was the general feeling. Whatever judgment may be passed upon him now, that tragical night was regarded as a national calamity. A long cry of grief rose throughout France, and was turned to such excellent advantage by party spirit that in three days it had changed to curses upon M. Decazes.

The first persons who had expressed these views had merely wished to accuse him of carelessness, but when the public was deceived no attempts were made to destroy the deception. It was asserted in the market-place that M. Decazes had commissioned Louvel to act, and a deputy[1] went so far as to denounce him in the Chamber as an accessory to the crime. These assertions would not stand a moment's investigation, but passion is unreasonable, and party leaders would rather profit by the blindness of the masses than attempt to enlighten them. On the other hand, an effort was made at the Château to turn the grief of the Duchesse de Berry to account. Assuming that her repugnance was unjustifiable, could the King insist that she should see a man

[1] M. Clausel de Coussergues.

who inspired her with such repulsion? Was it not right to make allowance for her grief and her condition? Excitement went so far that M. Decazes had reason to fear for his personal safety. Threatening murmurs were heard about him when he crossed the halls of the Life Guards, and his life was in danger at every cross roads. The King yielded. It was necessary to fill his place in the ministry, as he was President of the Council and Minister of the Interior. Monsieur undertook to smooth away these difficulties.

Since M. Pasquier had replaced General Dessolles as Minister of Foreign Affairs,[1] the Duc de Richelieu had given friendly and loyal support to the ministry of which M. Decazes was the head. In token of his good-will he had just accepted a commission to compliment King George IV. upon his accession. The death of his old father had made George IV. sovereign of the country which he had been governing for fifteen years as Prince Regent. The Duke had proposed to start at the very moment when the Duc de Berry expired, and his journey was consequently delayed. The King sent proposals to him that he should take M. Decazes's place, but he refused to assent. Monsieur sent for him and begged him to accept; the Duc de Richelieu once more and with greater energy refused when confronted with the Prince. At length, driven to extremes, he said that his strongest objection was the impossibility of governing on behalf of an invalid monarch who seemed constantly at the point of death, when the heir to the crown and all his friends were in opposition.

"If I were to accept, Sire, in one year you would be leading the opposition against my administration."

[1] Ministry of November 19, 1819. M. Decazes, President of the Council; M. Pasquier, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Roy, Minister of Finances; M. de La Tour Maubourg, Minister of War; M. de Serre, Minister of Justice; M. Portal, Naval Minister.

Monsieur gave his word of honour that he would support the measures of the Duc de Richelieu in every possible way, but the Duc still held out; at length he renewed his supplications on his knees in an absolutely literal sense, and begged him in the name of his misfortunes to come to the help of the family and to protect what was left of it from the assassin's knife. M. de Richelieu was much moved, but still hesitated. Monsieur continued:

"Listen, Richelieu, this is a matter between gentlemen. Should I find anything to criticise in your actions, I will promise you to discuss it frankly with you alone; but I will loyally and constantly support the administration of your Government, and this I promise upon the blood-stained body of my son and upon my word of honour as a gentleman."[1]

M. de Richelieu was overcome and deeply touched; he bowed respectfully over the hand which was held out to him, saying, "I accept, Sire."

Three months afterwards Monsieur was at the head of every opposition and at the bottom of every intrigue. Possibly, however, at the moment he was acting in good faith. In any case, he then led M. de Richelieu triumphantly to the King, who received him with no great cordiality. While Monsieur was doing his best to facilitate the retirement of M. Decazes, the King was striving to raise obstacles, in the hope that the uproar would die away, and that he would be able to keep the object of his affection near him. M. Decazes held a sounder view of his own position. He had attempted to bring public opinion to his side by proposing laws of exemption, and by personally demanding the repeal of the election law, the very measure which he had formerly supported with so much warmth. When these steps did not conciliate the public, he understood that the ambitious party leaders would not allow the excitement to cool, and that

[1] Cp. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV., pp. 353–354.

it would be impossible for him to defy the general resentment which was then overwhelming. M. de Chateaubriand was so ungenerous as to write that his feet were slipping in blood. He was indeed too enlightened to believe that M. Decazes was guilty of the murder of the Duc de Berry, but he wished to make his position, as minister, untenable, in the hope that he himself might be called in.

As he was unable to make head against the storm, the favorite extorted permission to resign from the King. The monarch only yielded with the keenest grief, and, as some alleviation of his royal vexation, he nominated him peer, duke, and his Ambassador at London. Until he could enter upon his new duties he went away to his estates in the south. The exasperation against him was so keen that it was not safe for him to travel in his own name. As his carriages were numerous enough to attract attention, he made use of the relays which had been ordered by the Duc de Laval Montmorency,[1] who was returning to his post at Madrid. It was amusing to hear the fury of the latter upon the fancy which the Duc Decazes had taken to travel incognito, under the name of Montmorency.

[1] Adrien de Montmorency. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 194.)

## CHAPTER III

Second Ministry of the Duc de Richelieu—Presents sent by mistake to the Duc de Castries—Trial of Louvel—Intrigues of the Ultra party—The Duchesse de Berry takes part in them—The execution of Louvel—Political agitation—Institutions founded at Chambéry by M. de Boigne—M. Lainé—Queen Caroline of England—Her conduct in Savoy—Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux—Observation by General Pozzo—Promotion of Knight Commanders.

M. DE RICHELIEU became President of the Council, holding no portfolio.[1] M. Pasquier continued to hold the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. Siméon[2] was Minister of the Interior, and M. Portal[3] was Naval Minister. M. de Serre held the Seals, and M. Roy was Minister of Finance.[4]

[1] The Ministry of February 20, 1820, was composed of the same persons as the Cabinet of the preceding November 19, with the exception of M. Decazes, who was replaced by the Duc de Richelieu as President of the Council and by M. Siméon as Minister of the Interior.

[2] Joseph Jérôme, Comte Siméon (1749–1842), professor of jurisprudence at the University of Aix in 1778, deputy to the Council of the Cinq Cents, councillor of state in 1804, minister of King Jérôme of Westphalia, Prefect of the North at the Restoration in 1814, deputy to the Undiscoverable Chamber and councillor of state in 1815, Under Secretary of State to the Ministry of Justice, Minister of the Interior in 1820; comte in 1818, peer in 1821. He supported the July Monarchy, was first president of the Audit Office in 1857, and member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

[3] Pierre Barthélemy, Baron Portal (1765–1845), a ship-owner before 1789. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux, councillor-general for the Gironde, attorney to the Council of State in 1811, Director of the Colonies under the Restoration, and deputy for Tarnet Garonne, Naval Minister in 1819, and peer of France. He supported the July Monarchy.

[4] See second volume of these Memoirs concerning M. Pasquier (p. 121); De Serre (p. 328); De La Tour Maubourg (p. 324); Roy (p. 331); and the Duc de Richelieu (p. 108).

The war was left in the somewhat clumsy hands of M. de La Tour Maubourg; he was, however, a prominent figure; his loyal character and his wooden leg made an imposing effect. Military affairs were guided by M. de Caux.

This Government was reinforced by the addition of MM. de Reyneval,[1] Mounier, and Portalis.[2]

M. de Richelieu used scrupulous care in searching for men of talent, with the object of using their support and of stimulating their capacity by placing them in prominent positions. No one was ever less amenable to the paltry desire of advertising his own impartiality. He was conscientiously anxious to find the right man for a post, and not to find the right post for a man whom he wished to favour. In consequence he had many supporters, but no following. I am inclined to think that representative government is established upon so immoral a principal of personal interest that this praiseworthy impartiality, instead of being a merit, becomes a hindrance to a minister. I wish I could believe the contrary, but my experience forbids.

Of all the administrations of my time, this was undoubtedly the strongest, the cleverest, and most united. Hence in less than two years it was able to lay foundations of such strength that the Restoration could raise upon them unharmed the follies that accumulated during the eight years that followed. During the ninth year the centre of gravity was passed, and

[1] François Maximilien Gérard, Comte de Reyneval (1778–1836). First Secretary to the Embassy in Russia from 1807–1812, and at London in 1814; Ministerial Director and Under Secretary of State in 1820. Minister at Berlin in 1821, Ambassador in Switzerland, 1825. During the illness of M. de Ferronnays, he was recalled to the ministry and made responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. In 1829 he was Ambassador at Vienna, and was at Madrid after the revolution of 1830.

[2] Under Secretaries of State to the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of the Interior, and of Justice. For M. Portalis, see second volume of these Memoirs, p. 294, and M. Mounier, Vol. II., p. 313.

the structure fell with a crash. If this Ministry had lasted longer, there is every reason to suppose that the monarchical government, wisely controlled, would have been sufficiently established in men's minds to over-awe the positions of the Right and the Left and to resist their united attacks. Would that those useful foundations could be restored! Let us hope that they may not be wholly lost in the process of demolition.

It has been proved by subsequent events that this form of government was entirely satisfactory to the needs and wishes of the immense majority in the country. The second Richelieu Ministry reproduced what has been known since the Revolution of 1830 as the "golden mean." This phrase, in the language of every country, means the nearest approach to common sense that circumstances will permit.

The King was more deeply affected by the loss of M. Decazes than he had been by the death of his nephew. His affection had been heightened by the disregard that had been shown for it, and he alleviated his vexation by continual petty demonstrations, even of a ridiculous nature. A portrait of M. Decazes, magnificently framed, was placed in his room. A miniature portrait stood upon his desk. Upon the day of the minister's departure he gave as the password "Elie et Chartres," accompanying these with a deep sigh. M. Decazes was called Elie, and was to sleep at Chartres. As the password for the next day he gave Zélie, the name of Mme. Princeteau, and the name of the town where the travellers were staying. Then came the name of Mme. Decazes, Egidie. Thus he followed them from inn to inn until they reached Bordeaux.

On the day before the departure, the Duc de Castries[1] had

[1] Armand Charles Augustin de La Croix, Duc de Castries (1756–1842), son of the Marquis de Castries (1727–1801). He was a colonel during the American war, became field-marshal in 1788, deputy in 1789, and went into exile; was made peer of France June 14, 1814, and lieutenant-general on June 22.

received a fine portrait of the King at nine o'clock in the evening. At ten o'clock the magnificent work of Daniel[1] upon India, most beautifully illustrated, was brought to his house. Both of these presents were brought by footmen from the King. Unaccustomed to receive such favours, the Duc uttered most effusive thanks until he could come himself and express to his Majesty in person his gratitude for this kindness. At midnight a messenger came to his room with a great bustle "from the King." This time he brought a most beautiful case, with ducal crowns in relief upon every face, containing the gold medals which had been struck since the Revolution. The Duc de Castries rubbed his eyes, and could not understand the reason for these marks of distinction. After long reflection he went to sleep again, to dream upon the matter. At three o'clock he was again aroused, but this time a footman came with an infinity of excuses to request the return of the presents. The King's messenger had been misled by the title "Duc," which M. Decazes had only received the previous evening, and had brought to M. de Castries the objects which his Majesty had intended for the favourite. The Duc de Castries remained the poorer by the louis which he had distributed to the bearers of these transitory splendours.

The preliminary trial of Louvel aroused all the Royalist passions and animosities. M. de Bastard[2] was almost regarded as his accomplice because he refused to recognise accomplices in those whom party spirit marked

[1] Samuel Daniel, an English traveller (1775–1811), an author and illustrator. His two chief works were *African Scenes* and *A Description of Ceylon*, which he illustrated.

[2] Dominique François Marie, Comte de Bastard, d'Estang (1783–1844), councillor at the court of Paris in 1810, first president of the court of Lyons, member of the Chamber of Peers in 1819. He was in charge of the preliminary investigation.

as such. The Duc de Fitzjames distinguished himself in this search for the assassins. The Duchesse de Berry supported his views by a miserable and blameworthy intrigue.

A bomb was placed in a disused stove which stood upon a secret staircase of the King's apartments. The explosion was violent, but the old monarch was not greatly disturbed. Search was made for the authors of this outrage without success. Other bombs were discovered about the Tuileries, and some went off beneath the windows of the Duchesse de Berry. Soon she found threatening letters in her room. One in particular was placed upon her dressing-table, and purported to be written by the confederates of Louvel; it contained appalling threats against the Princess and her unborn child. The police were in despair at their inability to discover any clue to a plot which was proclaimed with such audacity. How was it possible for any one to have made their way so far into the palace as to place a paper upon the dressing-table of the Duchesse de Berry? Her servants were examined, but their answers threw no light upon the matter.

At length a favourite chambermaid of the Princess was examined, and she was so obviously ill at ease that she was plied with questions. She was asked to write a few lines upon some pretext, and suspicion was increased by her unwillingness. She was sent back to the palace, while her handwriting was submitted to experts, and the ministers, after this cross-examination, expressed great pity for the fate of those in high positions who were exposed to the treachery of servants whom they overwhelmed with favours. In the evening the King called an Extraordinary Council, and declared with some embarrassment and much sadness that all further investigation must be brought to an end. He explained that after the cross-examination the chambermaid

had informed her royal mistress that she was unable to lie under oath; she also saw that these gentlemen suspected the truth, and she could not promise to hide it at a second cross-examination. The Duchesse de Berry sent for her confessor, and commissioned him to inform Monsieur that the bombs were an invention of her own. The letters had been written at her dictation, and placed where they were found by her orders. She was, however, quite sure that she had merely anticipated the intentions of the assassins, and she wished to stimulate the activity of the police, which she thought required some rousing, as all the agents of M. Decazes had not yet been dismissed. If her good intentions were not adequate as an explanation, she was the only person to be blamed, for her servants had acted only by her orders. She added that her chambermaid had only written the famous threatening letter at her imperative orders and after long discussion. Monsieur was obliged to carry this disagreeable communication to the King, who transmitted it to the Council. After giving this account in a low voice, while the Council listened with downcast eyes, the King added:

"Gentlemen, I will ask you to spare the reputation of my niece as far as possible, although she deserves no consideration."

As a matter of fact, the business was protracted to conceal the real facts from subordinate officials. Those servants of the Princess who had been summoned, including the maid who had written the letter, were brought back, and were questioned in a reassuring manner. By degrees the pursuit was relaxed, and after some days public feeling was confined to disgust with the police authorities and their inability to discover anything, when material proof existed that the Duchesse de Berry was surrounded by assassins and traitors.

The leading members of the Pavillon de Marsan were loudest in their outcries.[1]

I believe that this affair was the introduction of the Duchesse de Berry to a career of intrigue. It was a promising beginning, and was not disappointed by subsequent events. After the death of the Duc de Berry, the Duchesse had settled in the Tuileries, in the suite which the Prince had occupied, where he had been accustomed to hold his court upon reception days. The Duchesse often regretted that she had not continued to remain independent in a separate establishment from the outset of her widowhood, for she could no longer secure permission to inhabit the Elysée.

The commissioners who were responsible for the preliminary trial of Louvel needed all their courage to disregard the approaches of partisan influence; especially was this true of the president, the Comte de Bastard. The Chancel-

[1] During the night of April 28, 1820, a bomb exploded in the gateway of the Louvre. On May 7, the police arrested the author of the outrage in the act of exploding another and larger bomb. He was a certain Gravier, a half-pay officer of low character. Four months afterwards he was condemned to death by the Court of Assizes at Paris, but his punishment was commuted to hard labour at the request of the Duchesse de Berry, who was then expecting the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux.

On January 27, 1821, after the birth of the prince, a loud explosion resounded within the Château, not far from the King's study, and was caused by the explosion of a barrel containing nearly 6 lb. of gunpowder. It was four o'clock in the afternoon.

On the following days other bombs exploded about the Tuileries, and finally a further explosion took place in broad daylight within the corridor of the Treasury on January 31. A certain Neveu, a suspicious character, was arrested, and cut his throat while he was being taken to the police office. Nothing transpired to show that there was any connection between these outrages. It was upon February 3 or 4, at the time that the note was found on the table of the Duchesse de Berry, and that the incidents related by Mme. de Boigne took place.

Baron Pasquier, who was minister, wrote in his *Mémoires* (Vol. V., p. 97): "The imprudence of the Princess in no way cleared the authors of

lor, Dambray,[1] had been a wretched minister and an incompetent President of the Chamber of Peers, but when he directed the Chamber in his legal capacity he seemed to be in the right place, and showed himself an upright and impartial administrator. He supported the conclusion of the President, and asserted that Louvel was a morose and solitary fanatic, who had held no communication with anybody during the eighteen months that he had entertained his dreadful purpose, though he shared the revolutionary doctrines which the press and the Jacobins were sedulously propagating. The Ultra party in the court, in the town, and especially in the provinces, were by no means satisfied with this result of the inquiry, and everybody had some irrefutable proof to show that some neighbour was implicated.

The pleadings upon the case produced no revelations, and the condemnation and execution passed off without obstacle. Louvel was taken to the Place de Grève at three o'clock in the afternoon,[2] escorted by the execrations of the populace, but no disturbance was aroused, though popular opinion was greatly agitated by the debates upon the new law of election, and though upon the preceding days there had been gather-

the outrage of the 27th, and their discovery remained as important as before. The Duchesse de Berry was doubtless silly and impulsive, but she was not capable of constructing a serious plot, and it is difficult to believe that she could have conceived this idea of herself. Who then could have made the suggestion? Possibly the Princess revealed the author of it to the King and to Monsieur, but nothing was ever disclosed. He was thus obliged to keep his regrets to himself, and for a long time he bore the burden of reproaches for imprudence, clumsiness, and almost for treachery. For several months the conflicting parties poured suspicion and insult upon one another from the tribune, and the minister who was the object of these attacks, was obliged to be present at the debates while tongue-tied. Our opinion has thus been confirmed that there are political passions which nothing can disarm, and that it is not prudent to count upon gratitude."

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 364.

[2] He was condemned on June 6, and executed on June 7.

ings so tumultuous as to require the presence of an armed force. These groups, however, were chiefly formed of half-pay officers, and of young students excited by Liberal debates, and would not have dared to declare themselves in favour of an assassin.

The Government made a sufficient show of force without any unnecessary severity. A few blows with the flat of the sword and a few mounted charges proved sufficient. A sentinel who had fired upon young Lallemant,[1] a law student, was brought to trial. The discussion of the law was concluded.[2]

The ministers Pasquier and De Serre respectively defeated the Opposition arguments by their talents and cleverness, and peace was restored for the moment. However, the revolutionary party was reinforced by the military party, which provided men of action who had been suddenly checked in a career of energy and men whose feelings were hurt by the Restoration, against which they were animated by a vindictive hatred. These inclinations had been suppressed during the foreign occupation, but, after the liberation of the country, plots were woven in every direction. This was a danger inevitably consequent upon the evacuation of a territory, and should have been foreseen and met.

Notwithstanding the judgment of the Court of Peers, the Duchesse de Berry built a tomb at Rosny, containing the heart of her unfortunate husband, upon which she placed the inscription:

"Fallen beneath the blows of party faction."

[1] A law student killed upon the Place Louis XV. by a soldier of the Royal Guard in the course of an uproarious demonstration. Some collisions had taken place, at the moment when the deputies left the Chamber, between several of the guards and the students.

[2] A new law which established the colleges of departments and of arrondissements was passed on June 12 in the Chamber of Deputies by 154 votes against 95, and on the 28th in the Chamber of Peers by 141 against 56.

This proceeding shocked the feelings of the nation which had so generously shared her grief. M. de Chateaubriand published a history of the Duc de Berry, in which he represented the crime as committed by France. These two monuments to the memory of the Prince alienated public sympathy from his widow.

M. de Chateaubriand was deeply wounded because he had not been called to join the new Ministry. Louis XVIII. was by no means anxious to nominate him, and M. de Richelieu shared these views. As, however, he had been a leading figure in the intrigues of the Pavillon de Marsan, although Monsieur did not like him, the King agreed to pay the debts with which he was always encumbered, and he was sent out as Prussian Minister. He remained but a short time at Berlin, as he had been already appointed to Stockholm, where he never desired to go.[1]

The waters of Aix had done me so much good the previous year that I was anxious to revisit the town. I also wished to be present at the opening of a handsome institution which M. de Boigne was founding at Chambéry. This was the refuge of Saint Benoît, which was intended to shelter forty persons from the middle classes of society who were over sixty years of age and without means. This provision was intended for ecclesiastics, old soldiers, retired clerks, etc., widows or old maids who had lost their parents or were penniless. M. de Boigne had endowed this institution with a considerable income, and had been careful to provide everything which could secure for its future inhabitants an

[1] He wanted the post of Constantinople, which had become vacant in consequence of the nomination of the Marquis de Rivière as Captain of the Guards to Monsieur. M. Pasquier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had already given it to M. de La Tour Maubourg, and he was obliged to content himself with Berlin. "He did not hurry to take up his appointment, though he finally arrived there" (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 67.)

existence both comfortable and peaceful. I heartily approved of this noble idea, and had every satisfaction in doing the honours of the first meal given to the "refugees," as the inhabitants of the institution were to be known, and to the local authorities who had been invited upon this occasion. I spent that day and almost the whole of the next day with the new inhabitants, whose pleasure was a real happiness to behold. M. de Boigne had left nothing undone to secure their comfort.

Of all the numerous charities with which he endowed Chambéry, this house of refuge always seemed to me the most useful and the most satisfactory to himself. He built a wing to the hospital, a lunatic asylum, a hospital for strangers, and one for skin diseases. He built barracks, a theatre, opened streets, planted boulevards, built houses. To crown his work, he refounded the convent of the Capuchins and the college of the Jesuits towards the end of his life, when he became extremely religious. His religion, however, was in a class of its own, for with the authorisation of the Jesuit directors the Capuchins kept Lent and fasted for General de Boigne with the aid of demand notes for two thousand pounds of meat upon the butchers of Chambéry, which notes he presented to the convent.

I cannot say how these matters were finally arranged; they are the affair of Providence. This mode of fasting pleased me extremely, and M. de Boigne himself used to poke fun at his good friends the Capuchins.

It was during this stay that I made at the waters this year that I began my greatest intimacy with M. Lainé,[1] which confirmed me in my opinion that he was by no means a statesman. He would himself often say that he was unfitted for business. He had refused a request from M. de Richelieu to re-enter the Ministry, and yet, with the natural

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 135.

inconsistency of human vanity, he had been wounded because this sacrifice was not extorted from his patriotism.

The great military conspiracy which had been on foot for several months broke out in the month of August of this year.[1] M. Lainé received details of it by every post, which only came twice a week. He would open his letters with horror, and as they inspired him with hope or uneasiness, his temperature would rise or fall. He would come to my house to wait for the post, and within ten days I have seen him pass alternately from absolute confidence to utter despair thrice in succession. All was saved, and again, all was lost. He would then expound the reason of his fears or of his hopes with an eloquence which was quite contagious, but which soon lost all influence upon myself, for the reason that the impressions which it explained were constantly changing, and a weak woman like myself was obliged to try and cheer him up by repeating his arguments of the evening before. But he would listen to no arguments as soon as his imagination had been turned in another direction. After uttering his hymn of joy or despair, he would return home and go to bed, have an attack of fever, and wait for the next post, talking more calmly in the interval.

M. Lainé was a tall, dry man, angular and awkward; his face was ugly and without character. His conversation was generally cold, measured, and uninteresting; one might spend evenings with him, and hear him drop a few short phrases into the conversation without connection or purpose. If, however, some fact struck his imagination, his face would

[1] Conspiracy of August 20, 1820, in which were compromised old servants of the Emperor, certain deputies from the Left, such officers as the Duc de Rovigo, MM. de Lafayette, de Corcelle, Manuel, d'Argenson, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Foy, Generals Pajol, Grouchy, Vandamme, Merlin, Colonel Fabvier, etc. The chief criminals escaped, and during the trial before the Court of Peers the punishment fell chiefly upon men of no account, lawyers and officers on half-pay, etc.

grow animated, his eyes would sparkle, his gestures become dignified, his voice sonorous, and in short the whole personality of the man would change. These periods of excitement were followed by a reaction which produced a complete collapse. Such moments of inspiration were felt by M. Lainé for his own benefit, and he did not require the excitement of an audience. I have heard him make ten speeches in my little room at Aix which would have been received with deafening applause if they had been declaimed in the Chamber. On the other hand, if he had been obliged a moment afterwards to answer some antagonist, our brilliant improviser would not have found a word to say unless the antagonist had succeeded in arousing his anger. He had splendid opposition talents, and no one could rise with greater dignity or magnificence against what he thought wrong, but the style of his eloquence was not governmental. He was too deeply irritated by partisan arguments advanced in bad faith, and if he could not crush them at one blow, he was unable to carry on that skirmishing warfare which ministers are forced to employ. Of the six weeks I spent in the daily society of M. Lainé, I have preserved friendship for him as a man, admiration for his eloquence, and a total lack of confidence in his judgment.

The carriages of Queen Caroline of England[1] were passing through Aix. We were informed that she had been staying in an inn upon the Geneva route, and strange stories reached us from that quarter. Curious to know the truth upon these details, I made inquiries a short time afterwards when I was following the same route. I stopped at an inn at Rumilly. A very respectable-looking girl was working in the kitchen, and I asked her a few questions about the Queen's stay. She replied with downcast eyes that she knew nothing.

"The Queen did not stay here, then?"

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, chapter IV.

"Oh yes, Madame, but I was not here."

The mistress of the inn then came up, and told me that the Queen had stayed a week at her house, but that after the first evening she had hastened to send away her daughters to one of their aunts.

"I was ashamed, Madame, of what I saw myself, and did not even like sending my servants to wait upon her."

It seems that the courier Bergami had grown too lazy to satisfy the taste of this immoral princess, although she still remained under his influence. Under pretext of a conference with the English Minister at Berne to arrange for her journey through Switzerland, she had sent him away, and had spent the week of his absence in a perpetual orgie with her other servants. Indignation reached such a pitch in the little town which her presence had defiled that upon the day of her departure, when a quarrel broke out between one of her servants and a postillion, the Queen attempted to secure silence by her royal word, whereupon there was an explosion of popular indignation. The whole populace rose, and threatened to stone her, and she ran some risk of being thus assaulted. Such was the honourable person loudly claimed as sovereign by a large proportion of the English nation, a fact which provides further proof of opposition good faith in every country.[1]

After spending some days in the delights which I was always certain of finding at Geneva, I passed the Jura in the

[1] Political animosity rose high in England at that moment, and the parties made capital of the domestic dissensions in the royal family. Queen Caroline was given a triumphal reception upon her return to England by the people as a demonstration against the Tory Ministry. George IV. brought her to trial for adultery before the Peers. After debates lasting for six months, from June 5 to November 10, 1820, the Queen was acquitted. She died on August 7 of the next year. Notwithstanding her acquittal, she had not been admitted to her husband's coronation, which took place on July 19, 1821, at Westminster.

midst of the snow, and reached Paris on the evening of the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux.[1] I do not deny that it caused me keen joy, and that I repeated all the Royalist exaggerations concerning this "miraculous child," as we called him. Indeed, remembering as we did that his father's death had seemed to secure the extinction of the branch, and that this feeble scion had survived all the mental and physical agitation of his unhappy mother during that fatal evening in February 13, it was easy to see the finger of Providence in this event, and to count upon its protection.

At the same time, I well remember an incident which struck me at the time, and which we have often recalled since. I was walking in my drawing-room with Pozzo, and had been expressing my enthusiasm at this birth for an hour; suddenly he stopped, put a hand on my arm, and said:

"You seem very pleased, very happy, and very delighted. You hear those bells ringing? Well, I tell you they are tolling the death-knell of the House of Bourbon, and do not forget what I have said."

Pozzo's premonitions were only too correct. The birth of the Duc de Bordeaux induced his family to begin attempts for the re-establishment of the absolute monarchy, and also deprived the people of their hopes that the older line, with which they were not in sympathy, would become extinct.[2] Thus it is that the prophecies of weak mortals are often overthrown by the decrees of Providence, and that our cries

[1] Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné, Duc de Bordeaux, Henri V., Comte de Chambord (September 29, 1820, to August 24, 1883.)

[2] It should certainly be added that this posthumous birth cut short the hopes of the crown which the younger prince was known to entertain, and prevented his legitimate accession. Regarding events in better perspective and with historical impartiality, as we can now observe them, it might seem better for the happiness of France if the Duc de Bordeaux had never come into the world. But this consideration is no excuse for anything that took place.

of joy were to be turned into lamentations. I must do Pozzo the justice to recognise that he was one of the few people who predicted the fact at that time. The Duke of Wellington expressed himself in almost similar terms upon the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Berry: some one had said that the Duchesse seemed too feeble to have much hope of children, and he replied:

"It would be very fortunate for the Restoration. The best chance for the Restoration to establish itself is to leave some hope that the reigning branch may become extinct."

Party spirit set rumours in circulation concerning the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux which could not be maintained for a moment, in view of the shamelessness of his royal mother.[1] I do not propose to give any details of the event, or of the trial of the Queen of England. All that I will say is that the reports upon the maternal heroism of one of these princesses and upon the scandalous life of the other made the newspapers so disgusting for several days that it was impossible to leave them lying about.

At the time when the Duc de Bordeaux was baptised, a promotion of Knights Commanders took place. There had been some previous hesitation in holding this ceremony, because the King could not hold a Chapter before he was crowned, and the infirmity of Louis XVIII. did not permit him to endure the exposure of so long and wearisome a ceremony. None the less, it was decided that Knights should be made, but my father's name did not appear on the list. This was tantamount to a positive exclusion, as every other ambassador, whether retired or in office, was appointed. The King was still displeased with his retirement, and M. de Richelieu made the mistake of not pressing the point: thus he deeply wounded one of his warmest partisans, who by the very act of his retirement had given him a stronger mark

[1] For details of the birth, see the *Mémoires of Mme. de Gontaut*, p. 219 ff.

of confidence than French statesmanship is easily inclined to bestow. My father was deeply vexed, and I regret that I did not share his feelings more warmly. As he found but little sympathy about him, he kept silence upon the matter, and only afterwards did I learn how much he suffered. If he had spoken more freely, perhaps he would have felt the affront less deeply, but I was unable to believe that his sound common sense could place any great value upon a decoration which seemed to me quite trivial.

## CHAPTER IV

Military insurrections—Congress of Troppau—Tact of Prince Metternich—He is reconciled to the Emperor Alexander—Conduct of the old King of Naples—the *Paura*—Description of it—Insurrection in Piedmont—The Prince de Carignan—Conduct of General Bubna at Milan—Death of the Emperor Napoleon.

THE epidemic of military insurrection steadily increased. It had first broken out at Cadiz; an attempt had been made in our own city; Naples was attacked, and Piedmont soon afterwards. The insurrection at Naples became a revolution. Our Government refused to countenance the armed intervention of the Austrians, hoping by negotiations to induce the Neapolitans voluntarily to renounce some of the concessions which they had extorted from the terror of the old King, and to content themselves with sacrifices which would at least permit the possibility of a monarchical government. In other words, the Government desired to replace the Spanish Constitution of 1812 by the French Charter of 1814. The absolutist powers cared little for such an example. A Congress was assembled at Troppau.[1] I am not writing history, and I do not propose to give a journal of this Congress nor of those which followed it. I mention it only to quote an anecdote not generally known, which I have upon excellent authority and which was not without its influence upon the history of the world.

[1] The Congress of Troppau was attended by representatives of the Powers, by the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and by the King of Prussia (October to December, 1820). The Congress was then removed to Laybach.

The Emperor Alexander, whose Liberalism had grown considerably cooler, happened to be at a great dinner given by the Emperor of Austria, and spoke very warmly against the promoters of revolutions. He asserted that military governments were alone secure from overthrow, and added that the least insurrection among the troops would indeed be a mortal wound; he then went on to affirm that the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies were completely——

Prince Metternich[1] interrupted him by speaking of something else. The Emperor seemed surprised and shocked. Everybody was astonished, and the dinner was concluded in silence. Hardly had he risen from the table when the Prince approached the Emperor and asked pardon for his impertinence; he thought that his words had shown ignorance of what was happening in Russia, and had therefore attempted to prevent him from speaking. He told the Emperor of the insurrection of the garrison of St. Petersburg.

The garrison had deposed its officers and left the town to march upon the military colonies. The Emperor protested that such a thing was impossible. Prince Metternich begged him to wait before declaring himself, promising him to keep the most absolute silence, and to permit his imperial majesty to be the first to spread the news in such terms as might seem to him most suitable. Forty-eight hours elapsed, and on the third day a courier arrived from St. Petersburg, confirming the insurrection and the departure of the troops.

[1] Clement Wenceslas Lothaire, Count and afterwards Prince of Metternich Winneburg (1773–1859). The son of a diplomatist, he married the daughter of Prince Kaunitz in 1795. He was Minister at Dresden, afterwards at Berlin, and was Ambassador at Paris in 1806–1807. As Foreign Minister and Chancellor he remained in power until 1848, when he resigned in consequence of the insurrectionary movements in Vienna and Italy. Throughout this period he governed Austria, and remained the undisputed arbiter of Europe. He has left curious and instructive memoirs.

Their presence in the military colonies might have produced the gravest consequences, but they had been pursued and brought back by force or persuasion. The danger had been suppressed, and it was in order to be able to assure the Emperor of this fact that the courier had been delayed so long.[1]

The Emperor was very angry at learning so important an event through a foreign channel, and rated his servants soundly. He was, however, greatly impressed by the way in which Prince Metternich was served by his agents, and was most grateful to him for the secrecy which he had faithfully preserved, even before the Emperor his master. It was from that moment that the Emperor Alexander became a prey to the terrors which poisoned the rest of his life, and also conceived that confidence in Prince Metternich which soon became unlimited.

At this moment Prince Ypsilanti[2] left the Russian flag to raise the standard of independence in Greece. At any other moment the St. Petersburg Cabinet, which had been preparing for this catastrophe during the last century, would certainly have supported him in every way. The Emperor,

[1] In the *Nachgelassen Papieren* of Prince Metternich, Vol. III., p. 377, we read: November 15, 1820.

"To-day we have news of the outbreak of the regiment of Semanoffsky; at bottom it is but a trifle, and yet it is disagreeable. . . . Last night three couriers came one after another; immediately afterwards the Emperor Alexander sent for me and related the whole business. Our opinions upon it coincided precisely."

If Mme. de Boigne's account is authentic, the Prince must have received the news during the day of November 15, and the Emperor only during the night, to give time for the scene at the dinner.

[2] Alexander Ypsilanti, a Russian general, son of Prince Constantine, a former hospodar of Wallachia. Born at Constantinople in 1792, he was *aide-de-camp* to the Emperor Alexander I. He led a revolt among the Greeks, the Moldavians, and the Wallachians, and entered Jassy in February, 1821. Disavowed by Russia and defeated, he was obliged to take refuge in Austria. He died in Vienna in 1828.

however, was frightened by the character of the insurrection as a military movement, and easily yielded to the exhortations of Prince Metternich. The latter was opposed to a war in the East, and was preoccupied only with the task of securing the Austrian domination in Italy.

The old King of Naples[1] had already been seen at Troppau,[2] accompanied by two enormous greyhounds, the sole objects of his anxiety: he had disregarded all his promises to his subjects, and had broken the most solemn oaths at the risk of danger to his son, who had remained in Naples as a hostage for his good faith. He had then followed the allied sovereigns to Laybach, had reviewed the Austrian troops to preach the crusade against his own States, and with tears in his eyes requested vengeance upon those whom he had sworn to protect. His wishes were accomplished, and his country was conquered, seized, pillaged, and ruined by the foreigner, after which he summoned up courage to return.

He was escorted by commissaries of all the Powers, partly to remove his own fears and partly to give his triumph the moral support of a European sanction, also, and chiefly, in order to check the cruelty of that reaction which might have been inspired by the apprehensions which still dominated

[1] Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies (1751–1825), husband of that Queen Caroline whose letters have been published in the first volume; he was father of the Duchesse d'Orléans and grandfather of the Duchesse de Berry. He was the son of Charles III. of Spain. After the Congress of Laybach, an Austrian army restored him to his estates, in 1821. The Emperor Francis I. of Austria had married in 1790 his daughter, Maria Teresa Caroline (1772–1807).

[2] The sovereigns assembled at Troppau wrote to the King of Naples on December 7, requesting him to join them. On December 12 the Neapolitan Parliament authorized the King to accept the invitation. He left Naples on the 13th, but did not reach Laybach until January 8th, as he had been stopped several times upon his road. The Emperor of Austria had arrived on the 4th, and the Emperor Alexander on the 7th of the month. Hence Mme. de Boigne is in error when she speaks of the presence of the King of Naples at Troppau.

him. Naples recalled his first return from Sicily with horror, and the world at large did not forget it. The hereditary prince[1] came to meet him as far as Rome. Commissaries were present at the interview between these two royal personages. There were many blushes when Pozzo, weeping with one eye and laughing with the other, related the discussion which arose between them upon the excess of their respective apprehensions. In Italy a spade is called a spade without circumlocution, and father and son talked freely of their "maladetta paura."

"E che paura ti! è io che ho avuto paura."

"Oh! cara maestà no, non era niente, è dopo la sua partenza ch'è venuta la vera paura."

Then they related all the degrees and effects of this terrible "paura," with a frankness which did not touch the hearts of their audience. Pozzo said to me:

"When we came away from that interview, my colleagues and myself dared hardly look at one another for twenty-four hours."

Prince Metternich gave an account of the same subject, though the rustic pantomime of the old King must be added to his jargon to gain the full effect of the story. Ferdinand was continually speaking to him at Laybach "di questa maladetta paura." The minister's impassive countenance persuaded the King that he did not understand the importance of his narrative, and he therefore asked him one day if he knew what the "paura" was. When Prince Metternich gave a slightly disdainful answer, the King replied with extreme good-humour:

[1] Janvier Joseph, Duke of Calabria (1777–1830), King of the Two Sicilies from 1825 to 1830 under the name of Francis I. He was married in 1797 to the Archduchess Clementine, and in 1802 to Isabella the Infanta of Spain. He had been in charge of the government during his father's absence, and was the father of the Duchesse de Berry, who was born of the first marriage in 1798.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

"No, it is not that . . . 've lo diro io. . . . ' It is 'una certa cosa' which catches you there," and he put his hand on the top of his head, and made a movement as though to twist it. "It seizes your brain, and makes it so 'fin' that you think it will come out of your head. 'Poi scende allo stomacho . . .' and you think that you are going to 'svenare . . . pare'—that you are dying," and there he clapped his hands to his stomach; "poi scende un po piu giū"; his hands made the same motion; "you feel a 'dolor del diavolo,' and 'poi . . . poi . . . brebre brebre'" . . . upon which he dropped his hands and concluded his physiological description with an expressive gesture.

When the military insurrection broke out in Piedmont, King Victor[1] abdicated his throne, preferring this course to imitating the King of Naples and to humiliating himself before his subjects with the object of finally betraying them.[2] Victor was both too courageous and too loyal to play such a part, and the attitude of the Prince de Carignan[3] in this sad and ill-organised affair secured him the disapprobation of every party.

I admit that I feel sufficient benevolence towards this prince to be tempted to explain my feelings. He was very young, had been brought up to hate the Austrians, with good reason, and knew that his feelings were shared by the

[1] Victor Emmanuel I., of whom mention was made at the outset of Vol. II.

[2] Victor Emmanuel I. abdicated in favour of his brother Charles Felix, last King of the elder line, on March 13, 1821. He died at Moncalieri on January 10, 1824. When King Victor abdicated, Charles Felix "was at Modena, where he had gone to see his father-in-law, the King of Naples, who was returning from Laybach" (Marquis Costa deBeauregard, op. cit., p. 121.) The Prince de Carignan undertook the Regency.

[3] Charles Albert. Mme. de Boigne has spoken of him at the end of the first volume and at the beginning of the second. For the events of 1821 see *La Jeunnesse du Roi Charles Albert*, by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard of the French Academy, chapter V.

King. Those about him had persuaded him that he was entering a general league uniting all the peoples of the Peninsula. Naples was already emancipated. Lombardy, the Romagna, and Tuscany were simultaneously to raise the flag of independence and to drive out the Germans. When once the Italian nationality had been re-established, the country would be divided into two large states, able to defend themselves against their neighbours, and the House of Savoy would naturally be called to govern a northern state. Such was the wild story by means of which the Prince de Carignan had been drawn into the conspiracy, together with the assurance that the King himself would gladly lend his support as soon as the movement had begun.

When he saw that the insurrection was confined to Piedmont, and that, far from producing an Italian union under the King of Sardinia, the object of the movement was to deprive the King of his authority, the Prince de Carignan perceived that he had been tricked by the revolutionary faction. He wished to withdraw from the plot, but his measures were clumsily taken. He betrayed his former confidants, and compromised his reputation as a man of honour to a wholly unnecessary extent. In any case, his punishment was severe. He was driven from Turin, and though he found refuge with his father-in-law at Florence, this door was only opened to him under the strictest and most humiliating conditions.

The cleverness of General Bubna,[1] the Austrian governor, had so successfully frustrated the plots woven in Lombardy that peace was maintained without recourse to great severity. It was only necessary for him to show that he was informed of these projects, and to advise those who were fomenting the disturbances that they had better retire. The method by

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, chapters II. and V.

which he drove out Lord Kinnaird,[1] one of the most active agents in the plot, was very characteristic.

Lord Kinnaird was accustomed to play a game of whist every day at the general's house. One evening, instead of making the usual appointment for the next day, Bubna accompanied his handshake with these words:

"Good evening, my lord, and a pleasant journey to you."

"What journey are you talking of?"

"Why, I am sorry to say that you are leaving us."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Oh yes. I have viséd your passport, and your horses are ordered for five o'clock in the morning. My lord, I wish you a pleasant journey. If you wish for an escort, it will be at your disposal at six o'clock; but the country is peaceful, and I do not think it will be necessary. So, my lord, a pleasant journey to you."

Lord Kinnaird started, in fact, at five o'clock precisely, without waiting for the escort which Bubna would certainly have sent. A dismissal announced in this manner before forty people informed the plotters that their plans were known, and that they had better abandon the project in which most of those present were implicated.

General Bubna advised in a quieter manner certain lords of Lombardy, who were most deeply compromised, to leave the country for a time, and in particular to make a tour to Vienna. It was not until after his death that the plot was revived, and that governors of less dexterity were obliged to take severer measures.

While these revolutionary passions were shaking Europe, the powerful hand which had tamed them and had used them to spread his fame throughout the world, the unarmed hand which was still the terror of the nations, yielded to the

[1] Lord Kinnaird had already been implicated in the story of the pistol shot fired at the Duke of Wellington. (See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 297.)

most formidable of conquerors. On May 5, 1821, Napoleon Bonaparte breathed his last sigh upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. Destiny had thus prepared for him the most poetical of tombs. Upon the confines of two worlds, and famous only for the name of Bonaparte, St. Helena became the vast mausoleum of his vast glory. The age of his posthumous popularity had not yet begun for France. I heard the newspaper sellers in the street crying, "The death of Napoleon Bonaparte, two sous; his speech to General Bertrand, two sous; despair of Mme. Bertrand, two sous"; and this produced no more effect in the street than an advertisement for a lost dog. I can still remember that the most thoughtful of us were greatly struck by this strange indifference, and repeated, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Yet glory is something; it has found its level once more, and centuries of admiration will recompense the Emperor for this moment of forgetfulness.

I have no special details to give concerning the period of his exile. Details only came to me by the mouth of fanatical partisans or detractors. I knew some of those who accompanied him, but they were anxious to profit by what they had to say. Gourgaud[1] was attempting to sell his revelations, Bertrand[2] to turn his fidelity to account, and in neither case

[1] Gaspard, Baron Gourgaud (1783–1852), artillery officer and orderly to the Emperor in 1811. After the abdication of Fontainebleau, he served under the Restoration in the King's bodyguard, and resumed his appointment with Napoleon during the Hundred Days. He was chosen to accompany him to St. Helena, where he remained until 1818. He joined the July Monarchy, took service in the army, and became lieutenant-general and peer of France. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly in 1849.

[2] Henri, Comte Bertrand (1773–1844), volunteer in 1792. Engineer officer and grand-marshal of the palace in 1813. He accompanied Napoleon to the island of Elba and to St. Helena, where he remained until the Emperor's death. He became a deputy after the Revolution of 1830. He had married Mlle. Fanny Dillon, cousin-german of Mme. de Boigne. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 241.)

were their stories worthy of credence. Still less was it possible to trust the account given by Sir Hudson Lowe,[1] who was overwhelmed by his responsibilities and had failed to understand his mission. He was constantly harassing the Emperor upon petty details and giving way to him upon essential points.

If it is possible to form a correct idea of the life in general of Napoleon at St. Helena, his existence seems to have been magnificent in his recollections as attested by the splendid narrative which he dictated, and trivial as regards his actions, which point is again attested by the correspondence with Sir Hudson Lowe. In any case, the Emperor was so omnipotent a character that even at the height of his glory, when he was shaking empires to their foundations, he could find time for the close consideration of details which a private individual would have neglected without scruple. Possibly characteristics which our want of sympathy styles pettifogging are due to superabundant energy.

Lord Castlereagh went into the study of George IV. and said to him:

"Sir, I come to tell your Majesty that your mortal enemy is dead?"

"What!" he cried, "is it possible? Can she be dead?"

Lord Castlereagh was obliged to calm the monarch's joy by explaining to him that he was not talking of the Queen, his wife, but of Bonaparte. A few months afterwards the hopes of the King were accomplished, and it must be admitted that if such sentiments can ever be justified, they could be only by the conduct of Queen Caroline. Her death was a relief for everybody, and especially for the party which had undertaken the impossible task of repairing her honour. She died a victim to her excesses.

[1] Sir Hudson Lowe (1769–1844), lieutenant-general and governor of St. Helena. After Napoleon's death, the English themselves judged his unworthy conduct towards the Emperor with the severity which it deserved.

## CHAPTER V

Intrigues against the Ministry—Mme. du Cayla—Resignation of the Duc de Richelieu—Conversation with Monsieur—The King's anxiety—The Ministry of M. de Villèle—His character—The Congregation—Its projects.

THE Cabinet, under the guidance of the Duc de Richelieu, was now busily occupied. France was resuming her position among the nations, and was becoming a power worthy of consideration. The Eastern question was growing prominent and claimed discussion. Domestic prosperity was increasing with the continuance of peace.

The Chamber of Peers had shown great indulgence to the conspirators of August, 1820, but the wisdom of the Government had displayed much consideration for the fomentors of disturbance, and their long-suffering attitude had resulted in no great disaster. Statesman-like laws were in preparation, and everything pointed to a session which would be uneventful and serviceable to the country. The Ministry, immersed in business and composed of men out of touch with the court intrigues, either did not know or disregarded the combinations in preparation.

King Louis XVIII. required a favourite. The retirement of M. Decazes had left a blank which he desired to fill. If any one of his ministers had been willing to take this place, the King would have readily fallen in with his wishes, but no member of the Government was suitable for the purpose. Chance brought

Mme. du Cayla[1] into the monarch's study. She retained some remains of her former beauty, was a clever and intriguing woman, and utterly unscrupulous. The shameful methods by which she seduced the old King were only surpassed by the disgraceful salary which she received. If the Ministry had known more of her methods, it would have been possible to retain her as a paid subordinate. Her lust could have been entirely satisfied by money, but the Ministers despised her unduly. Thus she gained time to establish her influence, and prepared to use it for political purposes.

I do not know whether she conceived the idea of joining her fortunes with those of M. de Villèle, or whether he first thought of using this vile instrument; I am, however, certain of the fact that Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, who had been for long years a more or less favoured lover of Mme. du Cayla, became the go-between of this most secret alliance.[2] When once the alliance had been concluded, Monsieur was easily drawn into it, and the fall of the Richelieu Ministry

[1] Zoé Talon, Comtesse du Cayla (1784–1850.) She was the daughter of a secret agent of Louis XVIII. before the Restoration. She was admitted to court and became the favourite of the old King, who left her a vast fortune. Mme. de Boigne has already spoken of her in the first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 254–255.

[2] "A less scrupulous and clever Minister might have used the favourite for his own support, but upon questions of intrigue M. de Richelieu carried simplicity and indifference to the greatest extremes. Some blamed him, while his friends, in my opinion with better reason, praised this feature of his character. The fact, however, remains that others secured the good offices which he despised to his own loss, and these were his worst enemies. The councillors of Monsieur suddenly pointed out to him the advantages which could be derived from an influence which would enable him to overcome the King's disinclination for giving his brother a share in the conduct of public business. The negotiation was conducted with all the promptitude of self-interest by the Duc de Doudeauville and by his son, Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, one of the *aides-de-camp* to Monsieur." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 375.)

was decided by this little council under the patronage of the Congregation.

The intrigue broke out at the opening of the session. In the discussion upon the address in reply to the King's speech, a phrase[1] was proposed which might be interpreted as a censure upon the ministers, and it was speedily clear that it would be supported by the two Oppositions of the Right and Left, which had joined forces to attack the Ministry at this moment.

The *doctrinaires*, under the influence of their leader, M. Royer Collard, were the backbone of this fictitious majority, being persuaded that they were to see the Ultra Ministry overthrown in three months, the place of which they would themselves be called to take. M. Royer Collard[2] was possessed by that secret ambition which aims at securing everything while pretending to despise everything. There is no man more dangerous or more bitter. With little talent and much self-advertisement, he had become a prominent figure. Two or three remarkable speeches could be quoted as delivered by him and a large number of catch-words which were rather empty than profound, but which were very

[1] The phrase, which has become famous, was as follows: "We have to congratulate ourselves on the fact that your Majesty's relations with foreign powers have been those of unbroken friendship, in full confidence that so precious a peace has not been purchased by sacrifices incompatible with the honour of the nation and the dignity of the crown."

Louis XVIII. replied: "In exile and persecution I have supported my rights, the honour of my family and of the name of France. Upon the throne, surrounded by my people, I am indignant at the mere thought that I could sacrifice the honour of the nation and the dignity of the crown. I prefer to believe that the majority of those who have voted for this address have not carefully considered its several phrases. If they had had the time to weigh them, they would not have permitted an expression which I cannot criticise as a King, and which as a father I prefer to forget." (*Moniteur*, December 1, 1821.)

[2] Pierre Paul Royer Collard (1763–1845), professor, lawyer, Constitutional Royalist, and Jansenist.

fashionable for a certain time. This precarious alliance of parties was the result of the manœuvres of M. de Villèle. This unnatural union would not have lasted a week if the Ministry had despised it. But M. de Villèle had counted upon finding M. de Richelieu too susceptible to insist upon retaining office when he seemed to be attacked by the disapproval of one of the national organs. His hopes were justified. It was a mistake, for the Chamber of Deputies was speaking in the name of intrigue. But follies of this kind are characteristic only of the noblest natures. The King, moreover, had already been won over by the flatteries of Mme. du Cayla, and far from urging his ministers to hold out against a change that was obviously transitory, he encouraged them to make a Cabinet question of the vote upon the address.

When it had become clear that the whole of the Ultra party, of which Monsieur was the leader, was working for the overthrow of the Ministry as actively as their chief, M. de Richelieu secured an interview with the Prince, and reminded him of the solemn pledge which he had given with so much earnestness the preceding year. Monsieur was in no wise disconcerted.

"I would have given you many more pledges to have induced your acceptance at that time, for we were in so difficult a position that we were somewhat fortunate in being reduced only to yourself, and in being able to stop short at your shade of opinion; but you will understand, my dear Duc, that this could not go on."

M. de Richelieu turned his back with little respect and much indignation.[1] He called his colleagues together, and

[1] Baron Pasquier relates at much greater length in his *Mémoires* (Vol. V., p. 409) this conversation between Monsieur and the Duc de Richelieu. "The latter said to the Comte d'Artois, in conclusion,

"'Sire, it is the word of a prince given to a gentleman that I claim.'

after a long conference they concluded that though it might be possible to resist the improvised coalition of the two oppositions and its victorious majority, it was none the less impossible to continue their administration in the teeth of the opposition of Monsieur.

Nothing would have been easier than to destroy his popularity with the country by unmasking his intrigues and his proposals, and to reduce him to the position of a party leader. The Cabinet, however, was composed of men too loyal and conscientious to ruin the popularity of the heir to the crown, whose accession seemed imminent in view of the King's enfeebled health. Consequently, the ministers decided to resign in a body, and the Duc de Richelieu was requested to inform the King of their intentions. The King was much disturbed by this explanation.

"Good Heavens!" he said, putting his head in his hands. "What will become of me? What do they wish to do? What conditions will they impose upon me?"

M. de Richelieu advised him to see Monsieur, and to arrange the matter with him.

A few hours later he received a note from the King, requesting his immediate attendance; he found him alone in his study, radiant with happiness.

"To this direct attack Monsieur replied in words which he attempted to make as off-hand as possible:

"'Ah, my dear Duc, you took my words too literally, and then circumstances were so difficult.'

"M. de Richelieu merely looked at him, turned on his heel and left the room, banging the door behind him with a violence which surprised the officers on duty. . . . A quarter of an hour after this scene, he was in my study, and I was horrified to see his pallor and agitation as he entered. I asked him what could have thus disturbed him.

"'I am overwhelmed,' he said, 'by what I have just learned, and I am choking with indignation and can hardly look you in the face, so ashamed am I of the man whose words I am going to repeat to you.'

"Then he told me what I have just written."

"Come in, my dear Richelieu; your advice was excellent. I have seen my brother, and am perfectly satisfied. He is most prudent; everything has been settled, and you can retire when you please."

Such were the expressions of the royal gratitude for all the services and devotion of the Duc de Richelieu. I have seen him smile when he told the story, but it was a smile of sadness, and expressed feelings deeply lacerated. In the eyes of all the royal family M. de Richelieu had committed one wrong which nothing could efface. During the exile, when he was busily occupied with the foundation of Odessa, his year of duty began as First Gentleman of the Chamber to Louis XVIII.; he begged his friend the Duc de Fleury, who was settled at Mitau with the King, to take his place, and did not go to perform his duty in the antechamber of the exiled monarch. In the opinion of the princes of the House of Bourbon, personal service was always the chief duty of their subordinates. They never pardoned this mistake on the part of the Duc de Richelieu. He was also displeasing to them by reason of his reputation for uprightness and for independence of character.

The King's anxiety to secure the resignation of his ministers had become so great that he sent to demand it three times in the course of the evening. The difficulty of collecting all the ministers at an unusual time to decide upon their action in common had delayed the transmission of the resignation. It was afterwards known that he had promised Mme. du Cayla that the resignation should be handed to her before she went to bed, and in fact she received the document at midnight.[1]

[1] M. Pasquier writes: ". . . The Duc de Richelieu carried our resignation to the King on the morning of December 12. . . . The King was so impatient to see the end of this business, that twice during the 14th he sent to M. de Richelieu asking him to send the document in readiness for

Here the reign of Louis XVIII. comes to an end; henceforward he was simply an instrument in the hands of Monsieur's agents, who, like himself, were dominated by the Congregation. When M. de Villèle attempted to throw off this influence, he fell like the rest.

I have said that Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld had been intimate with Mme. du Cayla for a number of years. His wife was vexed by this circumstance, and his father-in-law and mother-in-law never attempted to hide their annoyance. However, when she became a favourite they changed their tactics. They had gradually become friendly with her, and M. and Mme. Mathieu de Montmorency spent most of their time at her house. This reconciliation secured the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for Mathieu. Sosthène used to say that he had at first intended taking it himself, but that he had thought it nobler to leave it to his father-in-law.

"I have made kings, my lord, yet would not be a king."

There was no President of the Council.[1] M. de Villèle did not venture to seize the post for himself, and would not recognise any other President. M. de Corbière[2] followed his friend and patron, and took the portfolio of the Interior; M. de Peyronnet,[3] who had been notorious for his violent

his signature, having previously given him at five o'clock the list of this Ministry as it had been settled by himself and his brother. M. de Richelieu, who had not expected to be made responsible for this business, hastened to carry it through, and the King had the satisfaction of seeing his orders concluded before he went to bed."—*Mémoires*, Vol. V., pp. 410 and 412.

[1] The Ministry of December 15, 1821.

[2] Jacques Joseph Guillaume Pierre, Comte de Corbière (1767–1853), lawyer, deputy for Ille et Vilaine under the Restoration, peer of France and minister.

[3] Charles Ignace, Comte de Peyronnet (1778–1854), a lawyer at Bordeaux, welcomed the Duc d'Angoulême in 1814, and attended the Duchesse in 1815. Attorney-General at Bourges in 1818, and at Rouen in 1820, in which year he was also deputy for Cher. He was Minister of Justice from 1821 to 1827, peer and comte in 1828, Minister of the In-

invectives during the last trial before the Chamber of Peers, was given the Seals. Such was his reputation in his native town of Bordeaux that bets were made against this nomination, which was regarded as apocryphal. The *Moniteur* confuted this incredulity.

Marshal Victor, the Duc de Bellune,[1] was a choice after the heart of the extreme Ultra party. He was known to be an old imbecile, surrounded by a greedy family, but his political sentiments were so excellent that all other disadvantages were forgotten.

In order that this miserable Government might be definitely marked as the handiwork of Sosthène, his father, the Duc de Doudeauville,[2] a nobleman in needy circumstances, was appointed Postmaster-General.[3] His dignity did not allow him to leave his residence for the official house in the Rue Coq Héron, but he carried off the furniture and clocks, the ornaments and coverings, and even the billiard-table, to his own house. This appointment provoked the last aristocratic witticism of our age. When it had been announced that the

terior under the Polignac Government in 1830. After the July Revolution he was arrested at Tours and condemned to perpetual confinement, but was pardoned in 1834.

[1] Claude Victor Perrin, Marshal Victor, Duc de Bellune (1764–1841). He was a volunteer in 1792, brigadier-general in 1793, general of division in 1800, and Danish Ambassador in 1805. Marshal at Friedland and Duc de Bellune in 1808. He became a peer of France at the Restoration, major of the royal guard in 1815, and Minister of War in 1821.

[2] Ambroise Polycarp de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Doudeauville (1765–1841). He was a cavalry officer, and went into exile, became peer of France at the Restoration, Postmaster-General in 1822, and Minister of the King's Household in 1824. He refused to take the oath to the July Monarchy. His son, Sosthène, Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld (1785–1846), and Duc de Doudeauville on his father's death, married the daughter of Mathieu de Montmorency.

[3] This post was one requiring much tact, by reason of the unpleasant duty of opening private correspondence, a duty which induced the Duc de Liancourt to say, "I much prefer the age when my ancestors were unable to read." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 420.)

Duc de Doudeauville was Postmaster-General, some one asked, "Then who will be the Duc de Doudeauville?"

The Marquis de Lauriston alone broke away from his former colleagues, and remained the Minister of the King's Household. His talents and his character made him worthier to form part of the new administration than to remain with the old. He had already given proof of his subservience to Mme. du Cayla.

I have given full details of this crisis, because it is, in my opinion, the rock upon which the Restoration made shipwreck. Even as vessels are driven by storms upon the Goodwin Sands, we have seen the Congregation gradually drag the Restoration beneath the water, until its guilt became general and obvious, while every one foresaw this result and was unable to offer any practical help.

Granted that M. de Villèle had risen to power by underground routes, so that his methods procured for him the nickname of "The Mole" even among his most faithful servants, it must be admitted that he possessed an unusual degree of sagacity. He had entered the navy at the commencement of the Revolution, and had spent his youth in the Ile Bourbon, where he had married. On his return to France he had established himself on his father's estate in the outskirts of Toulouse,[1] where he lived during the Empire under the influence of all the petty prejudices of provincial nobility. He was mayor of the town in 1814, and published a pamphlet upon the advisability of a return to absolutism without crushing the King's initiative by means of the Charter. The pamphlet remained as obscure as its author, and was only resuscitated when he became a political personage. But it probably became the foundation of that confidence in him which Monsieur immediately showed.

M. de Villèle's antecedents had not been such as to qualify

[1] The Château de Marville.

him for the position of a statesman. A love of intrigue had absorbed all his energies until his entry to the Chamber, where he rapidly secured a wide influence. From 1816 he was the leader of the Ultra-Royalist Opposition. Thus he was at first perfectly ignorant of business, but he learned by practice with certainty and rapidity, and would have finally become an admirable administrator if he had been master of his own actions. Of financial affairs he knew little, and nothing at all of diplomacy. He had not the slightest knowledge of international relations, of the ruling sovereigns, or of the ministers who guided them, and his ignorance of contemporary history induced him to regard every international treaty or agreement as a revelation. I have heard diplomatists say that it was necessary to give him a lesson like a schoolboy before it was possible to talk business with him, and on these questions he did not show his usual insight. This, however, is no disadvantage in the eyes of a sovereign. Every king wishes to conduct his foreign policy to his own liking, for foreign policy is the gossip of kings. Hence, in their opinion, a Minister of Foreign Affairs may be as ignorant as he pleases, provided that they secure obedience.

The Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency, with somewhat greater diplomatic capacity, was so narrow-minded and was inspired by so puerile an ambition that he remained the tool of the Jesuits. In any case, during the Ministry of M. de Villèle all his colleagues were subservient to him with the exception of M. de Chateaubriand for a short time, and he was only obliged to struggle with the Congregation.

M. de Villèle was a past master in the art of managing a Chamber: he had succeeded by every electoral device, whether permissible or not, in securing a majority subservient to his will, and he nursed it with admirable care. He was always ready to listen to every idiot who wished to

prattle or to speak of his own trivial affairs. He would listen with an interested air, and show no sign of impatience, would undertake to profit by such valuable information, and would send away a man devoted to his interests; the talker went off persuaded that he could influence Villèle, and was ready to proclaim him the most admirable of ministers. I have no wish to represent this characteristic as a defect in M. de Villèle: the faculty of enduring boredom patiently without betraying impatience is a real talent in a statesman, especially under a representative Government. The greatest disadvantage under which M. de Villèle laboured was the fact that he had been in too great a hurry to secure the conduct of business. His indisputable merits and his party influence would have brought him to the front a little later. But in order to fulfil his engagements to the intrigue which had brought him forward, he had been obliged to make promises which delivered him to the Congregation bound hand and foot. The clerical and the *émigré* tendencies, both countenanced by Monsieur, were now attempting to guide public business in total disregard of the national interests. M. de Villèle recognised these facts more clearly than any one, but he was caught in his own net, and could not venture even an attempt to extricate himself from the toils.

Two of his colleagues, MM. de Montmorency and de Clermont Tonnerre,[1] were the immediate agents of the

[1] Aimé Marie Gaspard, Duc de Clermont Tonnerre (1780–1865). He was a military officer, *aide-de-camp* to Joseph Bonaparte, field-marshal in 1814, peer of France in 1815, Naval Minister in 1821, and Minister of War from 1823 to 1827.

The Duc de Clermont Tonnerre was never a member of the Congregation. He writes in his *Mémoires:* " . . . At the time when I was minister I did not know a Jesuit; I had never even seen one. And the first Jesuit to whom I ever spoke in my life was Father MacCarthy, whom I saw at Toulouse in 1830, when I was with my father at the time of the death of my uncle, the Cardinal.

"It was said at the time that I was a member of what was known as

Congregation. MM. de Lavau[1] and Franchet[2] obeyed him and made suggestions to him in turn, while M. de Rainneville[3] as General Secretary of Finances, became his spy upon M. de Villèle. As a sensible man, M. de Rainneville speedily perceived the dangers into which the monarchy was plunging, but was unable to check its progress in spite of his anxiety.

The reader may say, "You are continually talking of the Congregation; explain its nature." I might reply that it was the evil genius of the Restoration, but this would hardly be sufficient. Those of us who have seen its activity cannot doubt its existence, and yet I cannot now say who were

the Congregation. It was also said that the Congregation had complete control of the ministers; even in my own family there were people who did not doubt my membership, and one day my cousin, the Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre, speaking of some business which I have forgotten, said, 'You ought to know that, as a member of the Congregation.' 'The Congreagtion!' I replied, bursting into laughter. 'I do not know what it is.' The truth is that my ignorance was not enlightened for some years." (Quoted by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison, *La Congrégation*, 1801 to 1830, p. 290.)

The Cardinal of Clermont Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, and the Marquis Amédée de Clermont Tonnerre, colonel of brigade, were members of the Congregation. (*Ibid.*)

[1] Guy de Lavau, lawyer in 1810, county court judge in 1815, councillor to the Paris court in 1816, prefect of police in 1821, councillor of state. He lived in retirement after 1830. (Cp. *La Congrégation*, p. 152.) He was president or prefect of the Congregation in 1817.

[2] Franchet d'Espérey (1778–1853). He shared in the defence of Lyons against the armies of the Convention, was president of the Congregation of P. Roger, and was confined in Sainte Pélagie by the Emperor's orders at the time of the struggle against the Pope (1811–1814). He was ambassadorial secretary at the Congress of Vienna, and chief official in the Post Office staff. He joined the Congregation of P. Ronsin in 1816, was Director-General of Police in 1821, and followed Charles X. into exile. (*La Congrégation*, p. 346.)

[3] M. de Rainneville does not appear upon the list of the Congregation, but he was very intimate with its leading members, and was a constant visitor at the *salon* of Mlle. de Lavau, aunt of Guy and Charles de Lavau. (Cp. *La Congrégation*, p. 153.)

the real leaders of this association which guided the destinies of the country. Rumour has pointed to a certain Father Ronsin,[1] a Jesuit. I have no evidence that the fact was so.

There is no doubt that the Society of Jesus was recruited at court by lay Jesuits, the leaders of which were at first M. Jules de Polignac, Mathieu de Montmorency, the Marquis de Tonnerre, the Duc de Rivière, and the Baron de Damas.[2]

Any one who was ambitious or felt that he had any talent for intrigue was more or less ready to join the party, which seemed to be at the height of its power, and was not likely to fall throughout the reign of Monsieur, the commencement of which seemed imminent.[3]

[1] Pierre Ronsin (1771–1846), was a tutor of Vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld. He was a member of the Society of the Fathers of the Faith, and was at the college of Belley in 1803. The society was broken up in 1808. He was *vicaire* at the cathedral of Soissons, his native town, from 1808 to 1814. P. de Clorivière admitted him on July 23, 1814, to the reorganised Society of Jesus, and gave him the post of Director of the Congregation, which he held until Frebuary, 1828. He was obliged to leave Paris in 1830, and after a visit to Normandy was sent to Toulouse, where he died, after a life of fruitful activity, on November 4, 1846.

"He had a lofty mind, wide knowledge, a warm heart and an attractive bearing. An ill-deserved notoriety was cruelly attached to his name during his life, but a better glory has been reserved for him: he was one of the greatest spiritual directors of his time, and formed Christians who brought the indisputable evidence of their talents and their virtue to support his memory." (*La Congrégation*, p. 378.)

[2] The name of Damas does not appear upon the list of members of the Congregation of Paris as given by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

The names of members of provincial congregations affiliated to Paris, which number 69, are not given by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

[3] Mme. de Boigne here re-echoes certain opinions which were unfortunately very common in the so-called Liberal *salons* of this period. The violence of the campaign directed against the company of Jesuits and the hypocrisy of its methods is well known. In any case, when or wherever Masonic sects have felt themselves sufficiently powerful to attack the social order, they have generally opened their campaign by attempts to

Though I cannot name the leaders of this body, I can at least indicate its purpose; I have heard them through too many sources, direct and indirect, not to be familiar with them. In any case, their articles were not entirely rigid, and were sufficiently elastic to be formulated with a violence proportionate to the characters whose capture was desired. The fundamental points at issue, however, were these. Three orders were to be re-established in the State. The clergy were to be put in possession of territorial property, holding tenure only from the Pope—that is to say, from no one, and were to keep the first rank. The nobility was to be recognised as an order with as many of its old privileges as could be revived. The Chamber of Peers was to be an elective body appointed solely by the nobility, which was thus to be represented as forming part of the State. The Chamber of Deputies was to be retained: it was recognised to be an admirable instrument for raising the wind, to use an expression in use, and was to be subject to the law of election, which would give the upper classes considerable influence. The crown also received their attention: some means was to be established by which, in a last resort, the Assemblies could be forced to register the wishes of the King, and

destroy or to weaken the Society of the Jesuit Fathers. The fact is interesting, and may easily be proved historically; this would in itself be a sufficient reason for inviting every loyal character to come forward in defence of these excellent religious bodies, whose spiritual services in every class of society have been so devoted. Unfortunately, the political passions and the personal ambitions which then disturbed society were blind, and the ill-omened work of destruction found its warmest partisans amongst those who had most to lose from the desired overthrow. Reading the memoirs of this party, we are surprised by the ridiculous prejudices which dominated the clearest minds and even the best balanced characters. In any case, readers who wish to gain information upon the famous Congregation with greater exactitude and impartiality than Mme. de Boigne and her friends can provide, will be able to consult with advantage the faithful and impartial study of this pious and deserving association provided by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

which should answer to the *lit de justice*[1] under the *ancien régime.*

Those who proposed this outburst were regarded as the faithful servants of "the throne and of the altar," an empty phrase with which our ears have been bombarded for the ten years during which party passions and interests worked to undermine the foundations of the State, instead of consolidating them as they claimed to do. The laws concerning sacrilege, the re-establishment of the convents, the right of primogeniture, and the nature of the indemnity given to the *émigrés*, were forced upon M. de Villèle by the Congregation. He was well aware of their possible consequences, and attempted to delay them as long as he could.

During the first year he used the conspiracies as a pretext. These plots were traced and punished with extreme severity. The political scaffold was raised in several of the provinces as well as at Paris.[2] The devices employed against the malcontents in the eastern provinces excited public indignation. The country was traversed by a band shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" in order to encourage the Bonapartists to declare themselves, and to obtain proof of guilt against them. It must be admitted that this measure was more worthy of the Inquisition than of the ministers of a constitutional kingdom. At the same time it was considered a clever device at court and in the Chamber of Deputies. The country and the

[1] Sessions of the Parlement at which the King was present, when he wished to secure the acceptance of an edict.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] In this year 1822, twelve executions for political crimes took place, which included the execution of four sergeants of La Rochelle at Paris and of General Berton at Poitiers in September. The greatest criminals, such as Benjamin Constant, Laffitte, Lafayette, Manuel, Voyer d'Argenson, and, it is said, General Foy, had been spared, but the excessive severity displayed checked these dangerous plots which threatened to compromise the existence of France when she was barely recovering from the shock caused by the fall of the Empire.

Chamber of Peers were furious.[1] M. de Villèle flattered himself that by throwing this bone to the Congregation its desires would be temporarily satisfied, but it would never leave him a moment's peace, and even then was making preparations for the war in Spain.

[1] An allusion to the events of Colmar, June 2 and 3, 1822, in consequence of which Lieut-.Colonel Caron was condemned to death at Strasburg and executed on October 1, 1822.

"Promotion and extraordinary gratuities followed as a recompense to the military who were involved in this business, to the great scandal of all those who thought anything of the honour of the army."—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 436.

## CHAPTER VI

Death of the Duc de Richelieu—Persevering affection of the Queen of Sweden—Her grief—Death of Lord Londonderry—M. de Chateaubriand as Ambassador at London—He finds the post wearisome—The Vicomte de Montmorency—Congress of Verona—The Duc Mathieu de Montmorency—His life and death.

FRANCE now suffered a real loss. The death of M. de Richelieu deprived her of a clever, upright, and respected man, around whom men of talent and honesty would have naturally gathered, and who would probably have been recalled to power by the force of circumstances before matters became desperate. Possibly M. de Richelieu might have been able to save the Restoration from itself. Heaven's ways are not our ways! Providence ordained the reign of Charles X., and may it grant that this decree be for the happiness of our nephews, seeing that it was not pleasing to contemporaries.

During the last months of his Ministry, and especially after his retirement, M. de Richelieu often came to see me. He had brought M. Pasquier, and it was at that time that my most intimate connection began with the latter. Both regretted their loss of power, which they felt themselves well fitted to wield, being thoroughly convinced that they had performed essential services to the King and to the country. Both spoke freely upon the subject, and criticised, though in reasonable terms, the dangerous paths upon which those in power had entered. M. Pasquier was animated only by the feelings of a good patriot who was uneasy for his country and by reasonable ambition. Though he was vexed

to find his career cut short, there was no bitterness in his mind. Very different were the feelings of the Duc de Richelieu, who had been cut to the heart by the conduct of the Princes. Their ingratitude had wounded him in proportion to the depths of devotion which he had shown them, and though he was now disillusioned, old memories made him more sensitive to their actions. As the Duc de Richelieu was Master of the Hounds and First Gentleman of the Chamber, he continued to lunch at the Château from time to time, but always met with a very cold reception.

The Comtesse d'Angoulême had just acquired the estate of Villeneuve l'Etang. She was much delighted with it, and had cream brought from it to her table. The cream was placed in a little jug which stood by the side of the princess and as a mark of favour she would share it with individuals. One day she made a point of offering cream across the table to guests to the right and left of the Duc de Richelieu in so marked a manner that her neglect of him became a positive insult. I have heard the Duc de Richelieu himself relate this triviality with that tinge of irony which deep vexation, accompanied by disdain, may give. He was angry with himself for caring about such trifles, but his old courtier's blood overcame his common sense. In reality an intentional insult was hidden beneath this discourtesy, at which he had every reason to be angry.

It was in this frame of mind that he found reason to suspect a man to whom he had shown kindness, of whom he was very fond, and who possessed his whole confidence, of a proceeding which in legal language is known as theft. The discovery staggered him, and he did not wish to make further inquiries. Before deciding upon his future action he felt that he needed some days' rest, and went away to his wife's house at Courteilles. He had recently made a considerable stay there and had felt the better for it.

The infatuation of the Queen of Sweden had not diminished: she pursued him as usual, and took up her abode in the little inn which served the castle, from which point she could watch all his movements. The intrusion was the more intolerable to M. de Richelieu in his state of exasperation and decided him to return. The previous evening he had crossed a somewhat deep ford upon horseback, and had neglected to change his wet clothes. To this fact was attributed the touch of fever and the invalid appearance which he showed as he entered his carriage. He refused to see Mme. de Richelieu's doctor, but promised to send for his own if he were not better the next day. Hardly had he started when his fever increased. The Polish *aide-de-camp* who accompanied him became uneasy. At Dreux, the Queen of Sweden, who was in pursuit, caught him up, and while the horses were being changed had her carriage drawn forward so that she could enjoy the happiness of seeing his face for a moment. She was so startled by the change in his appearance that she called the *aide-de-camp* and said to him:

"Sir, you must take the responsibility of having the Duc de Richelieu bled upon the spot." She repeated this injunction at Pontchartrain and at Versailles, and as a proof of the Duc's dangerous weakness she pointed out that he had not troubled to pull down the blind of his carriage at the side where she was standing. Unfortunately, the *aide-de-camp* would not make up his mind. The fever diminished between Versailles and Paris, and M. de Richelieu was not very ill upon his arrival. His sister, Mme. de Montcalm, was at home. He went into her room, asked for supper, but ate very little. He was induced to send for Dr. Bourdois; Bourdois was ill, and sent Lerminier, a clever practitioner, but entirely ignorant of the Duc's temperament. Bourdois warned him that he had to deal with a man who was ex-

tremely nervous, and whose health was often affected by his mental condition.

"I have sometimes thought that he was about to have a serious illness," he said, "and two hours afterwards have found him in a normal condition."

Provided with this fatal information, Lerminier came to M. de Richelieu. He found him in bed half asleep, and greatly irritated by the appearance of a new-comer. The doctor proposed various remedies, which were all rejected. At length he confined himself to ordering some cups of an infusion of orange leaves to quench his thirst. The next day he would see what was best to be done. Lerminier returned to Bourdois to tell him of his visit and of the exasperation of the Duc, the only disquieting symptom. Bourdois said that he had always found him like that when he had a little fever.

At six o'clock the Abbé Nicole before going to his lecture went in to see M. de Richelieu. His servant said that he was resting after a very poor night. The Abbé went up to look at him, and was so struck by the change in his appearance that he resolved to send for the doctors. Several arrived, and all remedies were tried, but in vain. M. de Richelieu did not awake from his sleep of death, and before mid-day he had ceased to live.

This sudden death, as no one knew that he was even ill, was a great shock. His friends, for he had real friends, lamented him bitterly, and every common-sense person regretted him at the time and still more afterwards. It was upon this occasion that M. de Talleyrand first uttered the observation which he has since made so hackneyed, "He was somebody." The Duc d'Angoulême was the only member of the royal family who manifested any regret. These were his words to my brother: "I regret him deeply; he did not like us, but he loved France. His life was a resource, and his death will be a loss."

The King, Monsieur, and Madame were somewhat relieved to be no longer confronted with a man in whose presence they were ill at ease. The courtiers followed their masters' example, and did not pretend a grief which they did not feel. They too had their excuse, for M. de Richelieu felt neither esteem nor affection for them.

The despair of the Queen of Sweden was as extravagant as her violent infatuation. She hired a pew at the Church of the Assumption, in which the body of the Duc de Richelieu had been placed until it should be carried to the Sarbonne; there she spent days and nights in unrestrained grief, and thus made amends for her foolishness of the preceding years.

I have already told how she pursued M. de Richelieu upon the high-roads. She continued her persecution in Paris. She had rooms near those which he used, and he could not appear at one window without seeing the Queen at another. As soon as he went out she was after him. Her carriage followed his. She stopped when he stopped, got out when he got out, waited for him whenever he paid a call, and continued the pursuit with a perseverance which had become an absolute nightmare for the poor Duc. If he went into a shop she followed him, waited until he had gone out, and then bought the object which he had chosen, and sent him another copy of it. This innocent trickery was constantly performed by the Queen in the flower-shops, for the Duc sometimes sent flowers to a lady to whom he was attached; the Queen would innocently say that she was pretending to believe that the flowers had been chosen for herself, though she knew their destination very well.

M. de Richelieu required exercise, and often went to the garden of the Tuileries; the Queen pursued him there also, but she observed that her presence drove him away, and she did not wish to deprive him of his walk. One day she arrived at Mme. Récamier's house radiant with joy, and

announced that she had arranged with her tailors to have a dress of different cut and colour for every day. M. de Richelieu would not then recognise her at a distance, and would not turn away his head until she had had the happiness of looking him for a moment in the face.

Upon one occasion when he was talking with animation, she had secured a bow by passing close at hand and making him a bow which he returned before he recognised her. She came in delight to relate this triumph to Mme. Récamier, who gave me these details. Mme. Récamier made vain attempts to rouse a little natural dignity in the heart of the Queen of Sweden by reproaching her for continuing attentions thus constantly disregarded, seeing that the Duc's refusal was becoming as violent as the energy of his pursuer, and indeed bordered upon the brutal. But she liked him in that mood, "even when he was a little fierce." All the eloquence of Mme. Récamier was hopeless against this strange infatuation.

As for M. de Richelieu, he was irritated to the point of fury. Conscientious as he was about using State machinery in his own service, I am convinced that he could not resist the temptation of hinting at Stockholm that the Queen would be much more suitably settled in that town than at Paris. The fact is undoubted that her husband continually urged her to return, but she answered his entreaties by sending doctors' certificates, and would not consent to join her husband on the throne until after the death of the Duc. I do not know any other case of love so persevering on the woman's side and so openly displayed without the smallest encouragement and after disdainful rejection.

A short time after the death of the Duc de Richelieu, Lord Castlereagh,[1] who had become Marquis of Londonderry, put an end to his life. For some days his conduct had been

[1] Mme. de Boigne has already referred to him. (See second volume of these Memoirs, chapter XV.)

eccentric. One morning he left the bedroom at his usual time, went into his dressing-room and came back half dressed into his wife's room, to fetch some pills which he took every day; after swallowing these he returned to his dressing-room and cut his jugular vein with a very small pocket knife so artistically that a most insignificant wound killed him almost upon the spot. Lady Londonderry heard him fall, and rushed to him at once, but he was already past help.

Attempts have been made to account for his suicide by political reasons, but there is no ground for such statements. Lord Londonderry was a cold, calm character, most unlikely to be amenable to such consideration. His death can only be attributed to a fit of madness which was hereditary in his family. Any one who knew the details of these events would regard the death of M. de Richelieu as much rather determined by mental affliction and consideration of politics than that of Lord Londonderry.

M. de Chateaubriand had been delighted with his appointment as Ambassador in England in the place of Duc Decazes. His vivid imagination enjoyed the supposed contrast of diplomatic splendour in a country where he had led the weary existence of an obscure *émigré*.[1] His happiness was not so keen as he had supposed, the more so as his personal glory was by no means brilliant outside of France. Popular as were his talents among ourselves, he enjoyed little reputation abroad. Possibly the Revolution had drowned his loudest efforts; possibly, again, the daring of the school which he founded had no attraction for peoples accustomed to find similar methods in their own literature, and therefore unable

[1] Baron Séguier, French Consul-General at London, writes to Mme. de Boigne under date May 13, 1822: " . . . M. de Chateaubriand gave his first diplomatic dinner yesterday; it was a brilliant function, a distinguished company, and excellent good cheer! His cook deserves a saucepan of honour." (Unpublished letter.)

to appreciate the charm which we could recognise until the extravagances of his disciples had discredited their master. It must also be observed that the special merit of M. de Chateaubriand's writings depended upon a certain management of words in highly artistic combination, giving a flash and colouring to his style which foreigners were less likely to appreciate than his own countrymen. Whatever the reason may be, M. de Chateaubriand was not appreciated outside of France, and for this reason it was always impossible for him to make a prolonged stay in other countries. He was as speedily and entirely disgusted with London as he had been with Berlin, and earnestly begged to be sent to the Congress of Verona. The Vicomte de Montmorency, who had largely befriended him elsewhere, would not listen upon this occasion, but immediately after the departure of this minister for Verona,[1] M. de Villèle, who had meanwhile taken over the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, secured his own appointment as President of the Council and began a close correspondence with the Vicomte de Chateaubriand.

As for Mathieu, he started for Vienna, where he was anxiously expected. Hardly had he left his carriage than he went out again on foot. Prince Metternich arrived at the Embassy soon afterwards, and was informed that he must have passed M. de Montmorency on the way to his own house. He went home again without finding Mathieu. Search was made for him throughout the town for six hours and people were growing anxious when he quietly returned. He had been entrusted with letters and little presents for some Parisian nuns who had a community at Vienna;

[1] The Congress of Verona was opened in that town on October 20, but it had been preceded by conferences at Vienna, where the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mathieu de Montmorency, had arrived at the outset of September. The nomination of M. de Villèle as President of the Council is dated September 4, 1822.

his first care had been to deliver these messages and his visit to this house had lasted six hours. It is possible that he met some leader of the clerical party there but I cannot affirm the fact, and confine myself to details which I can positively state. This beginning did not increase his reputation in the diplomatic world, which was about to start for Verona, and nothing was more miserable than our political appearance at this Congress.

We had a considerable number of envoys there: MM. de Blacas,[1] de Caraman,[2] and de La Ferronnays,[3] had joined their minister, while accompanying the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, and brought a multitude of secretaries and *attachés* with them. There were more Frenchmen at Verona than members of all the other nationalities put together; yet France did not play a leading part, and was the less likely to do so in view of the want of union and harmony among her representatives.

Monsieur and the Minister of Foreign Affairs were anxious for the war in Spain. The King and the President of the Council wished to avoid war, and the various ambassadors were divided between these two opinions. M. de Villèle was persuaded by the protestations of M. de Chateaubriand that he could strongly reinforce his views, and gave him permission to go to Verona. He arrived fully determined to speak against the Peninsular war, and his despatches confirmed M. de Villèle in the idea that he had secured a powerful accessory. The Vicomte de Montmorency returned

[1] M. de Blacas was no longer an ambassador. He had resigned in July in a fit of ill-temper because his application for leave to perform his duty as First Gentleman of the Chamber was refused. He was, however, present at the Congress, as also was his successor at Naples, M. de Serre. (Cp. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquierer*, Vol. V., p. 444.)

[2] Victor Louis Charles de Riquet, Comte and afterwards Duc de Caraman (1762–1839), at that time Ambassador at Vienna.

[3] M. de La Ferronnays was then Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

to Paris, where he found the title of Duc waiting for him. It is difficult to conceive the childish delight that this favour caused him and his wife, but it was not of long duration. The Duc Mathieu declared that he was bound to send an army into Spain. M. de Villèle declined to fall in with his views, and M. de Montmorency very regretfully resigned.[1]

M. de Chateaubriand, who had arrived post haste, took his friend's place, and as soon as he had secured a seat at the council, declared himself a more energetic partisan of the Spanish war than his predecessor had been. The flatteries showered upon him by the Emperor Alexander, when he had been left alone at Verona after the departure of his colleagues, must have produced a change in his ideas, or possibly he had hidden his real opinions up to that time. Whether he was false or fickle, the facts are as I have related them. Mathieu had no objection to seeing M. de Chateaubriand in his place, so long as he believed him to be of a different opinion. But he was furious when he saw that his successor followed his own policy as soon as he had secured his position, and expressed his views with extreme bitterness. I was present at a violent explosion in which he did not spare M. de Chateaubriand. All the cleverness and kindness of Mme. Récamier, who was almost equally intimate with both men, were required to avoid the scandal of an open rupture before the public, and a rupture M. de Chateaubriand had every reason to fear.

Mathieu's course of life was by no means ordinary. His father, the Vicomte de Laval,[2] the youngest son of the

[1] The resignation of Mathieu de Montmorency is dated December 25, and the nomination of M. de Chateaubriand, December 28.

[2] Mathieu Paul Louis, Vicomte de Laval, youngest son of the Marshal the Duc de Laval, and father of Mathieu, Duc de Montmorency, who married on December 25, 1765, Catherine Jeanne Tavernier de Boul-

Marshal, had married Mlle. Boullongne, the daughter of a financier and heiress to a vast fortune, which, however, she never received. She was extremely pretty, lively and attractive, and speedily secured the affection of the Duchesse de Luynes, her husband's sister. The Vicomtesse de Laval was extremely anxious for a position at court. Mme. de Luynes espoused the cause of her sister-in-law, and the matter had been almost arranged when the royal family declared against the claims of Mlle. Boullongne, and her request was coldly refused. The Montmorency family considered themselves insulted by this affront to a lady who was no longer Mlle. Boullongne but Mme. de Laval. Mme. de Luynes declared her dissatisfaction. I believe that she also ceased to act as lady of the palace until the moment when the misfortunes of the Revolution brought her back to the feet of the Queen.

The Duc and Duchesse de Luynes had an only daughter, who was destined to be the greatest heiress in France. The pride of the Duchesse in her own name made her anxious to marry her daughter to one of her nephews, and her friendship for the Vicomtesse induced her to give the preference to that lady's only son, and to disregard the four sons of her elder brother, the Duc de Laval. He, however, was devoted to the Vicomtesse, and supported the proposal. The union of Mathieu with the young Hortense de Luynes was thus arranged to the satisfaction of the two mothers and with the consent of the Duc de Luynes. An unexpected obstacle then arose.

Guy de Laval, the eldest son of the Duc, a red-haired, ugly, asthmatical, eccentric old man, at the age of twenty had

longne. They had been divorced. The sister of the Vicomte de Laval, daughter of the Marshal, had married the Duc de Luynes; she was the mother-in-law of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, of whom Mme. de Boigne speaks in the first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 235–237 and p. 244.

married Mlle. d'Argenson, whose charms formed a striking contrast with her husband, whom she had married for his title and his wealth. Young Mathieu was speedily attracted by her, and became infatuated with his charming cousin. He had been brought up in hostility to the court by reason of his parents' irritation, and his education had been left to the care of the Abbé Sieyès: thus prepared, he became intimate with the d'Argenson family, and in their society his revolutionary tendencies were increased, as also was his philosophical agnosticism, the foundation of which his tutor had laid. However, his straightforward and passionate heart made him recoil from the idea of marrying Hortense de Luynes as long as he adored the Marquise de Laval. She was a clever woman, somewhat older than he, and perhaps less deeply in love: she clearly understood that the rupture of this marriage would be laid to her charge as a crime by the whole family, and secured the consent of Mathieu by her entreaties. He therefore led Mlle. de Luynes to the altar while she was still a child, and after the ceremony she went back to her convent. Mathieu almost forgot her existence in the society of the Marquise. However, lapse of time brought the moment when it became advisable to reunite the young couple. Once more it was necessary to have recourse to the influence of the Marquise.

Hardly had the matter been settled when the Duchesse de Luynes was confined of a son, after fifteen years of childlessness, while another event took place which affected Mathieu still more deeply: his cousin, Guy de Laval, died without issue, leaving a widow whom he desired more than all things. He was too honourable a man not to behave properly to his young wife, but his coldness crushed her, and to deaden his feelings he plunged headlong into all the revolutionary exaggerations of the time. His parents made no effort to stop him, and his mistress urged him forward.

She was intimate with Mmes. de Staël, de Broglie, and de Beaumont; she shared their opinions and passed them on to Mathieu.

He showed considerable talent as a public speaker, though he concluded by denying, with all the impetuosity of youth, his origin and his God. He brought down upon himself the anger of the court and of the anti-revolutionary party, and also the blame of all sensible people.

At the time of the first Federation, excitement, or rather fashion, induced a certain number of fashionable women to go and trundle wheelbarrows in the Champs de Mars, that they might give some actual help in the preparations for the so-called national festival of the Federation. The Marquise de Laval was among the foremost, and used to arrive in a beautiful gilded coach, followed by three lackeys wearing the Montmorency livery and the constable's sleeve, in order to declare her love for equality and to show her anxiety to belong to the ancient class of productive workers. A shower of rain soaked her thin clothes and her velvet shoes, and cruelly cut short her patriotic intentions: she caught pneumonia, lingered for a few weeks, and expired in the arms of Mathieu. Terrified perhaps at the course of the revolutionary movement, and brought back to sounder views by her grief and approaching death, she eloquently expounded her ideas to her cousin upon her death-bed.

This loss, which threw him into complete despair, checked for a moment the political career of Mathieu. It was then, however, that he began that intimacy with Mme. de Staël which no event could break or even cool. The public thought that the consoler had succeeded in making him forget the Marquise. I am persuaded that the contrary was the fact. This pure friendship was born in tears, and preserved the purity of its origin.

While Mathieu was entirely absorbed in his grief, the

Revolution proceeded from crime to crime, and no honest man could lend it countenance. I cannot say if it was immediately after the death of Mme. de Laval that my cousin became inspired with religious feeling. I remember, however, that I found him a few years later leading an ascetic life in Switzerland and expiating the errors of his early youth with remorse. He had left his wife, the Duchesse de Luynes, who was with child, in France with his mother. She bore him a daughter, who was afterwards married to Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld. When time had somewhat healed the wounds of Mathieu, the entreaties of Mme. de Staël brought him to Coppet, where her kindness completed the cure.

When France had been once more pacified, he was induced to return by the desire of seeing his country and of fulfilling those duties which the violence of his passion had made him unduly neglect. If Mme. Mathieu had suffered from his coldness before the exile, she repaid him for it by her haughtiness and ill-temper upon his return. During her long imprisonment under the Terror, Hortense had grown passionately attached to a chambermaid whom she had taken with her to the prison or had found there. With her she lived, exclusively devoted to the little cares of religion, before which alone her iron character would bend. Her daughter occupied but a small part of her life, her parents even less, and her husband no part at all. Conscious that he had wronged her, and anxious to find in lawful affection an object for the warmth of his feelings, M. de Montmorency bore with admirable patience the cold reception which greeted him, and attempted to mollify his wife's harshness. Soon his daughter was sent to a convent to remove her from his affection, and Mme. Mathieu declared that while she was in prison she had taken a vow of chastity in order to save her own life and that of her parents. Mathieu yielded: his only resource was to follow her example and to lead a

wholly ascetic life. He devoted himself to good works, to mortification of the flesh, and became a religious fanatic, as he was forbidden all family affection. For twenty years he pursued this mode of life, and was treated so disdainfully by his wife that, when she was dining away from home, she did not take the trouble to inform him of the fact, and he would come in to find that no meal was laid and that the servants had been forbidden to prepare any. He had no money of his own, and Mme. Mathieu did not give him a halfpenny, even when she inherited vast wealth on the death of the Duc de Luynes. I have seen him travelling outside a coach because he had no money to pay for an inside place. To her outward discourtesy was added real coldness and severity, and only the inexhaustible patience of Mathieu could have borne such conduct.

He had an attractive and noble face, was an amiable and witty character, made to please. His affections were divided between religion and friendship, and were carried to an exaggerated point. To these motives ambition was added after the Restoration; it was that fanatical ambition which can lend itself with a clear conscience to the lowest intrigues with the certainty that its aim for power is intended only to promote the glory of God. Mathieu, who had been thrown into the hands of the priests by his desire to expiate the errors of his youth, had for a long time been a disciple of the Little Church, and easily became a member of the Congregation, which urged him to lend his support.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême showed him marked favour, and when M. de Damas, her knight of honour, died, in 1814, Mathieu took his place. He had great influence with the princess, and also with Monsieur. These marks of Court favour produced some kind of reconciliation between Mme. Mathieu and her husband: she no longer declined to provide him with dinner, and sometimes lent him her horses.

Duc Adrien de Laval, who alone of the four brothers in the elder line had any children, lost his only son, aged nineteen, and the branch of Montmorency Laval was left without an heir. The age of the Duchesse de Laval left no hope of male issue, and the family council therefore had recourse to the Mathieu household. I have seen the correspondence between the husband and wife upon this subject, and I am forced to admit that the letters of Mathieu were so tender in their affection, so gracefully expressed, with such purity of style, that I read them with real interest, though I felt certain that they would inspire me with disgust and scorn. Mme. Mathieu was persuaded. The couple sent a courier to Rome to secure the removal of the vows which separated them, and his return was awaited with much exaggerated impatience. From that moment Mme. Mathieu was seized with a violent infatuation for her husband. She was unable to live apart from him, and the change was one that is usually confined to fiction. The face of the heroine at the age of forty-five, ugly, awkward, and excessively vulgar, completed the ridiculous element in this absurd honeymoon, which Mathieu endured with his usual resignation.

It has been said that the attentions of Mme. Mathieu shortened her husband's life. In any case, she was perfectly happy for a few months in his love, in the importance of his position, his ministerial post, and her title of Duchesse. Her vexation at leaving the residence of the Foreign Minister, with its beautiful drawing-rooms, was soon compensated by her husband's nomination as guardian to the Duc de Bordeaux, with the prospect of apartments in the Tuileries. Unfortunately, Mathieu's health grew steadily worse, and he suffered from attacks of pain which his patient resignation concealed. He was better, and it was hoped he was cured, when on Good Friday in 1826, as he had not been well enough to attend divine service, he went out to accompany

his wife and daughter to the Adoration of the Cross at the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. He was kneeling against the chair, and his prayers were unduly prolonged; Mme. de La Rochefoucauld advised him not to remain longer on his knees. He made no answer. She waited for a moment, repeated her words, and then attempted to raise him in alarm, and found that he was dead. He was carried into the sacristry. All efforts to restore consciousness were fruitless. Heart disease had cut short his life at the foot of the Cross which he had so earnestly, and I believe so sincerely, invoked for the last thirty years.

A picture was made of him which was a striking likeness, and recalls the features given to the Christ of the Spanish painters, and especially of Murillo. In my opinion, Mathieu's expression lost something of its beauty after ambition entered into his life. I can remember him in 1810 in the chapel of St. Bruno in the desert of the Grande Chartreuse, where he made a poetical and touching picture. He was absorbed in prayer, and his beautiful face was lighted by a beam of sunlight. All who were present were astonished, and in a more credulous age we should certainly have believed that his head was encircled with a halo of divine light.

I was always fond of Mathieu, and lamented his death, but there was some comfort in the fact that he had died the death of the righteous at a moment when he was surrounded by intrigues and intriguers who would almost certainly have sullied his reputation. His connection with Mme. du Cayla had already stained it. The despair of the Duchesse Mathieu was extreme. She was a strange person, and in her narrow mind there was room only for passion. She was not devoid of intellectual power, could tell an amusing story, and counted her money with great accuracy. As money had always been the chief affection of her life, she assumed that her deity shared her tastes, and when she wanted anything

she would go to the altar and promise to devote to religious purposes a larger or smaller sum in proportion to the importance of her desires. If her prayers were heard she paid conscientiously, but if she was unsuccessful she gave nothing.

Thus the second Restoration of 1815 cost her thirty thousand francs. She had promised fifty thousand if Mathieu got well; this she did not pay. She gave alms of that part of her goods which the Gospel prescribes, but with very laughable restrictions and without the smallest enthusiasm. She asserted that she had been born with most worldly inclinations, and with strong tastes for dissipation, and that she had been obliged to stifle this passion, as she could not guide it. She survived her daughter as well as her husband, and spent her time in managing the religious institutions which he had founded.

Monsieur greatly regretted the loss of Mathieu. Madame's enthusiasm for him had wholly cooled; she could not pardon him for preferring the post of Foreign Minister to that of her knight of honour. Here we have another proof, as I pointed out in the case of the Duc de Richelieu, of the importance which the princes of the House of Bourbon attached to service about their persons.

## CHAPTER VII

Mme. de Duras secures the appointment of the Duc de Rauzan as Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—Spanish War—Departure of the Duc d'Angoulême—Intrigues at Bayonne—Cleverness of Ouvrard—Intrigues of the Ultra party—Prudence of the Duc d'Angoulême—Ill-feeling against him—Mme. de Meffray—The Spanish campaign—Capture of the Trocadero—Conduct of the Prince de Carignan—The grenadiers give him woollen epaulettes—Observation upon this subject by the Duc de Reichstadt—Madame at Bordeaux—The Baron de Damas takes the place of the Marshal de Bellune—Return of the Duc d'Angoulême.

I HAVE often observed with astonishment that the most loyal and even the most distinguished women cannot refrain from advertising their influence when their favourites have come to power. Yet they can hardly do a worse service to the object of their affections. Mme. de Duras fell into this snare the more easily as she was greatly uneasy concerning the attachment of M. de Chateaubriand for Mme. Récamier. She insisted that he should appoint her son-in-law, the Duc de Rauzan, to the post of director of political business.[1] This post had always been held by some experienced diplomatist who had grown old in the traditions of the office. M. de Chauteaubriand realised the absurdity of entrusting it to a young man who had been attached to the Embassy at Russia for three months and had been secretary to the legation at Berlin for six weeks.

[1] The Duc de Rauzan was appointed director of political business in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on January 1, 1823, and held this post till June 6, 1824; he was sent to Portugal as Plenipotentiary Minister in July 15, 1825. (*Histoire Généalogique de la famille de Chastellux*, p. 230.)

Not knowing how to evade this promise, which had been extorted from him in a moment of weakness, he proceeded to write to Mme. de Duras saying that he feared that this nomination, in which her influence would be obvious, might compromise her and make enemies. I have seen the note in which she answered that she insisted upon the performance of his promise, that she gloried in his affection for her, and had no fear of any malicious gossip which might arise concerning a connection the unpleasantness of which he was careful to leave to her. M. de Chateaubriand could not venture further resistance, and this unfortunate nomination was made. It was the object of general blame and ridicule, and greatly marred his reputation. Every one recognised it as the result of the imperious influence of Mme. de Duras, and she made no effort to conceal the fact. She would, however, have been ready to sacrifice everything for this glory which she offered upon the altar of her vanity.

As the war in Spain had been decided, it was necessary to begin the work of preparation. It appeared that only one order needed to be given for the commencement of the campaign. The yellow fever which was ravaging the Peninsula had necessitated the establishment of a *cordon* upon the frontier for sanitary purposes, and when the scourge of the Revolution had been added to the fever, the number of the troops had been considerably increased. M. de Villèle, however, both for political and financial reasons, opposed any proposals for placing these troops upon a war footing. The incapacity of the Marshal, the Duc de Bellune, and the venality of his subordinates had supported the wishes of the President of the Council in practice though not in thought.

The Duc d'Angoulême was appointed generalissimo, and started in the early spring. I have good reason for believing that he was by no means an ardent supporter of this war, but with him blind obedience to the King was the first con-

sideration. When he reached Bayonne he found that no preparations for the campaign had been made, and he despatched a courier with the bitterest complaints. He showed how unpleasant it would be, both in the eyes of France and of all Europe, thus to be checked at the outset and to give some apparent colour to the statements of the Opposition, which asserted that the King would not consent to mobilise the army, because it would declare against his Government. The Prince was authorised by telegraph to take all necessary measures for the concentration of troops and of supplies. The Minister of War was appointed major-general of his army, and posted off to Bayonne. The Council hoped in this way to be rid of him without offending the Ultra party, whose favourite he was, but the Duc d'Angoulême would not even see him.

It has been said that all the preparations of the War Office were thwarted by the intrigues of Ouvrard. He must have laid his plans very cleverly, for the Duc de Bellune was obliged to admit that no preparations had been made, though he had every interest in proving the contrary. In despair he countersigned the arrangements which had been made by the Prince with Ouvrard, and started back to Paris, where he arrived to the great disappointment of his colleagues. He found his study and official residence undisturbed; his wife had shown an obstinate resistance and refused to admit General Digeon,[1] who had received the Duc's portfolio during his absence and was intended to take his place. The Duchesse de Bellune[2] had restricted his movements to the offices, and

[1] Alexandre Digeon (1771–1826), general of division in 1813, joined the Bourbons, and was created peer of France and Vicomte. He was interim Minister of War, and commanded the army of occupation in Spain.

[2] Marshal Victor had contracted his first marriage at Valence in 1791; after his divorce he had been married again in Holland in 1801, to Mlle. Julie Vosch d'Avesaat. She was Lady of the Palace under the Empire.

her defence of her husband's position contributed to secure his retention of it.

Within ten days after the appointment of Ouvrard as chief of the commissariat, the army, which was centred at Bayonne, found itself abundantly supplied. I cannot say whether this change was produced by underhand means, or whether this magical transformation provided much fraudulent profit. Many honourable names were compromised, but my information is not sufficiently accurate to enable me to speak upon the subject. I am, however, certain that the Duc d'Angoulême displayed both foresight and firmness. The important issue at that moment was not the price of rations; it was, above all things, necessary to advance, and not to leave the malcontents time to undermine the loyalty of the troops by waiting for the removal of obstacles in which no one would have believed.

The Duc d'Angoulême had already shown great prudence in supporting General Guilleminot[1] against one of those intrigues which the Ultra party was continually working. A trunk addressed to one of the General's *aides-de-camp* was seized in the post.[2] Information had been sent concerning it, and it was found to contain uniforms and cockades belonging to the period of the Empire. The officer was summoned to Paris, and proved triumphantly that he was in no way concerned with this trunk; hence it was necessary to abandon the plan which had been largely advertised, and

[1] Armand Charles, Comte de Guilleminot (1774–1840), general of division in 1813, major-general in the Spanish expedition and peer of France in 1823, and Ambassador in Constantinople from 1824 to 1830.

[2] The *aide-de-camp* was M. de Lostende. Baron Pasquier writes: "This plan had been prepared and carried out, as I am certainly informed, by a certain Hinaux, a chief commissioner in the Prefecture of Police, with the help of a commissioner of police of St. Thomas d'Aquin named Genaudel, and an officer of the peace named Morlot." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 504.)

which was traced to so religious a source that general silence became necessary. The object of this machination was to arouse distrust of General Guilleminot and to substitute a member of the Congregation for him. However, the Duc d'Angoulême treated the General with increased favour and kindness.

I have already said that this prince was in no way influenced by clericalism. A man of the utmost piety, leading the most exemplary life, he required no mediator between himself and Providence. He respected the priest as such, but would not allow him any influence in secular matters. He never had any private almoner, and refused to take one with him upon this campaign, saying that in so Catholic a country as Spain there could be no lack of priests. Every day he heard Mass, which was said by a local priest wherever he might happen to be. On days which were fixed for his private worship he would have recourse to the good offices of the first ecclesiastic who could understand French that he might find upon the road.

One day an abbé who had been sent from Paris, and was provided with a nomination as almoner to the staff, appeared at headquarters. The Duc d'Angoulême wished to send him away. MM. Guilleminot and De Martignac,[1] who feared that they might incur the wrath of the Congregation, advised that he should be allowed to stay; the Prince replied:

"Well, gentlemen, you will soon repent of your opinion."

As a matter of fact, the abbé became a centre of intrigue,

[1] Jean Baptiste Sylvère Gay, Vicomte de Martignac (1778–1832). He was a lawyer at Bordeaux, his native town, and attorney-general of the local court in 1815. He became attorney-general at Limoge, was deputy with Marmande in 1821, was councillor of state, commissioner to the army of Spain in 1823, Director-General of Registration in 1825, Minister of the Interior, and leader of the Government which bears his name from January 1828 to April 1829. He defended the ministers of Charles X. before the Court of Peers after the Revolution of 1830.

and it was soon discovered that he was conducting a small society which sent notes to Paris upon the private life of all the officers in the army. The Prince procured one of these annotated lists and sent for the abbé, showed it to him, and gave him his marching orders, saying:

"Go away and hold your tongue. I will have no spies in cassocks."

Together with this prudence, the Duc showed a cool and impassive bravery upon the battle-field: he shared the fatigues of the troops, and endured them more easily than might have been expected from his delicate appearance. My brother was with him as *aide-de-camp*, and has told me a large number of trivial details not worthy of repetition here, but confirming belief in the prudence and firmness of his general conduct. He became, in consequence, the pet aversion of his father and sister-in-law. An unimportant incident will give a better idea of their attitude towards him than a long and detailed account might do.

At a luncheon party of some size given by the Comte and Comtesse Fernand de Chabot[1] as a house-warming party, some one, impatient at the sarcasms passed on the Duc d'Angoulême, said in jest that he had gone to the enemy at the head of four regiments.

"Indeed!" cried Mme. de Meffray,[2] a lady-in-waiting,

[1] Ferdinand de Chabot, Prince de Léon, son of the Duc de Rohan and brother of the Cardinal; he married Mlle. Joséphine de Gontaut, daughter of the Duchesse de Gontaut, the governess of the Children of France. (*Mémoires de Mme. la Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 166.)

[2] Mlle. Suzette de La Tour, daughter of Comte de La Tour in Woevre and of the Comtesse, *née* d'Heillimer, who had been settled in Italy after the Revolution. Mlle. de La Tour came to France with the Duchesse de Berry. She was educated in that country, and married the Comte de Meffray. When Mme. de Gontaut was appointed Lady of the Wardrobe, the Comtesse de Meffray took her post under the Princesse, who had a warm affection for her. (Cp. *Mémoires de Mme. de la Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 132 ff.)

and favourite of the Duchesse de Berry, "is it possible? I knew that the Duc d'Angoulême was deeply disaffected, but I did not know he was capable of that."

Doubtless Mme. de Meffray was a simpleton, but her words will indicate the prevalent tone of the society in which she lived.

Upon the promulgation of the prudent ordinance of Andujar,[1] the outcry against the Prince was such that the Ministry was obliged to withdraw the ordinance; and from that moment the Duc d'Angoulême ceased to take any political part in the affairs of the Peninsula, and confined himself to his military duties. He had been greatly disgusted by the attitude of King Ferdinand I., who had not only shown him no confidence, but whose behaviour towards him had been arrogant in the extreme. For instance, when the King was disembarking at Port Sainte Marie, the Duc d'Angoulême had presented his sword on his knees: the King had allowed him to perform this act of courtesy, to the indignation of those Frenchmen present, and to rise again without offering him any help.[2]

The absurd display which was made of the capture of the Trocadero has cast ridicule upon a very excellent military exploit which determined the capture of Cadiz and concluded the campaign, if this latter term can be applied to a trium-

[1] The ordinance issued at Andujar on August 8, 1823, with the object of calming public feeling by stopping the arbitrary arrests and the continual executions ordered by the Royalists. It was rejected by the regency organised at Madrid with the French occupation. The ordinance was quashed by the Ministry, but after a council presided over by the King the Prince was requested to moderate its effect, which he did in a letter from Major-General Guilleminot to the commanders of the troops. The Duc d'Angoulême always preserved some ill-feeling for M. de Chateaubriand who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, on account of his actions in this incident.

[2] October 1, 1823. On September 28 the Cortes, which was sitting in Cadiz and had been dissolved, had set King Ferdinand at liberty.

phal march from Bayonne to Cadiz. The partisans of the Cortes defended themselves in some towns, but generally speaking the French army was everywhere received with great joy. The populations of the villages ran to meet it, and the Prince was received with cheers.

"Viva el duque! Viva el Borbone! Viva el rey neto! Viva la sacra santa inquisicion!" cried the crowd, showering flowers upon the royal squadron and spreading carpets beneath the hoofs of the horses. Hence Marshal Oudinot said with a sigh:

"The worst part of this is that our men will imagine they are making war."

Notwithstanding this outburst of vexation from the old soldier, our young troops showed their usual zeal and intrepidity whenever necessary. I have heard officers who had seen service say that the little fort of the Trocadero was carried with a vigour which would have done credit to the grenadiers of the *grande armée.*

The Prince de Carignan particularly distinguished himself in this action. He has been deeply reproached for joining in this campaign against the revolutionaries. The Sardinian court had obliged him to follow this course by way of expiation, and he was ready to do anything to escape the intolerable position in which he found himself at Florence.[1] But whatever may be thought of the advisability of his position with the Duc d'Angoulême, every one must approve his

[1] The Prince had remained in exile at Florence after the events of 1821, and had asked permission to take part in this campaign from the King, Charles Félix. He wrote on February 24, 1623: ". . . I have written two letters to the King asking leave to join the campaign against the Spanish constitutionals as a volunteer." The letter is quoted by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, who adds: "That the desired permission to start for Spain at length arrived; Charles Félix had kept him waiting for some time, for the reason that he wished the Prince to compromise himself entirely by the repetition of his request." (*La Jeunesse du Roi Charles Albert*, p. 241.)

bravery in crossing the moat full of water which surrounded the redoubt, at the head of the grenadiers.

The next day upon parade a deputation of grenadiers came to the Prince and offered him, in the name of the corps, a pair of woollen epaulettes belonging to one of their comrades who had been killed at his side during the dangerous crossing of the wide moat, and proclaimed him "a French grenadier." The Prince pinned the epaulettes on his uniform, and that was certainly one of the happiest moments of his life, though his face was wet with tears. All present were deeply moved by this sudden and unexpected incident.

I can remember another incident which occurred at a later date, but which I will relate here both for its own interest and because I may not be able to carry my story so far as the period when it occurred.

Colonel de La Rue happened to be at Vienna in 1832, with the young Duc de Reichstadt.[1] The Duc was continually questioning him upon the French armies, and asked if the King of Sardinia had actually exposed himself as much as he was said to have done. M. de La Rue, who had taken part in the attack upon Trocadero, told him what had happened, and related the presentation made by the grenadiers.

"I can assure you, Sire, that the Prince was well pleased."

"I should think so," said the young man, stamping his foot. Then after a long silence he resumed: "This will show the difference between countries, my dear La Rue:

[1] Napoleon II., born at Paris, March 20, 1811 (see first volume of these Memoirs, p. 260), and died at Schönbrunn on July 22, 1832. In 1814 the young "King of Rome" was entrusted to his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, Francis I., who would never restore him to the Emperor Napoleon either at the island of Elba or at St. Helena. He became Prince of Parma, of which his mother was the sovereign, and was made Duc de Reichstadt in 1818. He had a deep veneration for the memory of his father and for France.

among them," and here he pointed to the Russian Ambassador, "when they wish to humiliate an officer they make him a soldier. Among us, when they wish to honour a prince they make him a grenadier. Ah, my beloved France!" And he turned away from the Colonel to hide that emotion which the Colonel shared.

This M. de La Rue has in his possession a curiosity. The evening before he left Vienna he spoke to the Duc de Reichstadt, whom he used to meet every evening in society, and uttered the well-worn phrase:

"Sire, can I do anything for you in Paris?"

"Anything for me in Paris! For me! Ah no, my dear La Rue!"

La Rue felt the hand of the Prince trembling, and withdrew somewhat disturbed by the effect which his want of tact had had upon the Prince. As he was getting into his carriage the next day a footman handed him a packet: it was a large piece of paper, folded in four, with the words in the Duc's handwriting, "Present my respects to the Column." There was neither date nor signature, but the envelope in which the paper had been placed by a secretary had been countersigned with all the titles of his Royal Highness the Duc de Reichstadt, and proved that the writing was his. I cannot say whether this is a German custom in the case of a prince's letter, or whether it was a special precaution taken in this case. M. de La Rue entrusted the paper to my hands during one of his absences, but he asked for it again, and I never ventured to express my desire to keep it.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had established herself at Bordeaux during the war in Spain, to be nearer the source of information. My sister-in-law also went to that town for the same reason. This community of interest brought her into connection with the Princess, who was usually more gracious when she

was away from Paris, and who now showed that kindness to Mme. d'Osmond which she has always continued. My sister-in-law was not precisely upon intimate terms, but she was one of the few people whom the Duchesse received with favour. The distinction was all the more appreciated because it was somewhat rare, and my sister-in-law became devoted to her. Her natural frankness of character made her a favourite with Madame. Mme. d'Osmond is the only person of intellect above the average whom I have not known the Duchesse to repulse, and doubtless, had it not been for this stay at Bordeaux, she would have remained in the disfavour which her talents deserved.

The objection of the Duc d'Angoulême to the Duc de Bellune was so loudly proclaimed that his removal became necessary. M. de Villèle was the more ready to take this course as he was anxious to be rid of the Duc de Bellune, and was delighted to throw the unpopularity of the step upon the Prince. M. de Chateaubriand, who knew that he was in the Prince's bad books, thought that he was making a high bid for favour by urging the nomination of the Baron de Damas, who was attached to the Prince's household.[1] When the Duc d'Angoulême received the despatch informing him of the appointment, he went into the room where his *aides-de-camp* were assembled and said to them:

"Gentlemen, the Duc de Bellune is no longer Minister of War. Guess the name of his successor. I will give you ten guesses. No; I can give you a hundred, and indeed a thousand, if that is not enough."

Various names were proposed, and the Prince continued:

[1] Anne Hyacinthe, Baron de Damas (1785–1862.) He was brought up at St. Petersburg during the exile, became lieutenant-general at the Restoration, commander of the 8th Division from 1816 to 1822, Minister of War 1823, and of Foreign Affairs 1824. He was a guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux in 1828, followed him into exile, and returned to France when his education was completed.

"No; you are nowhere near it. It is the Baron de Damas, your friend the excellent Damas." The whole staff joined in his laughter. Such was the success of M. de Chateaubriand's attempt to curry favour with the Duc d'Angoulême.

On his return to Paris, the Prince showed himself as modest and simple as he had been brave and prudent in Spain. His father received him with paternal joy and affection, and the King with that theatrical pomp which supplied the place of warmer feelings in his case. The Duchesse d'Angoulème was delighted at her husband's success to such an extent that the unusual excitement injured her health. She had had so few opportunities for pleasure of this kind that she was unable to bear it. Her affection for the Duc d'Angoulême was both warm and sincere, although she did not share his political views. The Prince had retained his connection with the most influential members of Richelieu's Ministry, namely, MM. Pasquier, Mounier, etc., and in particular M. Portal, in whose prudence he felt the greatest confidence. He was always ready to discuss current business with them in order to make use of their experience. This intimacy, which the Prince never attempted to hide, finally discredited him with the aristocratic party. They had desired his overthrow from the time of his tour in La Vendée, where he had preached the doctrine of "union and forgetfulness." The ordinance of Andujar, a crime of a similar nature, would have confirmed the notion that he was an incorrigible Jacobin, but his formal disapproval of the manner in which M. Manuel[1] had been expelled from the

[1] Jacques Antoine Manuel (1775–1827), a lawyer and deputy for La Vendée; he was implicated in all the conspiracies of the enemies of the Restoration. On February 26, 1823, he was speaking during a debate upon the monetary vote for the Spanish war, and objecting to French intervention. He said that the entry of the foreigners into France had caused the death of Louis XVI. by forcing the Revolution to "defend itself by new methods and new energy." The Right regarded these

Chamber could have left no doubt about the nature of his views.

A few days after his return the Duc d'Angoulême was received with loud cheers by a crowd in the court of the Tuileries, as he left his carriage with my brother. When they were upon the *quai* and the greetings were over he fell back in his carriage and said with a bitter smile:

"This is what it is to be an adored prince, as the newspapers put it. I wish I could believe in their sincerity. But, my dear d'Osmond, they would shout 'Into the water with him!' just as readily if any one suggested it."

He was certainly under no delusions as to his popularity, notwithstanding the flatteries with which he was overwhelmed by people who had worked their hardest to discredit him and to destroy his influence with the King and the public. He was deeply vexed, and often expressed his feelings with his usual lack of good temper, but with considerable accuracy. No one was more indignant than himself at the exaggeration with which the name of the Trocadero was used. The spirit of flattery had applied that name to everything, from a ribbon to a banqueting hall in the Hôtel de Ville, from a toy given to the Duc de Bordeaux

words as an apology for the regicide, and refused to listen to him further. Upon the proposal of M. de La Bourdonnaye, notwithstanding the clever defence offered by Manuel and his friends, the majority voted for his expulsion, after a long discussion, upon March 3. The next day, surrounded by his friends, he forced his way into the Chamber and took his seat. He declined to listen to the President, M. Ravez, who requested him to withdraw, and was therefore removed by force at the hands of the police upon the President's order. The National Guard had refused to interfere. The Left followed him, and as the majority refused to allow the reading of the protest he had drawn up, they declined further part in the debates of the Chamber. The expulsion of Manuel was cleverly turned to account to inflame public opinion against the legitimate monarchy, and the mistake committed by those who thought themselves the best defenders of the Restoration largely contributed to undermine it.

to the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile. The Duc d'Angoulême vigorously objected to this final appellation, and the ridiculous name speedily fell into disuse.

The Duc d'Angoulême is a pleasant subject for description at this moment. It was certainly the best year of a life much tried by misfortune. This poor prince deserved a better fate, but fortune, his education, his father, those about him, and even his virtues prepared for him so deplorable a lot that history, while overwhelming him with opprobrium, never did justice to his actual merits. If the Duc d'Angoulême had been called to succeed Louis XVIII., the Restoration would probably have proceeded upon lines sufficiently prudent to secure the approval of the country. For many years all hopes were set upon him, and it was not until he seemed to be following in his father's footsteps that the storm burst upon the throne and the wrath of the nation determined its overthrow.

## CHAPTER VIII

The Duc de Rovigo and Prince de Talleyrand—The country seat of Saint Ouen—Details of this festivity—The Duc de Doudeauville replaces the Marquis de Lauriston as Minister of the King's Household—Lauriston is appointed Marshal of France.

I THINK I have spoken elsewhere of the relations of Mme. du Cayla with the Duc de Rovigo during the Empire, and their nature as revealed most indiscreetly by his extraordinary resemblance to her son.[1] When the immense influence of the favourite was firmly established, the Duc de Rovigo besieged her with his requests: he wished to be rehabilitated at court, to receive a post suitable to his rank, and to re-enter the path to power. If she did not secure the position which he desired, he threatened to publish a correspondence which displayed not only much tenderness for Rovigo, but was considerably interesting to the Minister of Police, showing as it did that she had not waited for the Restoration to play a most disgraceful part and to receive payment for it. Mme. du Cayla did not know what to do. She had no desire to restore the Duc de Rovigo, whose presence she could not bear, but she was still more afraid of exasperating him.

As he always asserted that his conduct in the affair of the death of the Duc d'Enghien had been absolutely innocent, he insisted that she should explain his part in the business to the King. She brought an answer from his Majesty that if M. de Rovigo could succeed in persuading the public, he would take him into favour again. Hence

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 255.

M. de Rovigo set to work and drew up an account professing to be a justification of himself, in which he incriminated himself most clumsily, while uttering grave charges, I believe with entire truth, against M. de Talleyrand.

Mme. du Cayla jumped with joy when she read this document, for she saw that it would mean the ruin of two men whom she feared almost equally. She was, however, a sufficiently clever woman to offer a few critical observations to the Duc de Rovigo. She made him soften certain phrases, withdraw certain statements, and then countenanced the publication of the work, though she did not precisely advise this course, lest he should accuse her of urging him to it.

The effect was precisely as she had foreseen. The public were infuriated with Rovigo, while the whole of the Talleyrand party were exasperated. Seeing this excitement at its height, the Prince did not attempt to conceal his offended dignity, and declared that he would not reappear at the Tuileries until his name was cleared of so many slanders. No one would support the Duc de Rovigo, and the King forbade him to reappear at court. Monsieur and his son declared that they would have him turned out if he came to their house. All the claims which he made for indemnities were disregarded. Mme. du Cayla professed to be overwhelmed with despair at this unexpected result of their joint efforts, and said that she felt bound no longer to receive him publicly at her house. She promised to lose no opportunity to restore his credit, but made him admit that it was now necessary to let the storm pass by, and thus she was able to get rid of him.

Possibly she feared to arouse too much ill-feeling upon one occasion, or possibly she was unable to succeed in her designs against M. de Talleyrand. He at any rate came out of the business with flying colours. The King sent a message to him to the effect that he could return to the

Tuileries without fear of his reception, and he reappeared at Mass upon the following Sunday in full triumph. This was the occasion when he was most prominent. His post as Lord High Chamberlain gave him a seat immediately behind the King. He used to stand with his hand upon the chair until the Elevation of the Host, when he would kneel down with much agility, notwithstanding his lame leg, and was much offended if any one offered to help him. His attitude during divine service was inimitable: he followed the service with an impassive countenance, and no one could accuse him of worldly thoughts or of hypocritical bigotry. Any one less clever than M. de Talleyrand would have been crushed by the revelations in the memoir of the Duc de Rovigo, the more so as many living persons could guarantee their accuracy; but he realised at once that the blow was delivered by a man who was unable to push his advantage, and he assumed so lofty an attitude that Rovigo missed his thrust and was overthrown.

Upon few occasions has M. de Talleyrand shown a better judgment of his position and of his adversary's powers or acted with greater skill. His success was so complete that all weapons were blunted from that time. M. de Talleyrand came forth purified from the fire in the eyes of his contemporaries, and it must be left to history to explain his share in the tragedy of the trenches of Vincennes.

The little house belonging to the Comtesse Vincent Potocka, in which the King had issued the so-called Declaration of Saint Ouen in 1814, was sold upon the death of the Comtesse. A handsome country seat soon rose above the ruins. The best artists were commissioned to decorate it. The rarest plants ornamented the gardens and the greenhouses. The rooms were furnished with royal luxury, and the name of the occupant could not remain long concealed, notwithstanding the secrecy maintained, which further excited

curiosity. The object of these luxuries was keenly discussed. Invitations addressed to the most distinguished members of court and of society informed us that the house belonged to Mme. du Cayla, and that she proposed to inaugurate her tenancy with an entertainment to which she invited us. Some over-scrupulous persons declined to go, but I was not one of them. I had known Mme. du Cayla for a long time, and though our intimacy had greatly cooled, I was none the less curious to see the house and the entertainment, and both were worth the trouble.

The magnificence of the house had not been exaggerated. It was most convenient, and constructed at the greatest expense. Every detail showed minute care. The gutter spouts were of polished marble, and the banisters of the attic staircase were of mahogany; nothing had been overlooked, and it was obvious that artists and workmen had been employed regardless of expense. The cleverest painters had been commissioned to decorate the walls. But all this luxury was in good taste and harmonious, and produced the effect of noble simplicity. In the library was an immense portrait of Louis XVIII., seated at a table and signing the Declaration of Saint Ouen. Even more curious was the sight of the papal nuncio, Mgr. Macchi, and M. Lieutard, seated at the table and relieving one another in the task of praising the Christian virtues of their charming hostess. It should be said that this M. Lieutard was the strict tutor of the religious youth of the period, and that none of his disciples would have ventured into a theatre, with the exception of that which Mme. du Cayla was about to open to us.

The best actors played a pretty vaudeville, followed by a little society sketch; and it was even possible for us to believe, if we liked, that Mme. du Cayla was merely the faithful and devoted guardian of this historical house which her care had rescued from oblivion and from the profanation of the Black

Band,[1] to preserve it for the gratitude of France, as was testified in a long string of couplets. The applause of the spectators confirmed the fact, and Mme. du Cayla came forth from a recess covered with civic crowns and proclaimed as the heroine of the Charter to an audience which cared nothing for it.

This entertainment was a very agreeable function and excellently arranged, while the comic side of it was extremely amusing. The whole of the diplomatic body crowded about the lady of the house, as also did the bishops and the mothers of the Church. She had attached great importance to their presence. She had invariably shown them great attention, and every week these pious souls met for a grand dinner at her table. Half an hour before the time stated on the invitations to the entertainment of Saint Ouen, the King had come to examine the appointments. The wheel-marks of his heavy coach were visible in the well-gravelled drives.

Mme. du Cayla had hoped for the presence of Monsieur, and at the commencement of the morning had set a rumour in circulation with much satisfaction that he might be coming; however, towards the end of the day she grew dissatisfied with so ridiculous an idea. The fact is that Monsieur had hesitated. M. de Villèle continually urged him to support Mme. du Cayla, whose influence with the King he was using for his own purposes. But the influence of Madame won the day; she would not condescend to flatter the favourite, and always treated her with the utmost coldness. Mme. de Choisy, her lady of the wardrobe, whom she had married to the Vicomte d'Agoult,[2] and with whom she spent all her evenings, had begun an intimate acquaint-

[1] A speculating society, which bought country houses and *châteaux*, pulled them down and sold the materials.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] Mme. de Choisy, lady of the wardrobe to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, had married in 1816 the Vicomte d'Agoult, equerry to the Princess. He was governor at Saint Cloud, lieutenant-general, and peer of France. (*Almanach Royal.*)

ance with Mme. du Cayla in spite of her prohibition; the Princess expressed her displeasure, and no longer came to see her, although the rooms of Mme. de Choisy were next to her own. Mme. du Cayla expressed her gratitude by securing the appointment of the Vicomte d'Agoult as governor of Saint Cloud.

I have said that General Lauriston[1] was the only member of Richelieu's Ministry who had remained in office. He owed this favour to the readiness with which he paid the enormous sums which the King was weak enough to spend upon his royal amours, and never objected to their amount. At the same time, his place as Minister of the King's Household was required for M. de Doudeauville, in order that Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, who was responsible for the department of Fine Arts, might be subordinate only to his own father. Consequently, to secure the good-will of M. de Lauriston, to reward his kindness and to buy his discretion, he was appointed Master of the Royal Hounds and Marshal of France. He had seen much service, like every servant of Napoleon, but he had no military reputation, and this promotion raised a storm.

Lauriston's well-wishers thought that they could calm the outcry by sending him to command the army of reserve in Spain. On his side he was desirous to gain some laurels for his marshal's baton. He undertook the siege of Pampeluna after the surrender of Cadiz and the liberation of the King of Spain,[2] which necessarily secured the fall of every other

[1] Jacques Alexandre Bernard Law, Marquis de Lauriston (1768–1828). Grand-nephew of the famous financier under the Regency and schoolfellow of Bonaparte, whose *aide-de-camp* he was. He became general of division in 1805, and supported the Restoration. In 1815 he was peer of France, in 1817 marquis and minister of the King's house from 1821 to 1824; he commanded the army of occupation in Spain in 1823, and became Marshal of France in that year.

[2] The capture of Pampeluna took place on September 17, 1823. The

fortress without striking a blow; some brave men paid with their lives for the promotion of Lauriston to the rank of Marshal, without justifying his advancement in the eyes of any one.

He had left the civil list in great disorder, which was completed under the administration of the Duc de Doudeauville, who was an excellent courtier but too weak and vacillating to venture the smallest resistance to the caprices of his son and of Mme. du Cayla. This want of firmness obliged him to close his eyes to other abuses, and never were the public funds more obviously surrendered to pillage. The wise administration of M. de La Bouillerie,[1] holding the office of Intendant, had repaired the disorder in a few years, and before the Revolution of 1830 the civil list was freed from all debts.

King of Spain was liberated after the dissolution of the Cortes, which did not take place until the following September 28, and left Cadiz on October 1. Marshal Lauriston was in command of the reserve troops of the army in Spain under the orders of the Duc d'Angoulême. When the Prince marched upon Cadiz he came with his troops to occupy the provinces of Navarre and Aragon. The siege of Pampeluna was begun together with that of San Sebastian. Hence the accusation of Mme. de Boigne appears somewhat unfounded. Lauriston was Minister of the King's House on November 1, 1820. Marshal Davoust, Duc d'Eckmühl, had died on June 1, 1823, and he was made Marshal in his place by an ordinance of June 24, 1823, the text of which is as follows: "Marquis Law de Lauriston (Jacques Alexandre Bernard), secretary of state to our household and lieutenant-general of our armies, is raised to the dignity of Marshal of France, in place of our cousin, the Duc d'Eckmühl, deceased." When the Ministry was reconstituted on August 4, 1824, the Duc de Doudeauville was appointed Minister of the King's House; by an ordinance on the same day Marshal de Lauriston became Minister of State and Master of the Hounds. (Duvergier, *Collection des lois et décrets*, Vol. XXIV.) Thus more than a year elapsed between the two appointments.

[1] The Comte de La Bouillerie, peer of France, Minister of State, Intendant-General of the King's Household. An ordinance of May 23, 1727, had abolished the Minister of the King's Household and had reorganized the domestic service.

## CHAPTER IX

The Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt is deprived of his sinecures—The execution of four young subalterns—Government elections—Recall of M. de Chateaubriand—His anger—The indemnity to the *émigrés* and the conversion of Government stock—The Archbishop of Paris, M. de Quélen—Political position of M. de Villèle—Father Elisée—Objection of the King to leaving the Tuileries—His motives.

PUBLIC opinion was greatly shocked by the deprivation of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt.[1] I no longer remember upon what occasion he resisted the ministerial desires; it was some very unimportant matter. The *Moniteur*, however, went so far as to give a long list of the posts of which the Duc had been deprived. These posts, however, were all concerned with charitable works, and were all unpaid. He brought both zeal and devotion to the business involved, in the interests of the poor, by whom he was adored. Even supposing that he had shown some hostility to the Government, this method of reprisal was both puerile and clumsy.

[1] François Alexandre Frédéric, Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt (1747–1827). Deputy to the States General, went into exile on August 10, and returned under the Consulate. He became a member of the Chamber of Peers at the Restoration. Was a member of the council of the prisons of the Seine. On his resignation, in consequence of a misunderstanding with M. de Lavau, the Prefect of Police, he was deprived of all the sinecures which he occupied; these included the council of hospices, the general council of manufactures, of agriculture and prisons, the post of inspector-general of the Conservatoire of Arts and Trades, the general council of the Department of Oise and of the committee for vaccine, which he had imported into France, etc. The whole life of the Duc de Liancourt was devoted to works of charity, for which his zeal and generosity were indefatigable.

A yet more cruel vengeance, taken upon the subalterns of La Rochelle, aroused deeper resentment. Four of these young men perished upon the scaffold for complicity in a conspiracy. Their conduct was doubtless most culpable, but as their projects had no hope of success, public feeling was not sufficiently aroused to agree with the sacrifice of these four young men, the eldest of whom had not reached the age of twenty-three. Their behaviour was such as to increase public interest; they bore themselves firmly and modestly, while the prosecution seemed to be inspired by desperate energy. I well remember that the little band of moderate men who formed my circle were deeply grieved by these proceedings, and earnestly desired that the King should pardon the young men. I seem to remember that a note was handed to the Duc d'Angoulême by M. Portal. The Duc replied that he entirely shared his feelings, but had made it a rule to interfere in no way with the King's Government; that he was often deeply vexed by what he saw; and that whenever his opinion was asked he gave it conscientiously, but that he would never take the initiative. He added, "The opposition of the Princes is too great a calamity for the country to bear its multiplication." Then, somewhat embarrassed by the words he had let drop, he blushed deeply. "The King," he continued, "should be obeyed unhesitatingly by every one, and especially by myself. When he is pleased to make me responsible for any duty, I conscientiously do my best. But if he neither consults me nor gives me any work to do, I hold my tongue and go hunting."

I cannot assert that these words were uttered with reference to the subalterns of La Rochelle; I am inclined to think that it was after the return from Spain that M. Portal repeated them to us upon the day when he heard them from the Prince. This prudence secured our respect and justified the hopes which the country set upon him.

The success of the Peninsula campaign persuaded the Ultra-Royalist party that the Chamber was devoted to them, and consequently aroused their violence. They forced M. de Villèle to propose laws upon sacrilege, upon the right of primogeniture, and to fulfil the promises which had been made to the *émigrés*. The minister added on his own initiative the conversion of the 5 per cent. stock into 3 per cent. This was the only measure to which he attached any serious importance.

The elections,[1] which had been disgracefully manipulated, had brought to the Chamber of Deputies a compact majority, which voted only according to the good pleasure of the minister. He had no difficulty in inducing this majority to accept the law of septennial election.[2] The Chamber of Peers was persuaded that this new organisation was better and more governmental, and therefore adopted it, though a large number of the peers who voted for it recognised the inadvisability of continuing the anti-revolutionary party in possession of so dangerous an instrument as the Chamber of Deputies as then composed. At that point, however, their compliance came to an end. The usefulness of representative government, with its balance of power, has perhaps never been more obvious than at this period.

The Chamber of Deputies was utterly servile and childishly aristocratic; the Chamber of Peers displayed an independent and liberal spirit, and the laws concerning sacrilege, the right of primogeniture, the reduction of the interest on Government stock, the indemnities, etc., were rejected or so amended as to lose their party character.

[1] The Chamber had been dissolved by an ordinance on December 4, 1823. The new elections took place on February 25 and March 6, 1824. They proved disastrous to the Liberals, who had frightened the country by their sympathies with the conspirators.

[2] Law of June, 1824. This Chamber was dissolved by M. de Villèle himself three years later, in November, 1827.

M. de Villèle must have deeply repented the fact that he had made an exception to his practice of choosing mediocrities by calling M. de Chateaubriand to power. From the outset his hope had been deceived that he would find him a support against the war which the court, the Church, and the Holy Alliance desired to begin in Spain. When M. de Villèle saw that he had been duped, he vowed vengeance. As M. de Chateaubriand had no influence with the King and the Princes, he was easily attacked from that quarter. M. de Villèle asserted that he had voted against the law for the conversion of the Government stock.[1] M. de Chateaubriand always denied this assertion, though he was ready to admit that he thought the law ill-timed and dangerous, and freely expressed these views in his *salon*. At the same time, there was no open breach between himself and his colleagues, when, one Sunday,[2] he appeared at the door of Monsieur to pay his respects to him. The usher replied that he could not enter. M. de Chateaubriand attached no importance to this statement; he was somewhat late and thought that the door was closed and that Monsieur had already gone to the King. He therefore hurried down to the cabinet. As they passed the first door he saw some hesitation among the ushers and the life guards. At length an officer came towards him and said in a tone of respectful condolence:

"Monsieur, we have orders not to let you pass."

M. de Chateaubriand had hardly recovered from his astonishment when M. de Vitrolles said to him:

"Have you not come from your own house?"

[1] The law was rejected by the Chamber of Peers. This defeat seemed to shake the power of M. de Villèle for a moment, and M. de Chateaubriand intimated that he would be prepared to follow him should he retire. The President of the Council, far from appreciating this display of devotion, regarded it as a treacherous insinuation. (Cp. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 558.)

[2] June 6, 1824, being Whit Sunday.

"I left it an hour ago."

"Well, then you have missed a letter which is waiting for you."

M. de Chateaubriand hastened home, and found an orderly who requested a receipt for a very laconic despatch, which stated that the King no longer desired his services. M. de Chateaubriand signed the receipt with his own hand, sent for half a dozen cabs, into which he tossed his property, and before his clock had struck the hour he wrote to M. de Villèle, saying that the King's orders had been accomplished, and that both the residence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the portfolio were at the disposal of the President of the Council.

This method of evacuating the residence pleased the imagination of M. de Chateaubriand, and seemed to mollify the effects of the wound which he had received at the Tuileries. For the first few days he bore his overthrow with a dignified calm which did him every credit. By degrees, however, the embarrassment and annoyance of his position recalled the gratuitous insults which he had received, and aroused his hatred and vindictiveness against M. de Villèle to a point beyond all conventional bounds.

The *Journal des Débats* was open to him through his friendship with the brothers Bertin,[1] and became the arena in which M. de Chateaubriand slaughtered his antagonists with weapons so discourteous that the insults he had received

[1] Louis François Bertin, known as Bertin Major (1766–1841), founded the *Journal des Débats*. The younger brother was Bertin de Vaux (1781–1842). He was a deputy in 1815, and councillor of state in 1827. He was member of the Chamber of Peers under the July Monarchy, and joined his brother as editor of the *Journal des Débats*. This newspaper had been founded in 1789, and became the property of the brothers Bertin on Brumaire 18. It was confiscated by Napoleon in 1811, and restored to the brothers at the Restoration. At that time it was the most important political organ.

soon seemed to have been more than repaid, and the more so as M. de Chateaubriand in his anger cared little to what extent he might undermine the governmental power while attacking the Government. M. de Villèle found himself obliged to re-establish the censorship,[1] but whenever the censor erased an article or a phrase, the place was left blank in the newspaper, and the imagination of the subscriber could supply what "tyranny" prevented him from reading. When these blanks were forbidden by an ordinance, the journalist replaced them by pages of dashes representing lines. It became obvious that, to make the censorship efficacious, severity would be necessary which the state of public feeling would not permit. In our days any attempt to curtail the liberty of the Press can only succeed when the danger of liberty is universally obvious or when a period of anarchy has preceded, in which every one's sufferings have been so great that each individual desires chains in order that his neighbour's hands may be tied. Such was the fortune of the Imperial Government.

The indemnity to the *émigrés* might have been a just and even a politic measure, but it was most unpopular. M. de Villèle, with an utter want of tact, conjoined it with the law for the conversion of Government stock. His object was to secure the votes of all the deputies and *émigré* peers for this latter measure. With the deputies he was successful, but his efforts in the Chamber of Peers were a failure. One of his most formidable antagonists was M. Pasquier, who displayed in the upper chamber the same parliamentary eloquence which he had already shown as deputy and minister; at that time he secured that ascendancy over his colleagues which his enlightenment, his constant moderation, and his incontestable talents long preserved for him.[2]

[1] Ordinance of August 15, 1824.

[2] M. Pasquier relates that he largely helped to inflict another defeat

M. de Villèle also encountered, in the person of the Archbishop of Paris, an adversary who deprived him of some votes. Under pretext of defending the interests of the stockholders in his diocese, he displayed great hostility to the proposals for conversion, and emphasised the injustice and cruelty of the measure after other orators had demonstrated its futility from an economic point of view. This opposition secured considerable popularity for the Archbishop; he had not yet time to develop his haughty and ambitious character, and people were inclined to regard him as a moderate man.

The Abbe Quélen,[1] born of a Vendean family, began his career in the service of the Imperial Almonry. Cardinal Fesch, his patron, had then found him a post as almoner to Madame, the mother of the Emperor. At the time of the Restoration M. de Quélen leaped from the knees of Cardinal Fesch to those of Cardinal de Talleyrand, whose favourite he became. He directed the imperial almonry, and displayed great wisdom. Hence, when Cardinal de Talleyrand found his health growing weaker and requested his appointment as suffragan Archbishop of Paris, M. de Rich-

upon the Ministry in the Chamber of Peers. The law permitting the authorisation of congregations of women by royal ordinance was rejected. "I pointed out that if the principle were admitted that the royal ordinance could authorise the existence of female religious communities, no logic could reject the application of the same principle to communities of men at some later date. It was unnecessary for me to mention the communities of men who were apparently waiting to profit by this advantage; everybody in the assembly immediately thought of the Jesuits. This argument was decisive, and the proposal was rejected by eighty-five votes to eighty-three." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. V., p. 563.)

[1] Hyacinthe Louis, Comte de Quélen (1778–1839). Vicaire-Général of Saint Brieuc, secretary to Cardinal Fesch, coadjutor of the Cardinal de Talleyrand Perigord, the Archbishop of Paris in 1817, and succeeded him in 1821. He became peer of France in 1822, and member of the French Academy in 1824.

elieu readily acceded to this request. He greatly feared that this see might fall into the hands of a prelate inspired with the reactionary ideas of the *émigré* clergy, in particular the Archbishop of Sens, La Fare,[1] whom Madame was trying to advance; he therefore thought that it would be an excellent move to secure a man whose previous career was marked both by moderation and tolerance.

These considerations brought M. de Quélen to the front. He was an obscure ecclesiastic with no special talent, but he obtained the highest ecclesiastical rank when he was barely forty years of age. It might have been supposed that his ambition was satisfied, but he soon showed that it was insatiable. M. de Richelieu had been induced to commit a mistake. Never since the time of Cardinal Retz had the old monarchy consented to give the see of Paris to a man who was young enough to act in opposition. This see was a reward reserved for prelates who had grown old in the Christian virtues. The probability of succeeding to it, which was always open, was a useful means of keeping several prelates in subservience to the Government. Hence it was bad policy, even if the character of M. de Quélen had been all that was thought, to give the highest clerical post to so young a man.

M. de Quélen was not of this opinion, and even asserted that the reversion of the royal almonry, which was in the hands of the Cardinal de Talleyrand, would be his, together with the archbishopric of Paris. His ill-temper at seeing Cardinal de Croy[2] appointed to the former post largely

[1] Henri de La Fare, grandson of the poet (1752–1829). He was Bishop of Nancy in 1787, deputy to the States General in 1789, went into exile, and returned in 1814. He was first almoner to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Archbishop of Sens in 1817. He became peer of France, Minister of State, and cardinal in 1823.

[2] Gustave Maximilien Juste, Prince de Croy (1774–1844). He was Bishop of Strasburg in 1817, was consecrated on January 9, 1820, became royal almoner in 1821, archbishop in 1824, and cardinal in 1825.

actuated his hostility to the proposal for converting the Government stock.

In any case, M. de Villèle, with his talents for finance and finesse, was deeply wounded by this exposure and defeat upon his own ground. At no other period had he been so entirely master in the Cabinet. The incapacity of the Baron de Damas had been sufficiently demonstrated in the War Department, and he had therefore transferred him to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, though he was careful to keep the conduct of business in his own hands. The Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre was transferred from the Naval to the War Office; he was equally ready to obey the President of the Council upon every occasion when the Congregation did not decide otherwise, and at this period these two high powers were in complete harmony. I cannot remember which nonentity took the place of M. de Tonnerre in the Naval Office.[1]

M. de Corbière and M. Peyronnet seemed to be the most independent members of the Cabinet, but as their inclinations were absolutely opposed to the interests of the Revolution, M. de Villèle found it advisable to make an open show of resistance to their demands in order to preserve that public reputation as a moderate man which he had acquired when he led the Ultra Opposition.

Louis XVIII. no longer took any part in business, while Monsieur found himself obliged to show every consideration for the man who had placed the crown upon his head thus early. Thus every circumstance contributed to secure the omnipotence of M. de Villèle, when his power was checked by his defeat in the Chamber of Peers. He felt this reverse the more deeply as after the war with Spain he had appointed a considerable number of peers, and felt as certain of a majority in that Chamber as in the Chamber of Deputies. He promised himself to take his revenge, and to renew his

[1] M. de Chabrol. (See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 68.)

favourite project, the conversion of the Government stock, at a more opportune moment.

The King's health became steadily worse. He fell into a kind of stupor, from which he only recovered to receive the visits of Mme. du Cayla. Upon those days he invariably gave as the password "Sainte Zoé," accompanying this confidence with a smile which he attempted to make indiscreet; the Duc de Raguse has often told me that it inspired him with even more pity than disgust. The King detested Saint Cloud. His favourite physician, Father Elisée, whom he had brought back with him from exile, felt bored when out of Paris and had persuaded the old monarch that the Château was damp. Hence he had been accustomed to say every year, for princes are always ready to repeat polite formulæ, that he could not wait there for his birthday, but would come back to Paris for the "Festival of the Cats." It was a piece of the courtiers' art to appear not to understand, in order to give him the pleasure of explaining that he referred to the middle of August ("mi août").

A strange anomaly in this strict and religious court was the presence of Father Elisée.[1] He had been a Brother of Charity,[2] and was a somewhat clever doctor. During the Revolution he threw away his cassock, and plunged into all the extravagances of the time with the appetite of a man long under restraint. He found some amusement in introducing his successive mistresses under the title of "Mère" Elisée. By some means he discovered a considerable number of pretty girls, whom he then passed on to his friends or patrons. This business of his, with its accompanying dis-

[1] Elisée Marie Vincent Talachon, born in 1753; went into exile in 1792, and died September 29, 1817.

[2] A religious order founded in 1540 by Saint Jean de Dieu, to care for the sick. At the present day they are known as the Brothers of Saint Jean de Dieu.

graceful scenes, extended to the apartments of the King's palace, beneath the very eyes of Madame, who was aware of it, but made no difference in her treatment of him, though so scandalous a life, especially in the case of an old monk, would have met with just reprobation anywhere. But Father Elisée enjoyed the privilege of a man without a character, whose actions pass unreproved because the actor is unashamed.

It was only in view of the absolute necessity of having the Tuileries cleaned that the King consented to leave this palace for the moment. It was inhabited by more than eight hundred people who were by no means invariably clean in their habits. There were kitchens on every floor, and an absolute lack of cellars or sinks; consequently all kinds of filth collected and made such a smell that one was almost suffocated when going up the staircase of the Pavillon de Flore and crossing the corridors of the second floor. These appalling odours eventually reached the King's rooms, and decided him to make the shortest possible stay at Saint Cloud. He would only leave Paris when driven to extremes. I have heard that one of those visionaries, of whom the King was always ready to ask questions, had told him during the exile that he would return to the Tuileries, but would not die there. The worse his health became, the more earnestly did he cling to the place where he was not to die. It must have been at Ghent, during the Hundred Days, that the King told the story of this prophecy. I cannot recall how the story reached me, or how far it is credible. The fact remains that he preferred the Tuileries to any other dwelling. Monsieur and the Duc d'Angoulême liked it very well. The Duchesse de Berry felt no objection to it, and was ready to follow her family. Madame was the only person who preferred Saint Cloud, and regretted that the court made no longer stay there.

## CHAPTER X

Last illness of King Louis XVIII.—Adroitness of Mme. du Cayla—The King's death—The Dauphin is asked to take precedence—The King's funeral—The title of "Madame" is refused to the Duchesse de Berry—The title of Royal Highness is given to the Princes d'Orléans—Reception at Saint Cloud—Entry into Paris of King Charles X.

On the festival of St. Louis, 1824, I went to pay my respects to the King. I had not seen him since the month of May, and I was much shocked by the great change in his appearance. He was seated in the same arm-chair, and in his usual costume, a uniform brilliant with gold lace and studded with orders. The gaiters of black velvet round his legs were twice as large as before, and his once noble head was so diminished in size that it looked quite small. It dropped upon his chest so far that his shoulders rose above it; only with an effort could he raise his face, and then showed features so changed and lifeless that there could be no doubt of his condition.

He spoke a few kind words to me when I made my bow. I was the more touched as I considered that I was then seeing for the last time this old monarch, whose wisdom had been put to so many proofs, and who would perhaps have triumphed over the difficulties of his position if the weakness consequent upon his infirmity had not made him helpless in the hands of those against whose foolishness he had struggled for thirty years.

Louis XVIII. was accustomed to say that a King of France should only take to his bed in order to die. He proved

loyal to this principle, for between August 25 and September 16, the last day of his life, he again appeared in public and held his court upon two occasions. Possibly a more personal motive stimulated his courage. I had this account from Dr. Portal,[1] his chief physician. The preceding year, the King had asked him what would be the manner of his death. Portal had attempted to turn the subject, but the King declined to be put off.

"Do not treat me as a fool, Portal. I know very well that I have not long to live, and I know that I shall suffer much, perhaps more than at this moment. What I wish to know is whether the final crisis will take place in unconsciousness, or if I shall be obliged to spend several days in agony."

"Why, Sire, so far as can be seen, your Majesty's illness will be slow and gradual, and may last many years."

"Slow and gradual," said the King with some temper; "that is not what I want to know. There is no prospect that I shall be found dead in my chair?"

"I do not think there is any likelihood of that."

"Then it will be impossible to keep out my brother and his priests," growled the King between his teeth, after a moment's silence. Then he turned the conversation.

It would seem that his prejudices had in no way diminished, for he received with marked coldness all the hints of those about him that he should attempt to seek relief from his sufferings in the good offices of the Church. The Duchesse d'Angoulême ventured to advise this step more directly; he replied in a severe tone:

"It is not yet time, niece; make your mind easy."

[1] Baron Antoine Portal (1742–1832). He was a doctor at Montpellier in 1764, professor at the College of France in 1769, then professor of anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes in 1777. He was a member of the Institute and chief physician to Louis XVIII. The Royal College of Medicine was founded in 1820 at his instance.

However, the danger became more imminent, and the anxiety of the family increased proportionately.

Mme. du Cayla, who was not likely to be deterred by any sense of false delicacy, considered that there was no harm in rousing the feelings of a dying man in order to gain some power over the living. She arrived unexpectedly to see the King on the evening before his death, with the result that after a long conference the royal almoner was summoned to the King's side. Temporal affairs, moreover, were not forgotten during this last conversation.

Marshal Mortier[1] possessed in the Rue de Bourbon a magnificent residence which he announced for sale. That same morning a business man came to offer him eight hundred thousand francs. The Marshal hesitated for a time, and asked for an interval to think over the matter and to consult his wife and children. He was given an hour. The bargain was one that must be settled immediately, as negotiations for another residence had been opened. The Marshal asked the name of the purchaser.

"What does that matter to you?"

"It matters a great deal, for I wish to know if he is solvent."

"Entirely solvent; and you will be paid in the course of the day. His name is not to appear."

The Marshal gave his consent, and immediately after the visit of Mme. du Cayla to the King the eight hundred thousand francs were paid out to him in cash. An order, signed with

[1] Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, Duc de Trévise (1768–1835). He was captain of the Volunteers of the North in 1771, brigadier-general and then general of division in 1799, marshal in 1804, Duc de Trévise in 1807, peer of France and commander at Lille in 1814. He had refused to join the court for the trial of Marshal Ney. He re-entered the Chamber of Peers in 1816, was Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour in 1831, and Minister of War from 1834 to 1835. He was killed at the side of Louis Philippe by the assassin Fieschi.

the name "Louis" barely legible, had induced the Duc de Doudeauville to pay this considerable sum. The King was still breathing, and in strict law could still sign a monetary order. At the same time, Mme. du Cayla was always somewhat ashamed of this acquisition, and of the time when she secured it. She never ventured to live in the house, and a few years afterwards she sold it to the Duc de Mortemart.[1]

As soon as the King's resolve was taken, he showed the greatest firmness. He personally gave orders that all the ceremonies should be carried out with all the forms usual in the case of previous kings, and these forms his prodigious memory could recall to the smallest details. A few hours before his death the royal almoner made a mistake in reading the prayers for those *in extremis*. Louis XVIII. interrupted him, and corrected the mistake with a presence of mind and calmness which never left him for a moment. The family was assembled at the end of the room, and was deeply affected. The doctors, the attendants on duty, and the clergy were around the bed. The First Gentleman of the Chamber held the curtain; when the chief physician gave the sign that all was over, he let it fall, and turning round, bowed to the Princes.

Monsieur left the room sobbing, and Madame prepared to follow him. Hitherto she had always taken precedence of her husband as the King's daughter; when she reached the door she suddenly stopped, and through the heart-felt

[1] Casimir Louis Victurnien de Rochechouart, Prince de Tonnay Charente, Duc de Mortemart (1787–1875). He was lieutenant of dragoons in 1806, orderly officer to the Emperor and joined the Bourbons, was colonel of the Cent Suisses, peer of France, major-general of the National Guard in 1815, lieutenant general, and ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1828. He was appointed minister by Charles X. during the days of July, 1830. He joined the new monarchy, was Ambassador to Russia from 1831 to 1833, and senator in 1852.

tears with which her face was streaming she said with difficulty.

"Take precedence, Dauphin."

He immediately obeyed, without any hesitation or any remark. The First Gentleman announced, "The King!" the courtiers repeated, "The King!" and Charles X. reached his rooms. The carriages were in waiting, and he immediately left the palace with his family to go to Saint Cloud, according to the custom of the Kings of France, who never stay a moment in the palace where their predecessor has just passed away.

The Princes of the House of Bourbon have been warmly criticised for their sacrifices to the laws of etiquette, but it is obvious that this was a tendency inherent in their character. Certainly the Dauphin's wife was deeply affected by her uncle's death; and even if she had not been attached to him, the terrible scene at which she had been present would have been enough to move her deeply. Only a few seconds had elapsed, and the dying man's last groan was still ringing in her ears; yet nothing could distract her attention from a matter of pure etiquette under circumstances when no one would have noticed any breach of it. On this sad occasion the Dauphin had not claimed his right, but had simply accepted it without any display of astonishment or impatience. A man so enslaved by forms will naturally impose the same duties upon others, and at times may reach a point which seems ridiculous to people brought up under other ideas. My brother, who was on duty in the service of the Dauphin, was an eye-witness of the last moments of Louis XVIII., and it is from him that my account is derived.

The late King's apartment was draped in black, and decorated as a *chapelle ardente*. Masses were said there throughout the morning. The superior officers undertook the duty of watching beside the body, which lay in state for

several days. The public were admitted by ticket, and the scene was said to be extremely beautiful. My usual idleness and some small dislike for spectacles of this kind prevented me from going, or from being present at the funeral in Saint Denis.

The funeral procession was remarkable for the fact that the clergy were not represented. A quarrel upon a point of jurisdiction had arisen between the Chief Almoner and the Archbishop of Paris,[1] and M. de Quélen had forbidden the ecclesiastics of his diocese to accompany the procession. It seems that this prohibition did not extend to the Chapter of Saint Denis, for the service was solemn and dignified. I received an account of the spectacle the same day from many of the eye-witnesses, and especially from the Duc de Raguse, whose lively imagination had been struck by the ancient feudal customs in which he had been called to play his part. He described them with a happiness of expression which he attained much oftener in speaking than in writing, and which made his conversation delightful.

I can remember, among other things, how he described the moment when the chief herald took, one after the other, the helmet, the buckler, and the sword of the King, and threw them after him into the vault. They could be heard rolling from step to step, while the herald said three times in each case, "The King is dead!" After this death cry, nine times repeated in a mournful voice, amid the silence of the congregation, the door of the vault was closed violently, and the heralds turned round to the people with the simultaneous cry, "Long live the King!" All who were present repeated the cry. I will admit that the helmet and sword

[1] An ordinance of January 25, 1826, restricted the privileges of the chief almonry, and put an end to the conflicting claims of the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quélen, and Mgr. de Croy, the Chief Almoner, which had caused a dispute after the death of the Cardinal Périgord in 1821.

of Louis XVIII. might seem a ridiculous procedure, but when the Marshal described the sound of these weapons falling into the depths of the royal tomb he inspired such emotion as he himself felt at the moment.

This ceremony gave rise to a literary quarrel which is still continuing. M. de Salvandy, who had already made a name for himself by some political pamphlets, inserted in the *Journal des Débats* a glowing narrative of the funeral at Saint Denis. Many persons thought they recognised the pen of M. de Chateaubriand, and complimented him upon the performance, going so far as to say that he had never written anything better. He was never able to pardon Salvandy for this mistake on the part of the public, which wounded him to the depths of his infinite vanity.

King Charles X. said a few kind words to M. Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, thanking him for the excellence with which he had prepared and organised the details of the funeral.

"Oh, Sire," he replied modestly, "your Majesty is very kind, but there were many defects. Next time we will do better."

"Thank you, Brézé," replied the King with a smile, "but I am not in a hurry."

Thereupon M. de Brézé collapsed.

Upon assuming the title of Dauphine, the Duchesse d'Angoulême abandoned the title of "Madame," which she had hitherto borne. The Duchesse de Berry desired to appropriate this latter, and asked for the King's authorisation; he replied very dryly:

"By what right? I am alive and you are a widow. The thing is impossible."

In fact, if the Duc de Berry had been alive, he would not have become "Monsieur" until his brother's accession, but

the claims of the Duchesse de Berry had a more political origin. An attempt had been made in her interest to secure that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, mother of François I., should be exclusively styled "Madame," and it was to the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux that she wished to transfer this title, thus preparing for herself an independent mode of life, and perhaps a possibility of regency should the occasion arise. She did not, however, enjoy sufficient respect in the family to obtain this mark of distinction, to which the Dauphine firmly objected.

Some courtiers attempted to speak of "Madame" during the first days, and she replied severely:

"Do you mean the Duchesse de Berry?"

The King expressed himself in similar terms, and the title was used only by those attached to the household of the Duchesse de Berry, by some familiar friends, and by subordinates who wished to curry favour. Mme. de Gontaut, though the governess of the children, declined to use it, and this was the beginning of the coolness between the Princesse and herself.

Charles X. had not inherited the ill-feeling of Louis XVIII. for the d'Orléans family, which he treated with kindness. The sincere friendship between the Dauphine and the Duchesse d'Orléans had modified the prejudices of the daughter of Louis XVI. The King conferred upon the Princes d'Orléans the title of "Royal Highness," which had been extinct for two generations. Only a prince, and one who had been long exposed to the petty vexations resulting from difference in rank, could appreciate the joy which was felt at the Palais Royal. Notwithstanding their claims to enlightened Liberalism, this title was received with as much happiness as it could have been during the period described by Saint Simon. Old instincts regard neither claims, nor times, nor circumstances, whatever efforts may be made to

overcome them. The d'Orléans family were and will be princes and Bourbons, whatever may happen.[1]

The day following the death of the old King, Charles X. received the chief bodies of the State at Saint Cloud. He made a declaration of principle, and gave assurances so much more Liberal than might have been expected, that delight was both keen and widespread. These words were repeated in the evening, and printed the next day in the *Moniteur*. In Paris, and soon afterwards throughout the provinces, they excited general enthusiasm for the new ruler. His popularity was at its height on the day when he made his entry into Paris in a pouring rain which could neither diminish the number of the spectators nor drown the warmth of their cheers. The King was on horseback, getting wet with the best grace in the world, with the pleasing and open countenance which charmed the citizens of Paris in 1814.

The nation, always desirous of some new thing, and ever ready to be entertained, welcomed the new reign with satisfaction. All the distrust of Monsieur, the Comte d'Artois, which had been accumulating for years, was dispelled in a moment by a few phrases which Charles X. pronounced in honour of the Constitutional Charter. It only remained for him to turn these favourable feelings to further advantage. He fully appreciated them, for it was ever his instinct to seek popularity. He wished to please, and if he repulsed popular affection, he did so with reluctance. He was carried away by the clerical and political partisanship which dominated both himself and his Council. I could have wished to deceive myself with the belief that the weight of the

[1] Mme. de Boigne here alludes to the polemical discussion, continued among politicians and in the Press after the Revolution of 1830, to determine whether the Duc d'Orléans had been called to the throne *because* or *although* he was a Bourbon. Some publicists under the new *régime* even claimed to have shown that the d'Orléans Princes were not Bourbons but Valois.

crown had changed the course of his ideas, but I knew him too well. I remember at that time that I discussed the matter at length with Mathieu de Montmorency, M. de La Rivière, and some others of their party.

"You assert," I said to them, "that France does not know what she wants, and that there is no public opinion. Well, you will admit that Monsieur was most unpopular, and that, upon the contrary, Charles X. is very popular. Hence you infer that the nation is both fickle and prone to exaggeration, and that its impressions are not worth consideration. At the same time, a change has taken place during the last week; the unpopular Monsieur was regarded as hostile to the new laws of the country, whereas the popular Charles X. has proclaimed himself their guardian. Would it not be logical to conclude that France is unanimous upon one point, namely, the maintenance of the new interests and of the Constitutional Charter which she has secured by thirty years of suffering?"

"Good gracious!" they replied, with some disdain; "no one wishes to interfere with their Charter or with the interests of the Revolution. They will be left untouched. But it is not right to sacrifice to them such few advantages as have been left to the upper classes, and, besides, we must have the power to govern."

M. de Villèle profited by the new reign to remove the censorship, which was causing him great trouble. He did not gain much in consequence, for attacks were just as keen when they were permitted as when they were forbidden.

The Liberal tendencies were not of long duration. The King and his councillors reverted to their former habits, and hostility to the Government increased as the hopes were deceived which had been so readily entertained upon such slight grounds.

## CHAPTER XI

The Dauphin enters the Council—Demands of the Congregation—Law upon sacrilege—Attitude of the Princes towards the army—King Charles X. at cards—Evening receptions given by the Dauphine—The Duchesse de Berry at Rosny—Her habits—Her tastes—Her popularity—Coronation of the King at Reims—Festivities at Paris.

I HAVE reason to believe that the prudence shown at the outset was largely due to the influence of the Dauphin. M. de Villèle, who knew by experience what could be effected by the heir to the Crown, realised immediately the strength which a reasonable Opposition under his leadership might gain, and attempted to neutralise any such movement. Pretending a great admiration for the sound judgment of the Dauphin, he requested him to enlighten the Council with his presence. The Prince perceived the snare, and those who were honoured by his confidence advised him to refuse. But the King commanded, and the son obeyed as he obeyed every order of his father, including the order to lose his crown. At the same time he was relieved by the fact that he was not supposed to countenance the acts of that Council in which he consented to take a seat. He offered no criticism upon their decisions, but ostentatiously took no part in them.

For instance, upon the day following an important decision which had been taken against his opinion, as he walked past the Council table he put his hand upon his chair, saying:

"I often have a very comfortable nap in this chair."

On another occasion at Saint Cloud, addressing a crowd of courtiers who were standing around him:

"Gentlemen," he said, "which of you can tell me, at once

and without counting, how many volumes there are in this bookcase?"

Several people made a guess.

"Lévis is the nearest," said the Dauphin. "I am quite sure of the number, for I counted them all again during the last Council. I usually spend the time that way when I do not go to sleep."

These words were repeated as they were spoken, and for so reserved a prince they seemed to denote absolute opposition to the step taken by the Ministers. But these disavowals were known only to a small circle, and the Dauphin's popularity suffered greatly from his entrance to the Council. At the same time, M. de Villèle had shortened his own tether by this means: as the opposition of the Dauphin was no longer to be feared, the Congregation set no limits to their demands, and the minister was often obliged to submit to their requirements. The patronage of every post of rank was in the hands of the Congregation. Military promotion was decided by attendances at Mass. The sentries were ordered to present arms to the Chief Almoner, while his notes upon the officers were more carefully considered by the Ministers of War, Damas and Clermont Tonnerre, than those of the Inspectors-General, who themselves were often obliged to submit to Jesuit demands.

Charles X., who was a member of the Society and directly dominated by it, would not entertain an idea without submitting it to the Congregation. The decisions of the Congregation were brought to him through various channels. The usual agents were the Abbé de Latil, who had become the Archbishop of France, and the Marquis de Rivière, who succeeded Duc Mathieu de Montmorency as guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux, and began his duties as soon as the little prince had reached his sixteenth year.

As an instalment, a law upon sacrilege was brought for-

ward, which aroused much discussion. The manner in which it was discussed and amended in the Chamber of Peers contributed to secure the popularity of that assembly, which offered a creditable resistance to the claims of the Congregation and of the *émigré* party. Among several good speeches, the most remarkable was that of M. Pasquier; by the change of a clause he was able to abolish the cruel and untimely severity of the penalties proposed, and practically nullified the law. This was one of the numerous grievances which Charles X. had against him.

On the day that this latter was proposed M. Portal brought forward another law to protect the coasting trade. The Cardinal de Croy, the Chief Almoner, after attentively listening for three-quarters of an hour, whispered to his neighbour:

"In what an age we live! He speaks of barratry and cheating, but observe how carefully he avoids the terms religion and sacrilege; this is the result of entrusting such business to the hands of a Protestant. It is disgusting."

With much difficulty his eminence was made to understand that another law was under discussion and not that of sacrilege, which he had come to illumine with his apostolic enlightenment. The word "barratry" had struck him, and he had taken it apparently for a term of Protestant theology. The Cardinal de Croy was, however, a worthy man, and if all the palace priests resembled him, "the throne and the altar," to use a current formula, would have been the better for such straightforward service.

Next to hunting, the Dauphin liked nothing so much as playing at soldiers. This amusement was permitted the more readily as he troubled very little with matters of military organisation. After he had drilled a few battalions, had severely reprimanded some clumsy execution, had pointed out a mistake in a uniform or in the handling of a weapon,

he imagined that he was a great soldier, and went home delighted with himself.

The Dauphine had a much better idea of the part which she should have played. There was not an officer whose face and whose name she did not know: she was aware of their circumstances, their hopes, and their family connections, and paid no attention to the notes of the Almoner, notwithstanding her sincere piety. She would put forward the Dauphin's name whenever she gained a favour, which in most cases was nothing more than an act of justice. She was almost a mother to the young officers of the Guard, and did her best to procure them amusement as well as promotion. Upon many occasions she secured the suspension of orders which interfered with the amusements of the Carnival. Hence she was adored by these young men, for whom she relaxed the usual severity of her countenance. Though she thus appeared the patroness of the young army, she was never able to identify herself with the glorious remnants of the *grande armée.*

The Dauphin showed less repugnance in this direction, and so far held the advantage of his wife. As for the King, his *émigré* tendencies were visible in every direction. Louis XVIII. was constantly reminding the officers of the Empire of the anniversaries of those battles in which they had taken part: his incredible powers of memory were often displayed in his narratives of marches and manœuvres which the soldiers themselves had often forgotten amid the number of their military experiences, while he often brought forth memories agreeable and flattering to those with whom he spoke.

Charles X., on the other hand, would never speak of the wars of the Empire. Marshal Marmont, who was often summoned to play whist with him, sometimes took pleasure in noting the anniversaries of brilliant exploits performed by

the French army. But the King invariably disputed their brilliance with much vivacity, and represented them as they appeared in the accounts which he had read abroad. If the Marshal or any one else attempted to place the facts in their true light, he showed much displeasure and anger, and his partner in the game felt the consequences, for he was a very bad player.

When he ascended the throne he declared that a king's reproaches were too important to be expended over a game of cards, and that he would lose his temper no more. However, he was not one of those men who can control themselves. He was extremely obstinate, because he could not understand explanations, but he had no force of character. After a few weeks of constraint his old tendencies took the upper hand, and his anger exploded.

He was vexed, and even a little ashamed of himself in consequence, and did not care for too numerous an audience. He usually played his game of whist in the rooms of the Dauphine, and practically no one was present except his partners. They were not particularly anxious to repeat the discourteous words which the King let fall in his anger, as they knew that their turn might come the next day.

Sometimes, however, such comical scenes took place that stories of them reached the outside world. Among others I remember one evening that the King, after uttering a thousand insults, called M. de Verac[1] "a driveller."

M. de Verac, red with anger, rose and said with much vehemence:

"No, Sire; I am not a driveller!"

The King, who was also very angry, raised his voice and replied:

"Well, sir, do you know what a driveller is?"

"No, Sire; I do not know what a driveller is."

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 178.

"Well, sir; no more do I."

The Dauphine could not refrain from a burst of laughter, in which the King joined, together with all the company.

The Dauphin used to play chess, and withdraw at an early hour to the Dauphine's room, the doors of which were then closed. The Princess was left alone with her tapestry work. Every day she invited two or three ladies from her own household or from that of her husband to join these evening gatherings, at which full dress was obligatory. My sister-in-law was invited somewhat oftener than others, as she was a favourite; the ladies upon duty had no right to be present without an invitation. The Dauphine was by no means pleasant to her ladies, and permitted no familiarity. From time to time the Duchesse de Berry would come to the apartments of the Dauphine. She took part in the King's game, and was scolded quite as much as the others.

This kind of court was sometimes held at her house, and was then a little more numerous. When the Dauphine was absent, the King would transfer his game to the rooms of the Duchesse de Berry. At Saint Cloud they met in the King's drawing-room; and this mode of life continued without the smallest change until July 31, 1830, inclusively.

The Duchesse de Berry did not share the monotonous life of the other Princes. For a considerable time she had thrown off her mourning and had plunged into every available distraction. Her mourning had been a pretext for surrounding herself with a court of her own, and she had been careful to choose members who were young and cheerful. The funeral monument and a charitable institution which she was founding at Rosny to receive her husband's heart often brought her there during the early days of her grief. Her constant appearances in this district became visits; she received some visitors, and began to seek amusement. Soon the journeys to Rosny became diverting fes-

tivities. Nothing was simpler in character, though I could never reconcile myself to the Princesse's interest in shooting. Mme. de La Rochejaquelein[1] had taught her this pastime. They used to shoot rabbits, and to mark those which they had killed by cutting a bit of the ear with a little knife which they carried for that purpose, and putting the fragments in their bodices. When they returned to the château, these blood-stained trophies were counted. This always seemed to me disgusting.

Mme. de La Rochejaquelein wore a costume upon these occasions almost entirely masculine. The Duchesse de Berry was delighted with this dress, and when she proposed to imitate it was checked by the dry answer of her lady of her wardrobe, the Comtesse Juste de Noailles, whom she had ordered to get a similar one made:

"Madame had better apply to one of these gentlemen, as I do not understand trousers."

Neither Mme. de Noailles[2] nor Mme. de Reggio[3] were among the favourites of the Princesse.

Gossip speedily became rife upon the conduct of the Duchesse de Berry, but suspicion pointed to M. de Mesnard,[4] who was thirty years older, and whose attendance was determined by his post as Knight of Honour to her; the public, who regarded him as a kind of mentor, would not believe the scandals which went the round of the court. The royal family, however, was persuaded of the extreme indiscretion of the Princesse's conduct. The King was often heard to upbraid her with the utmost violence: these scenes

[1] Félicie de Duras married as her second husband Comte Auguste de La Rochejaquelein. (See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 336.)

[2] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 178, note 3.

[3] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 223.

[4] Comte de Mesnard, first equerry to the Duchesse de Berry. The Knight of Honour was the Duc de Lévis, in conjunction with the Comte de Brissac. (*Almanach Royal.*)

she attributed to the influence of her sister-in-law, and their mutual dislike constantly increased. In this way discord had entered the Pavillon de Marsan, and Mme. de Gontaut and M. de Mesnard were struggling for the favour of the Princesse. The latter, however, won the day, and the consequent coolness for the governess tended to estrange the mother from her children.

The Duchesse de Berry troubled herself very little about them, and hardly ever saw them. When the Duc de Bordeaux was suffering from a severe attack of measles which caused some anxiety, she did not think of postponing a journey to Rosny. The King and the Dauphine were displeased in consequence, and expressed their feelings loudly. Yet they would have been the first to blame the Princesse if she had asserted her rights as mother against those which etiquette assigned to the governess. Every day the governess brought the children to the King when he awoke, and I do not think that the Duchesse de Berry received much consideration during these daily interviews.

I have heard at various times that her numerous indiscretions caused much commotion. In any case, the matter is unimportant; I was entirely outside of the circle where this royal gossip caused disturbance, and am but the uninformed historian of it.

I have never seen the Duchesse de Berry except as a sulky, unformed school-girl. Her misfortunes had taught her nothing in this respect. I remember that, at the last concert at her house at which I was present, some forty ladies who were in her *salon*, including myself, had stayed behind after the concert was over. She allowed us to stand around the room, spent twenty minutes in whispering and giggling with the Comte de Mesnard, and then, taking him under her wing, retired to her own rooms without addressing a single word to any one else. The people went away somewhat

vexed at the foolishness of her behaviour. I am, however, persuaded that her behaviour was merely that of a spoiled and untrained child.

Though she often deeply displeased those who came from a distance to pay their respects to her, she was very greatly loved by her intimate friends. She was cheerful, natural, and of a gay and clever disposition; she was a good mistress, and was adored at Rosny, where her bounty was intelligently distributed. She also enjoyed a certain popularity among the middle class of Paris. Her chief merit consisted in the fact that she differed from the rest of the family. She was fond of art, liked the theatre, and gave entertainments. She used to walk in the streets, indulged her fancies, and went into shops. She paid much attention to dress, and brought a little movement into court life; this was sufficient to secure her the affection of the shopkeeping class. The banking class liked her because she would appear in public and be present at every small festivity without etiquette. She would have been less disposed than the Dauphine to insist upon distinction of rank. The artists she employed, and whose work she appreciated with the intelligent tact of an Italian woman, also praised her and contributed to increase her popularity.

M. de Villèle relied upon the influence of the Dauphin against that of the Congregation under circumstances when the success of the intrigues begun by the Congregation would probably have forestalled the catastrophe of 1830 by some years. The Congregation wished to omit from the coronation oath the promise of fidelity to the Charter, on the pretext that this compact permitted liberty of worship. The King was disposed to make this restriction openly. The Congregation party in the Council approved, and the clergy, led by the nuncio, urged him forward. M. de Villèle was under no illusions as to the consequences of such conduct,

and applied to the Dauphin. The latter succeeded in persuading his father to abandon this dangerous project, but at the cost of some trouble. The whole of the night preceding the ceremony was spent in altering and discussing the various forms of oath.

M. de Villèle did not know himself which form would be adopted at the last moment, so stormy was the discussion and so great the indecision of the King. His frown was seen to relax when the words expressing fidelity to the Charter left the royal mouth. The Dauphin had turned the balance. His deep and constant piety gave him some power with the King upon these questions, when intriguers had not had sufficient time to overthrow his influence. The interview between the father and son had immediately preceded the ceremony, and the Jesuit counsellors were obliged to be content with exacting a mental restriction. Though the satisfaction of M. de Villèle was obvious, the discontent of the clergy and of the leading members of the Congregation was not concealed. The nuncio was receiving and returning visits of condolence before the close of the day.

In accordance with my habits of idleness, I felt no temptation to go to Reims. If I had thought that the holy ampulla was to be used very probably for the last time in the coronation of a most Christian king, possibly my curiosity would have been aroused.[1]

Notwithstanding the magnificence beneath which the clerical and feudal mummeries were concealed, they excited some comment. Charles X., in a white satin shirt, lying upon the ground to receive through seven openings in his vestment the drops of holy oil, was not regarded by the multitude as sanctified by the anointing of the Lord, but rather as a personage made ridiculous and discredited by this ceremony. The birds released in the cathedral as a sign of

[1] The coronation of Charles X. took place at Reims, May 29, 1825.

emancipation merely proved a nuisance, and no one thought of shouting "Noel!" On the other hand, when the King, magnificently dressed in the royal cloak, pronounced the oath from the throne, when the doors of the cathedral were opened with a crash, and the heralds announced to the people that their King was crowned, when the cheers from without joined the acclamations within, and answered the heralds with the universal cry, "Vive le Roi!" a deep impression was made upon all who were present.

In these old ceremonies there are always some customs which are merely traditional, and others which invariably make for general impressiveness. Tact is required to discern the difference and to make a choice. This choice the Emperor had been able to make. His coronation had been most solemn and religious, and had been accompanied by none of those prostrations which the Church claims and the spirit of the age rejects. I am well aware that the prince who performs them professes to humiliate himself only before his Lord, but the priest seems too strongly in evidence to be completely left out of count in these ceremonies, the mystical meaning of which is hidden beneath material forms.

Upon his return from Reims, the King made a magnificent entry into Paris. The procession was superb. I happened to see it as it was returning from Notre Dame to the Tuileries. The King, in a coach with seven windows, was accompanied by his son and by the Ducs d'Orléans and de Bourbon. The d'Orléans Princes were in the coach of the Dauphine with the Duchesse de Berry. The carriages of the different princes followed. Those of the Duc d'Orléans were both elegant and magnificent. Notwithstanding this pomp in magnificent weather, we noticed that the King was rather coldly received. There were none of those heartfelt cheers which had welcomed him months before amid the discouragements of pouring rain.

The ministers, the ambassadors, and the town of Paris successively gave entertainments at which the royal family were present, and which were said to be very beautiful and excellently organised. I saw none of them. I was then settled in the country, and was not inclined to disturb my habits of life for a ball. The King was fairly successful at the Hôtel de Ville. He was marvellously well able to join dignity with affability, and was always gracious upon every occasion. With such capacities a sovereign is bound to please at a citizen entertainment.

## CHAPTER XII

The Austrian Ambassador refuses to recognize the titles of the marshals of the Empire—Receptions at the palace—Theatrical performances at the Tuileries—The indemnity for the *émigrés*—The three per cents—Influence of the clerical party—Birth of Jeanne d'Osmond.

THE court of Vienna had never consented to recognise the Italian or the German titles which the Emperor Napoleon had distributed to his generals. On the other hand, the court of France did not wish to order the generals to resign their titles, and the difficulty between the two Governments remained undecided, though the holders of the titles were not concerned. Since 1814 the Austrian Ambassador, Baron von Vincent, had avoided the difficulty without raising any disturbance. As he was unmarried, he gave no evening parties, and his hospitality was confined to dinners. He used to give verbal invitations to M. the Marshal or M. the Duc without adding the title. When he expected one of these doubtful titles he was careful to stand so near the door that the footman was not obliged to announce the name. This proceeding was so natural that the device was continued for a number of years without attracting notice.

On the arrival of Count Apponyi[1] there was a vast change. He proposed to live in great style, and to make a brilliant entry into society. Notes of invitation were sent to Marshal Soult, to Marshal Oudinot, and to Marshal Marmont, etc.

[1] Anton Rudolf, Count Apponyi (1782–1852), by birth a Hungarian. He had been Ambassador at Rome and at London, and held the position at Paris from 1826 to 1849.

No one took offence, and everybody went. Their wives were more accustomed than the marshals themselves to use their titles exclusively. Eventually it was necessary to take notice of the fact that when the servants had given the title of the Duchesse de Dalmatie or de Reggio, the footman announced the Lady Marshal Soult or the Lady Marshal Oudinot. The fact became more marked when those ladies who had never used any other appellation except their title found that it was not accepted, and that the Duchesses de Massa and d'Istrie were announced as Mmes. Régnier and Bessières. An explanation became necessary.

There was a general outcry of dissatisfaction, and military society in a body deserted the *salons* of the Austrian Embassy. Justice to whom justice is due, and it must be said that people of extreme Ultra politics showed the greatest annoyance at this insult to our new titles. The quarrel might easily have been avoided, but Count Apponyi was by no means tactful, while the Baron de Damas, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as narrow-minded as he was exclusively *émigré* in opinion, could not understand why this incident should arouse such a disturbance. Charles X. showed no offence, and even insisted that the courtiers attached to his person should not desert the Austrian Embassy. Louis XVIII. would have resented this affront by political means, and therefore the court of Vienna made no attempt of the kind during his reign. After a great deal of outcry, and after a great many social dissensions and quarrels, the splendid balls and excellent lunches brought the greater part of society back to the Countess Apponyi. The position of the Ambassador, however, remained unpleasant. Many people would not go to his house, and were displeased because the King took no notice of the incident.

It was constantly asserted that the civil list was heavily burdened upon the death of Louis XVIII., and that M. de

Villèle had persuaded Charles X. zealously to support his law for converting the three per cent. stock and the arrangement made with the firm of Rothschild, as this conversion offered some hope of supplying the deficit. These, however, were Opposition rumours, and it cannot be repeated sufficiently often that an Opposition is invariably ill-informed. No one who wishes to preserve an impartial mind should listen to Oppositions. Either they honestly espouse mistaken views, or tell lies in full knowledge of the fact; certain it is that truth is hardly ever to be found in their ranks. The fact remains that Charles X. canvassed for votes in support of the law[1] so openly that I have myself seen him at work during a reception at the Tuileries.

The Dauphine was anxious to enliven the court, and when the period of mourning for the late King was ended she induced Charles X. to give entertainments and receptions. It was announced that something of the kind would take place every week, but the project was soon abandoned, as the King, and especially the Dauphin, wearied of it. The Duchesse de Berry was embarrassed, and offered no encouragement. The Dauphine had shocked her tastes by attempting to attract more society about her. Seeing herself so little supported, she gave up the attempt, and during the latter years there were no more than two or three receptions in the winter, and no entertainments except upon such occasions as the visits of foreign sovereigns.

The receptions were held in the large apartments from the King's study to the Salon de la Paix. All those invited were bound to be in the rooms before the arrival of the

[1] The law of May 1, 1825, which converted the 5 per cent. stock into 3 per cent., at a rate of 75 francs. Though the operation was supported by a syndicate of the sinking fund and the receivers-general, it was unsuccessful. The 3 per cent. stocks fluctuated, reaching 62 and rising to 65 at the end of the year, while the 5 per cent. fell to 95 francs.

royal family, for the doors were then shut, and it was impossible to enter or leave. No difference was made between the rooms, although the duchesses made a show of taking possession of the throne-room. The Princes went round the guests according to their rank by etiquette, and spoke to every one. The King then sat down to his game in the council-room, where the only furniture was his table, his arm-chair, and three seats for the other players, and these were usually a lady of title, an ambassador, and the marshal.

The Dauphine sat down at a card-table in the throne-room; her example was followed by the Duchesse de Berry in the Salon de la Paix, and by the Duchesse d'Orléans in the blue *salon*. These princesses invited people to join in their games, which were only begun as a matter of form. Every one followed their example and sat down at a table, often without touching the cards. The King himself did not play seriously; men and women would go round his table, and this process was called paying one's respects to the King. The arrivals stood in front of him until he raised his eyes, and then made a deep bow, when he usually addressed some words to the visitor. The most zealous courtiers would repeat this ceremony at the tables of all the princesses. I cannot say what became of the Dauphin, but I think that he went away when the first round of the rooms was finished. At the end of about an hour the King gave the signal, every one rose, and he came back into the *salons*. Politeness was then less formal, and was addressed only to chosen individuals.

It was upon such an occasion that I saw Charles X. going from deputy to deputy, and urging them by voice and gesture to vote as he desired. He also made a similar attempt upon the peers, but obviously with less carelessness and confidence. M. de Villèle had inspired him with a kind of jealousy of the peerage, which he thought unduly independent. At ten o'clock in the evening these assemblies, which were known as

"d'Appartement," and at which court dress was obligatory, came to an end. Court dress was also worn for theatrical performances.

The Dauphine would have liked to revive the custom which obliged those who wished to be invited to put down their names, but this proved to be impossible. The captains of the guards sent out the tickets, asking for their return if the recipient could not use them. Moreover, it was possible to ask the guards for tickets, and no objection was taken to this course, the more so as there were rarely enough ladies presented at court to fill the large boxes. These were chiefly occupied by persons who advertised their piety so far as to decline to enter a town theatre, although the same pieces were played by the same actors at the court. Their spiritual directors made an exception in the case of the theatre of the Tuileries, and authorised them to go there for their amusements. Young girls who were not allowed to see *Polyeucte* at the Français were taken with a clear conscience to see a doubtful vaudeville in the little boxes of the royal hall. In any case, the scene was brilliant, and the court appeared at its best on these occasions.

Refreshments were abundant, of excellent quality, and were distributed in public-house tumblers and in delft saucers carried upon iron trays. Small details of this nature were entirely neglected in the King's establishment. The Dauphine had no household of her own. At the house of the Duchesse de Berry these details were understood and were excellently appointed.

M. de Villèle was driven to extremities, and could no longer hold out against the clamours of his society, which was demanding the law for the indemnity to the *émigrés*. This time the law was separated from the proposal to convert the Government stock. However, the mark of spoliation had been already stamped upon it, and as the revolutionary

interests found themselves injured, they were careful that this stigma should remain. It would have been possible to give the law a national and political character, but this was not the intention of the party which proposed it. The proposers wished to produce it as a reactionary and privileged measure, and loudly rejected the idea of associating the losses caused by the law of maximum,[1] and by the suppression of the military endowments of the Empire, with the losses suffered by the *émigrés*.

The discussion of this law upon the indemnity reduced every one to disgust. The Opposition gazettes gave by name the list of *émigrés* or their sons who held seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The total was found to coincide precisely with the number which voted for the several clauses, or for amendments which promised some advantage to themselves. Every sitting was employed in attempts to extract a little more money and in opposing the insertion of any expression which might indicate a definite figure. The proposers desired to leave the door open for further claims. Those who had purchased national property were overwhelmed with insults by the orators of the majority, and were clearly informed that the *émigrés* would not be satisfied, and were looking forward to further chances in their favour. Consequently the thousand millions devoted to bridging the gulf of revolution, to use a Government expression, merely widened the breach.

Personal and party hatred grew intense, and those who held confiscated property were by no means reassured. Landed property did not increase in value. Though it was forbidden to state the origin of title-deeds, sale advertisements continued to advertise estates as inherited whenever they had not been secured by confiscation. The nobility

[1] A law forbidding the sale of certain commodities above a fixed price during certain seasons of the year.—TRANSLATOR.

finally lost what credit they had, and at length the *émigrés* themselves began to complain, and with good reason, for the largest sums fell into the hands of people who had already been amply recompensed by court positions and favours for losses which they invariably exaggerated.

M. de Villèle in this transaction once more showed his powers of underhand dealing. He ear-marked a hundred millions for a reserve fund, which he baptised "the common fund," intended to indemnify those *émigrés* who might be found at the conclusion of the liquidation to have been too scantily indemnified by the ordinary course of the law. This common fund, which was to be distributed upon principles somewhat arbitrary, became the cynosure of all the *émigrés*, of all the deputies, and especially of all the courtiers, and was in short the bond by which M. de Villèle attached all these people to his fortunes.

Heaven knows how many castles in the air were built upon the hopes of these hundred millions which M. de Villèle said that he had snatched from the rapacity of claimants with the object of using them for purposes of general utility and of expending them in particular upon the roads, which had remained in a dreadful state of disrepair since the invasion. The fear of losing a considerable part of their revenue had induced almost every capitalist to place his funds in the hands of speculators, while the want of confidence in the strength of the Government made people shy of distant enterprises. These contradictory tendencies contributed to raise land in Paris to an extravagant price. Everywhere buildings were begun the majority of which were never finished. Those who bought land found themselves ruined, while many men of small private means who feared to lose a fifth of their revenue saw their capital vanish entirely.

Men were not wanting to accuse the nobility and the privileged classes of producing these catastrophes by mort-

gaging the national credit for a thousand millions, which could only be raised by reducing the income of stockholders. This, however, was only a platform argument, turned to advantage by the enemies of the Government, who found many openings in the bitterness of the discussions. The fact is that M. de Villèle had been over-persuaded by some rich bankers and by all those men of business who expected to make an immense profit: he firmly believed that his plan of converting the three per cents was the finest idea of any human brain, and was bound to make him famous to posterity as the greatest financier of the civilised world. Another consideration was not without weight with him. The operation of conversion was to be spread over five years, during which he thought that his retention of office was certain, while he might consolidate his power and render it impregnable.

Malevolence has added that he was hoping to make a little money for himself. I believe that he was a comparatively honest man, and that his love of money was as moderate as his ambition was inordinate. The three per cent. plan had become a mania with him, and his dominant idea was to make the stock rise on the Bourse. Any one who wished to secure his favour needed only to buy his stock, and many people adopted this method to secure posts which they would have demanded in vain by other means. The disastrous affairs of the indemnity of St. Domingo[1] was

[1] As a result of inquiries made by the naval captain, the Baron de Mackau, an arrangement was concluded with the Government of Hayti. France recognised the independence of the island in return for an indemnity of a hundred and fifty millions, which was to be paid to the French colonists. The Republic of Hayti was never able to meet this engagement. This was the outset of the well-known and disastrous Hayti loans. The syndicate of financiers, at the head of which were the names of MM. de Rothschild and Laffitte, who had subscribed the loan and made the first advances, suffered heavy losses.

dictated merely by the desire of bulling the three per cents for a few days. Notwithstanding all his cares, the reaction soon begun. The stock fell, the land speculators went bankrupt, and the extent of the crash gave rise to keen anxiety.

Throughout this time the Congregation was continually urging M. de Villèle to perform his promises, and found him more and more recalcitrant. The law affecting female communities had passed the Chamber of Peers with great difficulty, and had been amended so as formally to prohibit male communities. None the less, Jesuit associations were formed everywhere; they desired to secure the guarantee of a law instead of trusting to toleration. The institution of Saint Acheul, near Amiens, grew with extraordinary rapidity, and all who wished to be welcome at the Tuileries entrusted their sons to the Jesuits of Saint Acheul and their daughters to the ladies of the Sacred Heart. The political chiefs of the Society of Jesus had established themselves in their house at Montrouge. There their intrigues were woven, and there they maintained communications with their allies at court and in the town. On many occasions I have seen the most active of their members upon the Montrouge road.

The moment when the Duc de Bordeaux was to be entrusted to masculine government had been hastened. This was the more remarkable, as Mme. de Gontaut was giving him the best education that a child could receive. The young prince was doing admirably in her hands, but there was a desire that the Marquis de Rivière should be established at the Tuileries and should have yet easier access to the King. I have related at length[1] how both of these men had adopted religious ideas at the same time and by the same path, and have also spoken of the kind of sympathy which this similarity had established between them. M. de Rivière was an honest

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, chapter IX.

and loyal man, but narrow-minded and ignorant: he was nothing but a lay Jesuit, and showed implicit obedience to his superiors in that order. He dragged the King into measures which were utterly displeasing to the country, in the belief that he was conscientiously performing a duty.

Public opinion was already greatly exasperated when M. de Montlosier[1] addressed to the Chamber of Peers his *Mémoire à Consulter* against the Jesuits. This work became very popular, and the voice of the old defender of the King and of religion, denouncing the clerical party, resounded loudly throughout the country. The phrase definitely clung to the priestly intrigues, and clericalism became a synonym for the policy of the Congregation and increased the unpopularity of those who deserved to be thus classified.

The Revolution left much religion in France, but little consideration for its ministers, and as soon as an ecclesiastic attempts to add political to religious influence he loses all claims to consideration. He is tolerated only at church and at the bedside of the poor, where he is respected and revered. Whether it be for better or for worse, that is certainly the effect of the Revolution upon ourselves. The King, the clergy, and the *émigrés* were no more ready to admit this fact than to recognise many changes which had taken place in their absence. In any case, the *Mémoire* of M. de Montlosier and its effect upon public feeling checked the progress of Jesuit claims for the moment. M. de Villèle would readily have clipped their wings if he had dared.

At this time a most happy event took place in our family.

[1] François Dominique de Reynaud, Comte de Montlosier (1755–1838). He was brought up at the Jesuit college of Clermont Ferrand, was a member of the States General, went into exile, and returned during the Consulate. He was an ardent Royalist and a peer of France under the July Monarchy.

My sister-in-law's health, which had always been very delicate, had been further impaired by three successive miscarriages, and we feared that she would never have children, when she was confined of a daughter[1] on January 1, 1827, after nine years of married life. This long-expected and much-desired event caused us keen satisfaction, and I must say that the public seemed to share our feelings in the kindest way. The Dauphine displayed the greatest interest in my sister-in-law; she sent to make inquiries every hour, and one of her footmen waited until the child was born, to bring the news to her.

I remember that two days afterwards I was present at a great New Year's reception at the Palais Royal, and was overwhelmed with congratulations, apparently sincere, from every one I knew and from many that I could hardly recall. Possibly people were anxious upon this occasion to compensate for the burst of ill-feeling which had been shown upon the subject of my brother's marriage. None of us were sorry that the little Jeanne was not a boy, and two years and a half later (June 24, 1829), our desires were completely satisfied by the birth of her brother, Rainulphe d'Osmond, for whom these "Stories of an Aunt" are intended. If he fulfils the promise which he shows at eight years of age, there is every prospect that he will become a distinguished man.

[1] Who married the Duc de Maillé.

## CHAPTER XIII

Death of Emperor Alexander—The anxieties of his last years—Mission of the Duc de Raguse to the Emperor Nicholas—Death of Talma—M. de Talleyrand is assaulted by Maubreuil.

THE Emperor Alexander had died at Taganrog of a fever, endemic on the shores of the Sea of Azov, to which he had very imprudently risked exposure.[1] His last years had been poisoned by suspicions which had reached the point of monomania and crushed the naturally generous feelings of his heart.

Mme. de Narishkine had been recalled to St. Petersburg for the marriage of a daughter whom she had had by Alexander, and whom she passionately loved. This young person died a few days before the date fixed for the marriage. The Emperor was in despair, and their common grief renewed the intimacy between these old lovers. Mme. de Narishkine told me the most extraordinary details of the Emperor's condition. At one time he had been the most trusting of men, but latterly he not only feared for his personal safety, but if he heard a laugh in the street, or surprised a smile among his courtiers, he was persuaded that people were laughing at him, and would implore Mme. de Narishkine, in the name of their former affection, to tell him for what reason he excited the ridicule which pursued him everywhere. One evening when she had a young Polish relative with her, tea was served, and the Emperor hastened to pour out a cup for Mme. de Narishkine and then another for the young

[1] In 1825.

lady. Mme. de Narishkine leaned towards her cousin and said to her:

"When you go back to your father's estate, you will be able to boast of the distinction of your tea-maker."

"Yes, indeed," the girl replied.

The Emperor, who was deaf, did not hear the conversation, but saw the smile upon their faces. His own immediately grew dark, and as soon as he was alone with Mme. de Narishkine he said to her:

"You see how ridicule pursues me everywhere. Even you who are fond of me, and on whom I can rely, cannot help laughing at me. Tell me what I did to provoke your laughter?"

She had the utmost difficulty in soothing his diseased imagination.

The Emperor trusted no one but Prince Metternich, and maintained an almost daily correspondence with him. The Austrian was far deeper in his confidence than his own ministers, and the Emperor gave implicit belief in particular to his police reports. He constantly carried with him a little list sent by Prince Metternich, and containing the names of every political suspect in the whole of Europe: the names were arranged in alphabetical order, with the reason for suspicion and the amount of it attaching to each. When a new name was pronounced before the Emperor, he immediately consulted his list, and, if he did not find the name, he listened benevolently to anything that people had to say. If, unfortunately, the name was there, nothing could overcome his prejudice. Mme. de Narishkine told me that she had often seen him consulting these oracular pages.

The last years of this prince were poisoned by these anxieties, possibly aggravated by intrigue, but hereditary by origin. In any case, his death caused much sensation and

grief in Paris. He had shown magnanimity in 1814, and had been very useful to France in 1815.

If we could have believed in all the perfections with which the brilliant imagination of the Duc de Raguse invested his brother Nicholas, on his return from the coronation at Moscow, public regret for the Emperor Alexander would not have been very prolonged. But the result proved that the Duc had been guilty of some slight exaggeration. He was always entirely convinced of the truth of his beliefs at the moment, but he was prone to conceive undue enthusiasm for men and for other matters. He paid dearly for this trick of character, to which the many misfortunes of his career may be ascribed.

We have already seen how his patriotic illusion induced him to abandon the Emperor Napoleon. After that event illusions of another kind had ruined him. When he returned to France in 1815, he told himself that war was no longer a career for a Marshal of France, that a soldier of the Empire could not be a mere courtier at the Tuileries, and that none the less, at forty years of age, he could not endure to play no part in the history of the country. His habits made a dominant position necessary to him. He proceeded to inquire by what means the great figures of the Middle Ages had secured their position, and found that it was due to the influence which they exerted upon a great number of dependants.

The age did not allow him to exert this influence upon bands of soldiers. But if a distinguished warrior could by means of manufacture reduce a whole province to dependence upon himself, not only would he make a vast income, but he would enjoy the only position of supremacy possible in modern times, and the only position which could make him so far independent as to be a power of importance at court. Full of these ideas, partly vain and partly generous, the poor

Marshal undertook to transform a little estate which he possessed at Châtillon-sur-Seine into a vast workshop of every kind of manufacture. He showed enthusiasm for every branch of trade in succession, and brought each, at vast expense, to the point of success, when a new idea, adopted with as much zeal as the former, obliged the neglect and abandonment of what he had already done. He was fully under the illusion that his speculations would have the most brilliant result, but he was beginning to feel the pinch when he asked to be sent to Moscow. With his usual carelessness, he travelled in such state that the journey merely increased the amount of his debts instead of bringing him any advantage. The next year the crash came, and he was obliged to admit what others had long since known, that he was totally ruined.

For my part, I was the less surprised, as I had happened to pass through Châtillon during his stay in Russia. I had visited this encyclopædic establishment in every part, including the sheep-fold built in three stories, of which he was extremely proud. The whole of the preceding winter he had talked to us about his dressed sheep, which were to be a source of incalculable fortune. I mentioned the fact to the foreman, who answered with a sigh, "Alas! madame, I will show them to you. They are the last of the Marshal's whims. Every week he sends me calculations of the profits which must result, and I vainly tell him that his expenditure must be wasted."

I found the poor animals sewn up in the skins of other sheep; these coverings had already fallen into rags; the sheep were almost stifled by the heat, and looked extremely ridiculous. The Marshal calculated that these overcoats cost four francs, and would last eighteen months; the fleece would be sold at six or seven francs extra, and the beasts would be saved from any disease. The foreman's book told a different tale. The sheeps' overcoats cost seven francs, and lasted only a year, notwithstanding repairs, which increased the ex-

pense of each to nine francs. The fleece could only be sold for forty sous more than the fleece of the unclad animals, and diseases were at least as frequent and more contagious.

This instance will give an idea of the Marshal's speculations. However, if they were all disastrous to himself, many of them were very profitable to the country, and so, though he ruined some individuals among his servants or friends, he was deeply regretted and very popular at Châtillon.

He applied to the King to ask that his salary, which was appropriated to the payment of those creditors who held no mortgages upon his property, might be continued until his debts were paid off, even if he should die before that date. The King very graciously granted this favour, and showed the Marshal kindness which deeply touched him and prevented him from acting in a manner that might have been more useful, possibly even to the monarchy, in 1830. But we have not yet reached that date.

It was during this year that Talma[1] died, at the height of his talent. He had created several parts in plays of no great merit, in which he was sublime. His best was *Sylla*, *Leonidas*, and *Charles VI.*,[2] in the latter he invariably maintained his kingly demeanor amid all the misfortunes of the man. I doubt if the actor's art could be carried to a higher pitch; our fathers, however, assured us that Le Kaïn[3] was highly superior to Talma. Hitherto we have had no opportunity to boast of his supremacy to the new generation, for no one has appeared to take his place.

Talma in France and Mrs. Siddons[4] in England have always seemed to be absolutely perfect upon the stage,

[1] François Joseph Talma, born at Paris in 1763, died in 1826.

[2] *Sylla* (1821); *Leonidas* (1825); *Charles VI.* (1826).

[3] Henri Louis Caïn, known as Le Kaïn, born at Paris in 1728, and died in 1778.

[4] Mrs. Siddons, born in 1755 in Wales, and died in London in 1831.

because they completely identified themselves with the character which they represented. Both, moreover, were so handsome and so graceful, and their voices were so harmonious, that their attitude was a picture as agreeable to the eye as their words were charming to the ear. One of my vanities, and who has not many, is to pride myself upon my lack of exclusiveness, and I should therefore be delighted to hear an actor or actress who could give me as much pleasure as Talma or Mrs. Siddons, but I doubt if any such will be found in my time.

On January 21, 1827, General Pozzo and the Duc de Raguse came very early to my house. I had had a few guests to dinner, and no sooner had the last of them taken his leave than the Ambassador looked at the Marshal and said, "Well!" The Marshal hid his face in his hands and replied, "I am horrified even yet."

It will be understood that this beginning aroused our curiosity. They told us that as they were coming away from the expiatory ceremony at Saint Denis, the Marshal was following the Duc de Talleyrand through the private exit a few steps behind him. He saw a man come up to him, utter certain insults, and give him a box on the ears at the same time, so violent that it felled him to the ground. The Marshal called the guard and arrested the man, who turned out to be the wretched Maubreuil;[1] he then picked up M. de Talleyrand, who was almost fainting. He helped to carry him into the waiting-room where Pozzo was, and it

[1] Marie Armand Guerri de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orsvaul (1782–1855), officer and equerry to Jérôme Bonaparte; he was implicated in the theft of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds in 1811 (see *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, II., p. 365 ff.). He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for contumacy in 1818. He asserted that he had been the agent of the Prince de Talleyrand, and published several pamphlets, including, *Exposé des motifs de ma conduite envers Talleyrand* (1827). (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 295.)

was of this spectacle that both were yearning to talk. They had been afraid at one time that the Prince would expire in their arms for want of breath. Pozzo, in his picturesque style, gave a description of the old man with disordered clothes, pale, dishevelled, and dismayed, concluding a career so splendid in its grandeur and its guilt beneath the hand of a horrible maniac, in the church of God whom he had renounced, in an hour devoted to the King whom he had betrayed. There was a kind of poetical justice in this which struck the imagination.

However, no sooner had M. de Talleyrand recovered his senses than he understood the capital which malevolence might make out of this cruel scene. Before coming to my house my visitors had stopped at his door. Contrary to their expectation, they had found the doors wide open. The Prince, surrounded with people, was lying in an arm-chair in his study, which was darkened, with a bandage over his face. He said that Maubreuil had attempted to assassinate him, that he had struck him on the top of the head and had made a wound which had required treatment. With his usual imperturbability, he calmly told this story before the eye-witnesses of the scene. "He knocked me on the head like a bullock," he repeated every moment, raising his clenched fist to his forehead; he made no reference to the rest of his face, although at Saint Denis only his lips were bleeding. The eye-witnesses of the scene understood that the Prince preferred rather to be knocked on the head than to have his ears boxed, and that a blow with the fist was less objectionable than a blow with the open hand. They supported him in this innocent pretence, which, however, was soon generally suspected; but there is a kind of public shame which protects to a certain extent men who have been public characters, and no one had the courage to describe Maubreuil's act literally.

M. de Talleyrand was a long time in recovering from this

assault, and his sense of propriety, which he could never lay aside, was wounded to its depths. He made a show of receiving all those who came to call. As soon as he was presentable he reappeared at court with a great piece of court-plaster on his forehead, continually repeating, "He knocked me on the head like a bullock." But he left Paris as soon as he could do so without any appearance of flight, and spent almost every following year in the country with Mme. de Dino. He was also afraid that he might meet Maubreuil again, who had been condemned to some months of imprisonment, but had announced his intention of repeating his crime, which he called by its proper name, as soon as he was liberated. I never heard any more of him. Possibly M. de Talleyrand secured his removal for a sum of money.

## CHAPTER XIV

The law upon the right of primogeniture—Funeral of the Duc de Liancourt—Disbanding of the National Guard—Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld and M. de Villèle—Prince Metternich at Paris—The King at the camp of Saint Omer—Projects of the Ultra party—Wisdom of the Dauphin.

THE fatal instinct which seemed to urge the House of Bourbon to undertake that which would most certainly alienate the masses dictated the proposal of the law upon the right of primogeniture. I admit that the proposal pleased my English ideas and my aristocratic tastes, but it was not my business to find out whether the country was prepared to accept it. It was defeated by the wisdom of the Chamber of Peers, which thus increased its great popularity and also increased its disfavour at the court. The attitude of this Chamber upon the occasion of the funeral of the Duc de Liancourt intensified these respective impressions.

Several funerals, including that of M. Manuel, had for some time been the occasions of demonstrations hostile to the Government. Consequently new ordinances had been published regarding funeral processions, and bearers for coffins were forbidden. The Duc de Liancourt, who was the patron of a number of charitable institutions, had an enormous following among the working class.[1] They wished

[1] The pupils of the School of Arts and Crafts at Châlons, founded by the Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt, had desired, in accordance with common custom, to bear his coffin in token of their gratitude. The procession passed from the house to the church without incident. As they left the church a commissary intervened, at the order of the Prefect

to show their gratitude to their patron by carrying the coffin out of the church. The police offered strong opposition; a quarrel began, and was inflamed by party spirit. In the confusion the coffin was dropped and, it is said, was broken. In any case, there was a great scandal and a sight both distressing and wounding to the family. The whole of the peerage regarded the affair as an insult, and demanded explanations. This incident further strengthened the alliance which was being formed between the country and the Chamber of Peers.

The evil genius which watched over the fate of the elder branch, with the aid of the spirits of anger and haste, inspired a resolution, the full effect of which was realised by few, but which contributed more than any other to bring about the overthrow of the old throne, a catastrophe which was concluded within a few hours three years afterwards.

In the spring of 1827 the Parisian middle class seemed so hostile to the Government that some hesitation was felt in mobilising the National Guard and reviewing them before the King.[1] After long deliberations, it was determined to hold the review, and the King went to the Champ de Mars. Upon the whole, he met with a better reception than was expected. A national guard shouted, "Down with the Ministers!" whereupon the King pulled up his horse and said in a calm and dignified tone, "I have come to receive your respects and not your advice. Bring that man out of the ranks." This decision was loudly applauded, as is

of Police, M. Lavau, because the young men were not provided with a proper authorisation to act as bearers. The result was a regrettable scene of disorder, and a sensation was caused in the capital which was turned to account by the Liberal Opposition with a cleverness which directed all the acts of that age, which was known after 1830 as the "fifteen years' comedy."

[1] This review took place every year in the month of April, to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the Bourbon family to Paris in 1814.

anything which announces energy and strength of will in the leader of an empire, and the air was rent with cries of "Long live the King!" When he dismounted at the Tuileries, Charles X. seemed well pleased with the events of the morning. He requested Marshal Oudinot to draw up an order of the day in which, while expressing his displeasure at certain isolated cries which he had heard as he passed, he none the less complimented the immense majority of the National Guard upon their smart appearance and excellent behaviour. The King twice repeated, "Say that I am very pleased." The Dauphin spoke to the same effect. Every one who was upon the staff had received the same impression, and said so throughout the town. I saw several members during the evening, and the general remark was that the review had been superb and that the King's reception was perfect.

However, the carriage of the Princesses had been continually followed by a band of people who behaved very badly, uttering remarks and almost hooting them. The respective political parties accused one another of organising this hostile demonstration. In the evening the Duchesse de Berry said what she thought of it in no measured terms. When the King and Madame reached her house, where the court was being held, she complained to Charles X. The Dauphine, who was questioned in her turn, replied with her usual dryness that it had been bad enough, and she was thankful that it was no worse. The King played one rubber of whist and went home, where M. de Villèle was waiting for him. During the night Marshal Oudinot was aroused. Instead of the order of the day which had been drawn up in accordance with the King's instructions and submitted to his approval, his Majesty sent the Marshal an ordinance abolishing the National Guard.

At the same moment the royal guard seized the guard-

room of the National Guard, drove out the citizens who were there, and went so far as to throw the arms and the property of the absent guards out of the door. This insult sowed the seeds of hatred in the heart of the Parisian populace, the fruit of which ripened in 1830. The provocation had been as follows. One of the legions when returning from the Champ de Mars had stopped before the Exchequer and shouted, "Down with Villèle!" and "Down with the Jesuits!" and had broken a few windows. It must be admitted that this conduct was entirely guilty on the part of a regiment under arms, and the minister was the more exasperated as he learnt at the same time that the King was satisfied with his own reception. Now it did not suit him that their interests should be separated. He hastily collected and exaggerated all the reports which he could secure of the observations and shouts uttered on the Champ de Mars, and wrote asking the King to decide nothing before giving him an audience. The mind of Charles X. had been already prepared by the complaints of the Duchesse de Berry and the discontent of his sister-in-law, and in a few moments M. de Villèle carried away with him the most fatal ordinance which could have been proposed.

Louis XVI. had lost his throne through his desire to be rid of the possible opposition of the old parliaments; Charles X. overturned his by refusing to admit the existence of any legal barrier, forgetting the happy phrase of M. de Talleyrand, "Only a body which offers resistance can provide support." In any case, I am inclined to think that the minister, who was all-powerful at this time, had not foreseen the effect of his dangerous advice.

The National Guard had become sluggish, as usual whenever its services were not necessary, and showed but little inclination to perform duty in the guard-rooms. But this gratuitous insult aroused its zeal. I was having some work

done at Chatenay, and had made an appointment with some Parisian workmen for the day following the review. I had gone away without seeing the *Moniteur*, and under the impression that the review had passed off very well. The men whom I was expecting arrived late and in a state of incredible exasperation at the news. All were members of the National Guard and all were furious. They would barely listen to the orders which I had to give, and when I spoke to them of panels they replied with references to bayonets. After a vain attempt to calm them by a mention of the wearisome nature of sentry duty, I gave up trying to fix their attention and allowed them to go back to their districts, and they went off, after infecting the whole of the village with their anger.

I myself hastened to Paris to discover the reasons for so singular a change. There were no other motives discoverable beyond those which I have already related. At the same time, I am inclined to think that M. de Villèle must have had some ulterior motives for so violent a measure. In any case, he was ever afterwards the pet aversion of the Parisian populace and soon of the whole of France. The Duc de Doudeauville, Minister of the King's House, understood more clearly than the other ministers the general trend of events, and resigned when the National Guard was abolished.

I cannot say whether it was before or after these events that I should place a step taken by Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld; my information is derived from himself, and I cannot refrain from repeating it. I have already spoken of his position midway between M. de Villèle and Mme. du Cayla. There is no doubt that he had brought M. de Villèle to power, and had supported him by the influence of the favourite as long as Louis XVIII. was alive. After his death M. de Villèle had thrown off this patronage, which he felt to be a burden. None the less, the intimacy between the

two men had been so great that much of their familiarity remained unbroken.

Sosthène took advantage of these relations to make his way one morning to the study of M. de Villèle. After a few compliments he reminded him of the patriotic sentiments which he had expressed when he was seeking office: he had then declared that he wished to act solely in the interests of the country because public opinion called him to power. He proceeded to inform him that public opinion was now strongly opposed to his administration. He said that as he had better opportunities than any one else, through his connection with several classes of society, to realise the fact, he had come to inform the minister of his discovery. It was obvious to him that M. de Villèle could no longer act beneficially even if he would; and as he had only given him the post with the object of being useful to the King and the country, he had now come to request him, in the name of friendship, honour, and gratitude, to compromise him no longer by retaining his office.

The effect of this harangue upon M. de Villèle, who was then all-powerful, may easily be imagined. He had a moment's uneasiness, fearing that M. de La Rochefoucauld might be an emissary from Charles X., whose *aide-de-camp* he was, and who sometimes showed him favour. But the nature of this communication speedily reassured him. He replied to Sosthène in such terms that the two men parted in anger, much to the pleasure and delight of M. de Villèle, who then went to give an account of this scene to the King. The latter, who had no pleasant recollection of the intrigues that had been set on foot during the last years of his brother's reign through the agency of Sosthène, promptly broke off the connection to which he had been forced to admit him, and gave him every mark of his displeasure.

I have repeated this anecdote, the accuracy of which I can

guarantee, because the half ridiculous and half historical figure of Sosthène never appears in the memoirs of the time; and it is curious to observe how, throughout a life entirely devoted to intrigue, he had none the less retained a kind of chivalrous loyalty which reached the point of stupidity.

Mme. du Cayla, whose actions were less straightforward, quarrelled with no one. She had been unable to secure the title of duchess as the late King desired, because M. du Cayla had obstinately refused to be made a duke. Charles X. gave her the right to enter the throne-room and a large pension. The Dauphine, who treated her with the utmost coldness while she was in favour, now became very gracious to her, out of gratitude for the service she had performed in inducing Louis XVIII. to fulfil his religious duties at the moment of his death.

The hopes of the Ultra party had been encouraged by the behaviour and speeches of Prince Metternich during a visit which he made to Paris. The court overwhelmed him with distinctions. He was invited to dinner with the royal family at the Tuileries, an honour which had been conferred only upon the Duke of Wellington and the princes of reigning families. In the opinion of the kings of France no higher favour could be granted, and they were astonished at their own generosity.

The Congregation attempted to spread reports of miraculous events, and several were stated to have occurred: among others, a cross of light had been seen at Migné in Poitou. However, the Court of Rome issued a prohibition, and it was necessary to abandon this kind of deception, which was likely to arouse undue ridicule in the nineteenth century. Even the King would not recognise the hand of Providence in these events. In any case, he was so well disposed to the Congregation that it was unnecessary to stimulate his present

zeal. His action had been checked only by his fear of the obstacles which he might encounter.

The reception with which he met at the camp of Saint Omer, where the troops received him with the keenest satisfaction, together with the devotion displayed upon his journey even at Lille, a town noted for its disaffection, were some compensation for the silence which surrounded him at Paris. He therefore thought that he might realise his own hopes by performing the promises which he had continually made. M. de Villèle had delayed this performance for a long time. But his influence had been undermined by people whose power daily increased through the anxiety of Charles X. not to endanger his safety in this world and the next.

The King and his friends demanded restitution of the property of the clergy and recognition for the monastic orders. They wished these orders to be endowed by the State, and to be made territorial owners. M. de Villèle would by no means consider these desires as within the sphere of practical politics. But he was anxious to secure a long tenure of office for himself, and these two eccentric parties agreed upon the necessity of a new legislature.

The Ultra party, deluded as it was, had no doubt that the new legislature would be of their way of thinking. On his side, M. de Villèle trusted to his dexterity to secure deputies devoted to himself. He would willingly have pardoned them for any opposition shown to the claims of extremists on behalf of the throne and the altar, with which he was continually bombarded, but which he dared not disregard, as he felt that the King's favour and his own influence were steadily diminishing. The Chamber of Peers was clearly hostile, and the minister agreed with the keepers of the King's conscience that a large batch of peers must be created, to change the temper of the existing majority. By this

measure, in addition to a new election, M. de Villèle hoped to guarantee his ministerial position for a long time to come.

The Dauphin held aloof from these intrigues. While respectfully submissive to the King's orders, he showed no hostility and also no favour to his minister. He confined himself to performing as well as he could those tasks which were specially entrusted to him. He was at the head of the prison administration, and sometimes held meetings, at which the affairs of these establishments were discussed before him. He was a firm and wise president, and was ever ready to express lofty and liberal views. I have often seen people leave these meetings delighted with the Dauphin, and may quote the names of M. Pasquier and M. Portal, whose good opinion was well worth having. During this period the Dauphin used to hold a military council, where his attitude met with great approval. It was admitted that his ideas were sound, and were accompanied with a moderation and an impartiality most creditable in a prince whose position was so isolated and whose conscientiousness was so obvious.

The Dauphine, though she had no love for the priests, was more under the influence of those about her. The Duchesse de Berry disliked M. de Villèle because he did not perform with sufficient celerity and violence all the extravagant projects of which she and her little coterie of Ultra nobles were dreaming. She was, however, too unstable and too deeply occupied in her amusements to work seriously against him, and confined herself to the utterance of sarcasms which now raised a smile upon the lips of the King where a few months earlier they would have provoked a reprimand.

## CHAPTER XV

The battle of Navarino—The elections of 1827—The society known as "God helps those who help themselves"—Intrigues of the Ultra party—The fall of M. de Villèle—Visit of Dom Miguel to Paris—The Martignac Ministry—Disappointment of M. de Chateaubriand—He accepts the Embassy at Rome—Fresh intrigue of M. de Polignac—Strange freak of nature.

I HAVE not spoken of affairs in Greece from an historical point of view, because I do not propose to write history, but I cannot pass over in silence their effect upon society. It was admitted that every one in opposition to the court was a Philhellene, and that the Government was working against the Greeks, though professing to befriend them. The Congregation infinitely preferred the Turks to the Greek heretics, for the former at least believed in absolutism. The success of the battle of Navarino[1] thus produced no special pleasure at the Tuileries, though its inmates did not venture to receive the news with as much disapprobation as at London.

Upon this subject I feel bound to note the pitch to which patriotic instincts are pushed in England. England thought that the emancipation of the Spanish colonies was desirable in the interests of British commerce, and feared that the emancipation of the Greeks would merely increase the importance of Russia. The newspapers, public meetings, and the sessions of the Houses of Parliament re-echoed with the cruelties and the harassing intolerance exerted upon the

[1] A naval victory gained by the combined fleets of France, England, and Russia against the Turko-Egyptian fleet. Vice-admiral de Rigny, nephew of Baron Louis, was in command of the French force.

Spanish-Americans, though everybody knows that they received better treatment than any colonists before or since. On the other hand, that kind of Freemasonry which invariably guides the English entirely changed these sentiments when the special interests of Old England were at stake and when the massacres of Parga, of Hydra, and of Chio were discussed. All these Christian women, torn from their families and sold in the markets of Smyrna, did not rouse a cry in any single newspaper, while not a sigh was uttered by any member of the Opposition. Although the national vanity is so easily excited by naval success, the Ministry, in the speech from the throne, felt bound to characterise the victory of Navarino as "untoward." Very different was the impression among ourselves, and as this "untoward" victory caused great delight throughout a large part of the country, M. de Villèle proposed to profit by the popularity which was reflected upon the Government to carry out his resolution to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies.

The dissolution was announced, and the elections were fixed for the nearest possible date.[1] In this way the minister hoped to avoid the manœuvres of those who were hostile to him in the two Oppositions. In justice to him it must be said that he now represented the "golden mean," and all the extremists of the Ultra party were his enemies. The censorship was suspended by law before the elections. I cannot remember at what date it had been re-established.[2] It was so unpopular that even honourable people who had undertaken the duties of censor found themselves social outcasts; moreover, very little advantage was gained, and

[1] Ordinance of November 5, 1827, convoking the colleges of the *arrondissements* for the 17th and those of the departments for the 24th.

[2] The censorship had been re-established two days after the close of the preceding session, on June 24, 1827. It was suppressed by an ordinance of November 5.

never was the Italian proverb, "Fatta la legge trovato l'inganno," more completely justified.

A society of political writers, with M. de Chateaubriand at their head, were able to publish and circulate pamphlets of sufficient size and sold with sufficient irregularity to escape the censorship which hampered the newspapers and the periodical reviews. Such pamphlets rained about us, and there was a general rush for them. M. de Salvandy distinguished himself in this pamphlet war, while M. Guizot was an important figure. But it was in the organisation of the electoral manœuvres that the latter became the leader.

The obvious precaution of hurrying on the elections aroused great exasperation. If a Government wishes to catch the masses, its action must be so delicate as to be perceived only by a few people at a time, and the impression of some must be worn out before others have conceived the same ideas. When, however, the trap is so clumsy as to be universally visible at one moment, a Government may be certain that it has raised an enormous obstacle to its designs. With electrical speed a society was formed in each arrondissement to guard the exercise of electoral rights. The fraudulent measures used at the last elections by the administration of M. de Villèle, upon the renewal of which he was counting, now became impracticable.

These associations were composed of large landowners, men of letters, lawyers, and politicians, who displayed the utmost zeal and activity. Without overstepping the bounds of law, they formed committees in correspondence with one another, and especially with the central committee at Paris, where M. Guizot directed the whole organisation. This was the origin of the society, "God helps those who help themselves," which played a definite part in the overthrow of the monarchy and eventually became the home of political faction. It is the fate of weapons forged by oppositions to

fall from the hands which have created them and be seized by more dangerous combatants.

While general excitement prevailed over the business of the elections, the nomination of seventy-six peers was entrusted to the clerical party.[1] They were chosen almost exclusively from among the most active members of the Congregation.[2] Every one has seen the list drawn up at the house of M. de Rivière, carried about by M. de Rougé,[3] corrected by the faithful, and forced upon M. de Villèle, who would have preferred another selection, but adopted the idea of a nomination sufficiently numerous to destroy the dominant tendency of the upper chamber. This was precisely the point which disgusted the country, for the wisdom of the peers had recently protected it from the aggressions of clerical despotism. At this moment advantage was taken of the clause cleverly introduced into the July law concerning the rectification of the electoral lists to escape the frauds committed in 1824.

The Chamber was thus very popular, and this outrage upon it exasperated public opinion, which had been accustomed to look to it for protection, and feeling upon the subject ran higher than M. de Villèle had foreseen. On this point I can remember a conversation which was repeated to

[1] Ordinance of November 5, 1827.

[2] A comparison of the list of the new peers with the list of the members of the Congregation published by M. de Grandmaison, shows the following names upon the two lists: Mgr. de Montplanc, the Archbishop of Tours, Mgr. de Pins, the Bishop of Lyons, MM. de Lévis-Mirepoix, de Panisse, de Gourgues, de Causans, de Croy, de Montmorency, and de Civrac. In the case of the last seven it is by no means certain that identity of name implies identity of person.

[3] The Marquis de Rougé does not appear in the list of the members of the Congregation published by M. Grandmaison. But he was a Royalist and possessed well-merited influence. He was a peer of France, and lieutenant-colonel (ranking as colonel) of the Cent Suisses, of which body the Duc de Mortemart, lieutenant-general, was colonel.

me at the time of its utterance by one who heard it. The President of the Council, as he was descending the staircase of the Navy Ministry, met the sub-prefect of Saint Denis, who was going up.

"Well, Prefect; you are sure of your election, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"But you told M. de Corbière that you were certain of it."

"Yes, sir; but that was before the nomination of the peers."

"Nonsense, my good man, you are laughing at me; how can the nomination of the peers affect you rag and bone men? See that your election is conducted properly. When the elections go wrong, it is always the fault of the administration. Remember that."

The sub-prefect shrugged his shoulders when the minister had gone, and slowly went up the stairs, as though he had by no means been persuaded by the choice eloquence of his superior. Many electors shared the prejudices of those of Saint Denis, and under the zealous provocation of the committee, which I have mentioned, returned so large a number of deputies hostile to the Ministry that the majority was at least doubtful.

With the very natural desire to throw the blame upon others for the ill-success of his attempts, M. de Villèle was unable to refrain from accusing the Congregation, and displayed much ill-feeling against it. He attempted to gather to his side the little nucleus of Ultra aristocrats which had remained aloof from the Jesuit league, but here he met with a repulse. He then made overtures to the Constitutional Royalists who had guided the Chamber of Peers for three years, but they were too exasperated by the measure which had recently disturbed this assembly to give their support to the man who had signed it.

These efforts of the President could not be concealed from the Congregation, and his overthrow was determined. M. de Polignac was summoned from England, and the Duc de Rivière finally induced the King to dismiss M. de Villèle. These gentlemen had no doubt that the moment of their triumph had arrived. However, M. de Villèle, who feared the influence of Jules de Polignac, had, with the help of his own despatches and of his general attitude towards all business, so discredited him with the King, and shown him so utterly incapable and stupid, that the monarch hesitated, and finally shrank from the idea of forming a Ministry under this name. M. de Polignac made a speech confessing his constitutional faith in the tribune of the Chamber of Peers, and, with a most absurd oratorical display, informed France that his children were using the Charter as a reading-book.[1] He went out of his way to make overtures to men who may be said to represent the country, as the country invariably had recourse to them in every crisis. None the less he failed, and the fall of the monarchy was postponed. The Martignac[2] Ministry was appointed under the patronage of the Dauphin. M. de Polignac returned to his London post in a fury, but did not abandon the intrigues which the clerical party was spinning. The poor Duc de Rivière, a more loyal

[1] The speech to which Mme. de Boigne alludes was not delivered until February 5, 1829, upon another occasion when the Prince de Polignac visited Paris.

[2] Ministry of January 4, 1828: M. de Martignac, Minister of the Interior; M. Roy, of Finance; M. Portalis, of Justice; M. de La Ferronnays, of Foreign Affairs; M. de Caux, of War; M. de Saint Criq, of Commerce and Manufacture; M. de Chabrol, Naval Minister; and M. de Frayssinous, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. On February 10, M. de Vatimenil was appointed Minister of Education, a post separated from the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs. On March 3, MM. de Frayssinous and de Chabrol retired, and were replaced by Mgr. Fentrier, Bishop of Beauvais, and M. Hyde de Neuville. The Duc d'Angoulême was the leading influence in the Ministry of War.

character, who was ill, was deeply affected by the failure of his efforts, when he found the sole result of all his labour to be one that he regarded as the abomination of desolation; his illness consequently increased, and he died a few weeks later, bitterly reproaching himself for his share in the overthrow of M. de Villèle.

It was at the height of these ministerial disturbances that Dom Miguel,[1] already notorious for his violence to his family, came back through Paris from Vienna on his way to Lisbon, where he was to govern in the name of his *fiancée*, the little Queen Dona Maria. He had been reconciled to Dom Pedro, and recognised by the European Powers as the husband of the Queen of Portugal. He was received at our court with the honour which had been refused upon his earlier visit, when he had left no recollection behind him except that of a scene with the Ambassador of the King,

[1] Dom Miguel, second son of João VI. (1767–1826) and of Charlotte of Spain (1775–1830), daughter of Charles VI. He was born in 1802, and had followed the royal family from Portugal to Brazil at the time of the French occupation. Supported by his mother and the absolutionists, Dom Miguel rose against his father and the Constitutional Charter given to Portugal in 1822. He was obliged to take refuge in Vienna, and passed through Paris in 1824. On the death of João VI. in 1826, Dom Pedro of Alcantara (1798–1834), his eldest son, Emperor of Brazil as Pedro I. since 1822, and legitimate King of Portugal as Pedro IV., approved of the Constitution and abdicated in favour of his daughter, Dona Maria da Gloria (1819–1853). She was proclaimed Queen as Maria II. Her aunt Isabella Maria, daughter of João VI., was Regent. Although Dom Miguel had recognised his brother and had agreed to marry Dona Maria, his niece, he revolted again against the Regency. He succeeded in dethroning his niece, and reigned as an absolute monarch from 1828 to 1834, after abolishing the Constitution. In 1831, Dom Pedro abdicated the crown of Brazil in favour of his son Dom Pedro II. (1825–1891), and came to fight against his brother. After three years of struggle with the support of Europe, he re-established the constitutional throne of Dona Maria. Dom Miguel was obliged to capitulate at Evora in May, 1834; he renounced his claims to the throne, accepted a pension, and undertook not to reappear in Portugal. He died in 1866.

his father, the Marquis of Marialva;[1] he had attempted to extort money from the Ambassador, and had used such threats that the poor Marquis was obliged to escape and summon help against the madman who was pursuing him, knife in hand. Already in feeble health, he had never recovered from the violence of his alarm.

Though this specimen of his character was by no means attractive, it made me curious to see Dom Miguel, who was said to have been reformed by the good advice of Prince Metternich. A theatrical performance was given in the Tuileries in his honour, and I readily took advantage of an invitation. Instead of the gloomy tyrant whom I had expected, I saw a young man enter with the royal family, with a charming face, a noble and distinguished air, a gentle smile, a keen and self-possessed glance, and graceful bearing. Seated between the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berry, he conversed with easy courtesy. In one word, he did not in the least resemble the kind of wild beast which I had expected to see at this performance.

The next Sunday there was a gathering held by the Duchesse de Berry, to which I was invited. There again Dom Miguel showed himself both a gracious prince and a genial guest. He spoke to almost all the ladies. Curiosity brought us around him, and as we were standing by him one of his *aides-de-camp* mentioned the name to him of a Portuguese who wished to be introduced. He suddenly wheeled round, stepped back, and gave the man a look which made us recoil. The tiger had come to the surface. In an indescribable manner, within less than a second, his handsome face had been suddenly distorted and had become hideous in appearance. It was some time before his features recovered

[1] Dom Pedro Vito Marialva y Menezes, Marquis of Marialva (1765–1823), minister at Paris from 1820 to 1823. In 1823 he was replaced by the Chevalier de Brito.

their serenity. The *aide-de-camp* remained as though rooted to the spot where he had pronounced his unfortunate words. This was the extent of my connection with this prince, but the glance which I had surprised upon that occasion enabled me to understand the stories of his insane cruelty. Certainly there was something of the madman in that look.

These observations upon change of feature bring me to the state in which I found M. de Chateaubriand the day after the names of the new ministers had appeared in the *Moniteur*. He had taken an active part in the overthrow of M. de Villèle, and he thought that he could not only satisfy his animosity, but also pave the way which would lead him back to the Foreign Office, from which he had been so brutally driven, and which he was anxious to re-enter by right of conquest. He thought that he was indispensable to the formation of a constitutional Ministry. During the negotiations which had preceded the appointment he had always regarded himself as President of the Council, and had confined himself to discussing the names of his colleagues. He had chosen M. Royer Collard as Minister of the Interior, and it was not a bad choice from a parliamentary point of view.

M. Royer Collard was as Liberal as a Royalist could be. Both his Royalism and his Liberalism were genuine, which facts had gained him a great majority of votes in seven electoral colleges. As regards his capacity for government, every one who was intimate with him knew that he was by no means a practical man, and that he would raise continual obstacles in a council. Charles X. had therefore some reason to oppose a choice which would, none the less, have been popular.

M. de Chateaubriand had said that M. Royer Collard seemed to him indispensable, and his remark was interpreted to mean that he would not join the Ministry without him.

At this moment M. de La Ferronnays was urged to accept the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He consented; and while MM. de Chateaubriand and Royer Collard, regarding themselves as indispensable, were confidently awaiting humble requests for their help, they read in the *Moniteur* that the Ministry which they had thought impossible had been formed and composed of men to whom they had pointed as members of their party. I cannot say what the effect was upon M. Royer Collard, but M. de Chateaubriand was so furious that he nearly choked with rage: it was necessary to place leeches round his neck, and others on his temples when these proved inadequate. The next day his bile had gone into the blood, and he was as green as a lizard. His agitation, however, did not allow him to remain at home, and I met him at a house where he had gone to walk off his uneasiness. The marks left by the leeches allowed him to explain his changed appearance as due to illness.

I have rarely seen a sadder sight than that of this man, whose capacities were admittedly extraordinary, and whose profound indifference for anything that did not wound his pride seemed highly good-natured; it was pitiable to see him so crushed and shattered by disappointed ambition. If he had been able to attack the new Ministry with the same vigour as the preceding Government, his vexation would have been less bitter. But he understood that all his offensive weapons were blunted, if not broken, and felt himself completely tricked.

Hyde de Neuville,[1] whom he had himself nominated, and who owed all his importance to him, had been summoned by

[1] Baron Hyde de Neuville (Jean Guillaume, 1776–1857). He was a member of the Undiscoverable Chamber in 1815, French Minister to the United States from 1816 to 1821, Minister in Portugal (June 10, 1823), where he supported King João VI. in his struggle against his son Dom Miguel. He was Naval Minister on March 3, 1828, and retired into private life under the July Monarchy.

him and treated haughtily for consenting to accept the post of Naval Minister. The minister only secured pardon by promising to hamper business so far as to render a change necessary which should bring M. de Chateaubriand back to the scene which his ambition desired. Whatever the King's vexations may have been at the choice which necessity forced upon him, he was somewhat consoled by the thought that M. de Chateaubriand at least had been excluded. Though he was by no means fond of M. de La Ferronnays, he much preferred him as a minister.

Of all the ministers, the Minister of Foreign Affairs is in the most immediate connection with the sovereign. His business obliges him to deal with the points of friction which become the subject of intimate conversations and royal gossip. Hence he must be a man capable of understanding and sympathising with the little susceptibilities, the preferences and dislikes, of kings. From this point of view M. de La Ferronnays was an excellent choice. The Princes, however, had never been able to pardon him for his rupture with the Duc de Berry, and the consequence was a leaven of discontent which produced ferment upon every possible occasion. The Dauphin retained so strong an irritation that as soon as M. de La Ferronnays had been called in the favour he had shown to the new Ministry considerably diminished.

Every one felt that it was necessary to secure the neutrality of M. de Chateaubriand. Though no one desired him as a colleague, every one feared him as an enemy, and the King thought no price too high to keep him from his councils and his presence. Under the pretext of some form of indemnity[1] a

[1] His salary as Minister of State, since his deprivation of the title, was continued; certain of his claims for recovery of overcharges were admitted, and he was given a hundred and fifty thousand francs from the funds of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

large sum of money was given to him to pay his debts, of which, thank goodness, he always had plenty. Then by dint of supplications he was induced to mention the embassy at Rome as to his liking. This post was occupied by the Duc de Laval,[1] for whom M. de Chateaubriand professed a great liking, though this fact did not stop him for a moment. M. de Laval was recalled, to his great disgust, and appointed to the embassy at Vienna, where he took the place of the Duc de Caraman. The latter had been summoned by a despatch which had not explained the reason for this sudden order. He thought that he was to be a member of the Ministry, threw himself into a post-chaise, and arrived with incredible speed. Greatly was he disconcerted when he was informed that all this haste had merely served to take him away from a post where he was extremely comfortable. M. de Chateaubriand resigned himself to spending a few months at Rome, leaving his interests in the hands of partisans whom he thought were likely to make the best use of them.

Hardly had M. de La Ferronnays delivered himself from this inconvenient candidate when he was beset by another. M. de Polignac returned from London, and began to intrigue about the King's person. M. de La Ferronnays has given me an account of his explanation with him. He placed his portfolio on the table between them, and said to M. de Polignac:

"If you want it, take it, for I set no value upon it. I am ready to announce the fact to the King at this moment. But if I am to remain in office, I cannot and will not endure your presence here and the intrigues to which it gives rise."

M. de Polignac stammered some feeble excuses.

"In that case," replied M. de La Ferronnays, "if you do not propose to stay here to become minister, you had better get back to London at once."

[1] Adrien de Montmorency.

Jules was obliged to go away, for he could not have come to any agreement with the colleagues of M. de La Ferronnays. The King was still too convinced of the incapacity of M. de Polignac, as demonstrated by M. de Villèle, to venture an indulgence of his own tastes by placing him at the head of the Council. Out of false generosity M. de La Ferronnays, after this explanation, applied himself to the task of overcoming the King's misgivings, and from this point of view he is somewhat to blame for the catastrophe of which Jules was the principle cause.

The first care of the new Ministry was to dismiss M. Franchet, general director of police, and M. Lavau, director of the Parisian police; both of them were among the strictest members of the Congregation. The King yielded to this indispensable measure as a wounded man submits to amputation. MM. de Villèle and Peyronnet, who had been appointed peers, proudly presented themselves at the upper Chamber at the head of the column of nobility which they had created. They soon perceived that their leadership would be of no long duration, for the new peers were speedily dominated by the influence of their colleagues. No one can hear sound sense spoken about him for several hours a week without suffering in consequence. This was one of the reasons why the directors of the Congregation forbade their disciples to frequent the society of people who were not within the limits of the association. M. de Villèle soon perceived that any intrigue at that moment would be fruitless. He remained in an attitude of sulky opposition, and soon left Paris entirely. I do not think that he had quite abandoned his ambitions, but he did not consider the ground sufficiently favourable for him to open fire, and he was a man who could play a waiting game.

I take this opportunity of noting a remarkable fact which I am obliged to believe, as I saw it for myself. In 1828, or

perhaps it was in 1827, a little girl of two years old was brought to me with bright blue eyes which seemed in no way remarkable at first sight. When, however, the eyes were examined more carefully, it was seen that the iris was composed of little filaments forming white letters on a blue background placed around the pupil, and making the words "Napoleon Emperor." The word "Napoleon" was equally distinct in either eye; the first letters of the word "Emperor" were indistinct in one eye and the last letters in the other. The little girl was very pretty, and seemed to enjoy excellent sight.

Her mother, who was a Lorraine peasant, told me very simply what she considered to be the cause of this strange freak of nature. A brother, to whom she was deeply attached, had drawn a bad number in the conscription, and as he went away had given her a newly-struck coin of twenty sous, asking her to keep it in memory of him. A short time afterwards she learnt that his regiment was passing three leagues away from her village, and she went to the spot to see him for a moment. As she returned she was exhausted with fatigue and thirst, and stopped at a tavern half way upon her road to drink a glass of beer. When it was necessary to pay, she perceived that she had given her brother all the money she had upon her, and had nothing left but the precious coin of twenty sous, which she always carried upon her person. She asked for credit, but the inn-keeper was pitiless. She therefore sacrificed her poor treasure with regrets, and came home in despair. Her tears flowed incessantly. The next Sunday her husband went in search of the coin, and succeeded in restoring it to her. When he brought it back, her joy was so keen that the child leaped in her womb, and, in her own words, she left "faint with delight."

The little girl bore in her eyes the inscription upon the

coin. I have no intention of writing a physiological treatise to explain the possibility of this fact; I merely affirm that I have seen it, and that any fraud was impossible. The doctor in the neighbouring village had proposed to show the child for money, and the mother accompanied him. The Government objected to any public performance, advertisements were not permitted, and their stay at Paris was cut short.

I never heard any more of the case. If such an occurrence had taken place during the Emperor's reign, the hundred mouths of fame would have been too few to spread it abroad.

## CHAPTER XVI

Change in the Dauphin's attitude—The Baron de Damas as guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux—Ordinance of June, 1828, against the Jesuits —Journey of the King in Alsace—Ball at the house of the Duchesse de Berry—The little Mademoiselle—The education of the young Duc de Bordeaux.

I HAVE now reached events highly important in view of their results. I cannot explain them, for I do not understand them, although they took place beneath my eyes. Perhaps some one will some day reveal the more hidden motives which actuated the facts I have to relate. I shall speak only of those motives which I have been able to discover.

The prudence manifested by the Dauphine during the Ministry of M. de Villèle has been already noted. I have also referred to the confidence which he gave to the supporters of the new Ministry, and especially to M. de Martignac, who had previously accompanied him during the Spanish campaign. No sooner, however, had this new administration been appointed under his auspices than he seemed to withdraw his support and to stand perceptibly aloof from his usual advisers. M. Pasquier, and especially M. Portal, who had hitherto been frequently called to intimate conference with the Prince, suddenly ceased to receive these messages. The notes which he used continually to ask them to write in order to enlighten his opinions were no longer demanded. These facts would be quite intelligible if he had given his confidence to the new Cabinet, but he had not done so.

The Dauphin made the mistake of desiring a portfolio

for himself, instead of simply maintaining his influence at the Ministry of War, where he used to do whatever he liked. But he had wished for some tangible responsibility, for offices and for definite work to do: the jealousy of place thus took hold of him, and he soon felt for his "colleagues" the petty passion of rivalry which was carefully fostered by the inferior agents of his Ministry. On the other hand, all those officers who had not immediately secured what they desired could no longer appeal to the Prince against the ministers, and therefore threw their blame immediately upon the Dauphin, who began to lose the popularity which he had secured in the army. These results had been foreseen by the previous counsellors of the Dauphin. They had attempted to dissuade him from his administrative whims, and probably his coolness towards them was the result of their efforts. I have already said that he was very reluctant to countenance the entrance of M. de La Ferronnays to the Council over which he presided. That gentleman has told me that throughout his Ministry the Dauphin never spoke to him directly, though they were often at cross purposes in the Council. The point of keenest dissension was the Duke of Wellington.

The Dauphin wished to adopt a measure recommended by the Duke of Wellington, of which M. de La Ferronnays disapproved, because, as the Prince said, "The Duke of Wellington is attached to our family, and as he likes us he will only recommend actions for our good."

M. de La Ferronnays was justly incensed by this innuendo, and replied hotly that the Duke of Wellington was an English minister, who would naturally regard politics from an English point of view; that it was the business of the Council of the King of France, composed as it was of Frenchmen, to weigh these proposals and to decide whether they were in French interests, and not to be led astray by questions

of personal intimacy which certainly had no influence upon the British Government. He shattered the Duke's arguments which M. de Polignac had undertaken to propound, won the King over to his opinion and carried his proposal in spite of the Dauphin's opposition.

This discussion took place at the close of the year. But other circumstances had already embittered the feelings of the Prince. Of these, one of the earliest was the question of replacing the Duc de Rivière. The King wished the post of guardian to depend solely upon his nomination. The Council wished to be consulted, while the King's claim was supported by the Ultra party. The country as a whole took the part of the ministers. The Dauphin vigorously supported his father's point of view, and insisted that in the choice of a guardian for his grandson he could use that independence of judgment which belongs by right to every head of a family. With his usual want of tact, he said that it would be an impertinence to refuse the King this right.

The ministers, however, insisted, and the King undertook to make no choice without informing them. They proceeded to look about for a suitable person. The Duc de Mortemart was sounded, but while negotiations with him were in process the King informed his ministers individually, and at ten o'clock in the evening, that the nomination of the Baron de Damas would appear in the *Moniteur* the next day. This was what he called making no choice without informing them. They had mistaken the sense of his words, for when the rumour of this nomination was going about the camarilla I know that M. de Mortemart was told of it by M. de Glandevès,[1] who replied that the appointment was impossible, as the Council would never consent. The King's device was entirely successful, for the ministers had no time to meet or discuss their plans or to address a remonstrance to the

[1] Baron de Glandevès, peer of France and Governor of the Tuileries.

King. None of them dared to take the responsibility of stopping the printing of the *Moniteur* and the nomination was inserted. The Cabinet entered a protest, but its influence then received a blow from which it did not recover.

M. de Damas was an extreme member of the Congregation.[1] It was obvious to everybody that there was a clique in the Château whose influence was superior to that of the ministers, and which was in the King's confidence. The Dauphin detested the Congregation, cared nothing for M. de Damas[2] personally, and should have been opposed to his nomination. The Dauphin, however, was convinced that the choice of a guardian for the Duc de Bordeaux was the King's exclusive privilege, and that if he were not allowed to exercise it he would be shorn of a civil right which every private individual could use. One day at lunch, one of his *aides-de-camp* ventured to say that the education of a child whose birth had been a national event should be regarded as a Government question. The Prince burst into a fury of which he was himself speedily ashamed, so much so that he apologised. At the same time, he afterwards perceived that the nomination of M. de Damas produced an extremely bad effect upon the country, and was therefore induced to give his support to the ordinances directed against the Jesuits and the little seminaries.

I shall not relate these great events in detail. I know history only as gossip, and through connection with personal acquaintances, but as I shall probably have to refer to these so-called June ordinances,[3] it is necessary to mention them,

[1] He does not appear in the list published by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

[2] Mme. de Gontaut says that M. de Damas was appointed at the "earnest solicitations" of the Dauphin, whose gentleman of honour he was.

[3] Ordinances of June 16, 1828. They were issued after an inquiry conducted by a commission composed of Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of

and also to note the energy which the Dauphin had brought to the task of drawing them up.

The King kept the ordinances for a fortnight before signing them; they were submitted to the inspection of his spiritual directors. The leaders of the Jesuits gave their consent, understanding that any resistance at that moment would have caused their overthrow. They thought that it was more politic to yield, as they could rely upon the assistance of the King when circumstances might seem favourable for a counter-stroke. The King therefore appended his signature with a clear conscience and provided with the full authorisation of his secret counsellors.[1] But he was deeply annoyed, and we saw traces of this feeling.

As for the Dauphin, this was his last sensible act. Thenceforward he steadily abandoned the ideas which he had

Paris; Mgr. Feutrier, Bishop of Beauvais; M. Lainé, Séguier, and Mounier, peers of France; Alexis de Noailles, de La Bourdonnaye, Dupin major, deputies; and De Courville, member of the Council of the University. The ordinances brought under university government certain institutions conducted by the Jesuits, and also contained that thereafter no one should be allowed to teach or to conduct an educational establishment if he had not previously declared in writing that he belonged to no Congregation not legally authorised in France. Moreover, the number of pupils which might be admitted to the little seminaries was limited to 20,000 and rules for supervision were laid down.

[1] Chancellor Pasquier writes with reference to the King's household: "He had been inspired by a kind of council of conscience, to which he had recourse on every occasion of importance, especially when religious questions were at stake. The Abbé Ronsin, the chief or provincial French Jesuit, was a member of this council, and nothing could be more consistent with the rule of conduct and the habits of the order, than the advice to bend beneath the storm and to submit to a concession which would disarm suspicion and would give them time to prepare for an opportunity of reasserting their shattered power."—*Mémoires*, Vol. VI., p. 117.

Father Ronsin was not the provincial of Paris. This eminent ecclesiastic was active in every quarter, but while engaged in charitable work amongst the poor he did not neglect religious propaganda among the members of the society. This, indeed, was a task in which he excelled.

hitherto professed. The election of General Clausel[1] as deputy for Lille finally drove him into the hands of the Ultra party. He had never been able to pardon this officer the expulsion of the Duchesse d'Angoulême from Bordeaux during the Hundred Days, and his exasperation at this appointment reached the pitch of monomania. From this time onwards not a glimmer of the sound sense upon which France had set her hopes for many years was to be found in him. This change, which was speedily well known, and the education given to the Duc de Bordeaux, roused public passion against the older branch, and procured that overthrow which was accomplished in three days, for the reason that every root had been cut through months before.

I have said what I know of the motives which may have actuated the Dauphin. Possibly there are some of which I have no information. Certain people have believed that Nompère de Champagny, one of his *aides-de-camp*, a distinguished young man and a zealous member of the Congregation,[2] who seemed to follow the ideas of the Prince, might

He was the combined guider of the Congregation, of the Sisters of St. Thomas de Villeneuve, and of the Convent of Les Oiseaux; he carried on a "spiritual" correspondence with a large number of people, without neglecting his duties as superior of the house in the Rue de Sèvres, and found time either to conduct retreats or to spend long hours with his penitents in his confessional at St. Thomas d'Aquin. He was so unsparing of himself that he might reasonably be reproached at this time of his life with diminishing the effect of his influence by extending it too widely.

"He was a thorough expert in that difficult science which demands the utmost tact and holiness, the direction of souls."—M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison, *La Congregation*, 1801 to 1830, p. 340.

[1] Comte Bertrand Clausel (1772–1842). Volunteer in 1791, general of division in 1802, commander at Bordeaux during the Hundred Days. Exiled from 1815 to 1820, elected deputy by the Arrondissement de Rethel in the month of March, 1829, governor of Algiers under the July Monarchy, marshal in 1831.

[2] He does not appear in the list published by M. Grandmaison.

have influenced him. Possibly also the continually increasing demands of the Liberal party inclined him to fear the advance of demagogues who must be crushed if you would not fall a victim to them, and it may be that he had been persuaded that the system of concessions merely served to strengthen their claims. I cannot say what was at the bottom of his heart, but the consequences were only too obvious.

The military council over which the Dauphin presided had resumed its sittings, and Marshal Marmont told me daily that the Prince was constantly proposing obsolete theories and absurd claims. I remembered his praises of earlier years and I will admit that I attributed this change of tone to the fickleness of the Marshal. Unfortunately, he was not the only man who disturbed our peace of mind by such remarks, and all our evidence contributed to show that the Dauphin had joined the most violent reactionary party.

I labour this point, which history will perhaps neglect, because, in my opinion, it was this circumstance which destroyed all hopes, exasperated all minds, and drove both parties to excesses.

The King made a journey into Alsace during the summer of 1828. He was thoroughly delighted with his reception, which was excellent. Every address presented to him uttered compliments upon the ordinances against the establishment of the Jesuits, and M. de Martignac took the trouble to point out this fact upon every occasion. The King conceived an additional dislike for his minister, and attributed the demonstrations of the inhabitants throughout his triumphal progress to their personal affection for himself. Some petty German sovereigns came to pay their respects to him at Strasburg, and he thought himself a second Louis XIV.

The Ministry continued a painful existence: it was forced to combat the opposition of the Left and of the Right, com-

posed of Ultras, Congregationists, courtiers, and the King. Possibly the Ministry might have held out, notwithstanding these obstacles, if the supporters of peace and order had openly united to its help, but every one had wishes differing in some respect and used his right to blame and to criticise.

The Constitutional party was essentially critical. It was composed of individuals who were more anxious to show their personal capacity than to support their leaders, with the result that, as a whole, they were totally unfitted for government. As the Ministry thus received the whole-hearted support of no party, we may well be astonished that it was able to maintain its ground so long. The fact is that no one realised that its fall would imply the fall of the monarchy, although I think that this idea would have gathered many to its support. It was, however, evident to all sensible people that the Martignac Ministry was of the same colour as the De Richelieu ministries, which alone had been able to make the Restoration tolerable, that it was mortally displeasing to the King, and that it could only be supported against the influence of the Crown by the united efforts of the Chambers.

If all the deputies who desired its support had commenced to work for it, the Ministry might perhaps have extricated the ship of state from the reefs among which M. de Villèle had allowed it to drift. This, however, is to regret the distant past. I merely wish to point out that no one is free from blame, and that every one contributed in some degree by his wrong-doing to produce the catastrophe which very few desired.

While the leaders were thus playing pitch and toss for the crown, the amusements of the capital were none the less brilliant, and the Carnival of 1829 was very splendid. The young d'Orléans Princes were growing up, and the Palais Royal became correspondingly cheerful. Concerts and dinners had been succeeded by theatrical performances,

by balls and quadrilles. The Duchesse de Berry took advantage of this fact, and gave very handsome entertainments in her turn. The most agreeable and pleasant of these were held in the apartments of her children, and were given in the name of the Duchesse de Gontaut. This device enabled the Duchesse to dispense with the rules of etiquette and to choose her guests from the most fashionable society. Masked balls were given where the magnificence of some of some of the costumes delighted the eyes, but which were not a beautiful spectacle as a whole. The Duchesse de Berry thought that if she allowed her guests full liberty in dress, she would succeed better, and she was in fact entirely successful.

Mediævalism was becoming a fashionable amusement. The Duchesse conceived the idea of representing the court of François II. All the youngest and most fashionable members of society were given a place in this company, for which marches, evolutions, and dances were composed; the remainder of the guests in ordinary costumes were spectators.[1] The Duc de Chartres, representing François II., was the object of general admiration. It was his first public appearance, and his charming face and graceful bearing were much admired; those who had been admitted to rehearsals praised no less readily his politeness and the fine tact which governed his every action. The master of the ballet had prepared a throne for the Duc de Chartres above that of the Queen, who was represented by the Duchesse de Berry. The Duc de Chartres refused to take this place, and conducted to it Mme. de Podenas, who was taking the part of Catherine de Medicis. This little incident gave the utmost delight at the Tuileries. The Dauphine pleasantly related it as an action "in excellent taste on the part of Chartres." Could it have

[1] The Duchesse de Gontaut gives an account of this entertainment and the names of the actors. (*Mémoires*, p. 289.)

been that some instinct told him that the throne of the Tuileries would be placed within his reach? Upon that occasion he did not seem inclined to exercise the "good taste" of renouncing it.

We were informed that the Dauphine had strongly objected to the Duchesse de Berry's choice of Mary Stuart as her part. Possibly it was a somewhat tactless proceeding to take the part in the palace of Marie Antoinette of a queen who had been beheaded. The Duchesse de Berry, however, was less far-sighted. The King did not forbid the quadrille, and the Princess, as usual, disregarded her sister-in-law's disapproval. The latter had been present at the masked ball in costume and bedecked with jewels, but she did not appear at the quadrille, and sent no excuse on the score of health. However, she had lent her diamonds to the lady who took the part of the Queen of Scots, Marie de Lorraine, who was supposed to be at her daughter's court to begin the quadrille with some English ladies who wished to take part in it.

Generally speaking, the women were well dressed, and showed to great advantage. The men, with few exceptions, looked like masked street ruffians. The Duc de Chartres wore a magnificent costume with excellent effect, and the little Duc de Richelieu[1] looked better than I have ever seen him before or since.

As for the Queen of the festival, the Duchesse de Berry, she looking appalling. She had had her hair arranged in a tier, a fashion perhaps entirely classical, but which suited her abominably, while she was dressed in a long ermine cloak with the fur turned inwards, which made her look like a

[1] Armand François Odet de Chapelle de Jumilhac, Duc de Richelieu, raised to the peerage by letters patent of September 19, 1822, and to the estate of his uncle with an authorisation for himself and his descendants to bear the names and the arms of Richelieu.

drowned dog. The heat of this costume had reddened her face, her neck, and her shoulders, which were usually very white, and no one was ever more successful in her efforts to look a fright.

The little Mademoiselle[1] was present at this entertainment, and went from bench to bench gathering expressions of admiration for the Duc de Chartres. Her own enthusiasm seemed to be extreme. She displayed an affection for him which was quite touching in view of her age, for she was not more than ten years old. This young princess promised to be highly accomplished rather than pretty. I never had the honour of her intimate acquaintance, but I sometimes saw her in Mme. de Gontaut's rooms, and she seemed to me very pleasant. She overwhelmed the Duchesse d'Orléans with caresses, and often said:

"I am very fond of my aunt. She is very kind, and then she is the mother of my cousin Chartres."

She was continually holding up this cousin as an example to the Duc de Bordeaux, whom she governed with all the superiority of her age and of her mind. When quite young she took an interest in public affairs, and knew enough to show marked politeness to a politician, though she had not been specially told to do so. Mme. de Gontaut understood that the child of a princess should not be kept in the same state of ignorance as the child of a private person, and encouraged conversation of any kind before Mademoiselle,

[1] Louise Marie Thérèse, daughter of the Duc de Berry, born September 21, 1819, married Charles III., Duke of Parma, in 1845, and died in February, 1864.

Mme. de Gontaut relates that on the morning of the birth of the daughter of the Duc de Berry, the young Duc de Chartres said when he heard the first cannon shot, "That is my wife or my king coming into the world." Some time afterwards the Duc de Berry, remembering this observation of the Duc de Chartres, said to him jestingly, "Chartres, go and kiss your wife." He blushed and would not move, and his shyness caused amusement." (*Mémoires*, p. 199.)

who had soon taken a keen interest. In any case, it was necessary to occupy her lively imagination, and above all to enlighten her haughtiness of character, which was unsuitable to our age.

Mme. de Gontaut told me that when the Duc de Bordeaux was taken from his sister, that his education might be entrusted to the care of men, she took the little princess to the King the following day, according to daily custom. When they crossed the guard-room the Life Guards did not present arms. Mademoiselle stopped short in astonishment, and seemed much displeased. When she went out later in the morning, there was no escort for her carriage. The next day the sentry, who had received no orders upon the point, turned out the guard when he saw her coming. She stopped, bowed to him, and said:

"I thank you; but you are mistaken, it is only myself."

She refused to take her usual drive. Mme. de Gontaut understood that she did not wish to go out without an escort. She watched the child carefully but said nothing. Mademoiselle, beginning to weary of staying in the house, asked her governess if she could not go out with her brother, and added that it would be more amusing to go to Bagatelle with him than to walk about at her side.

Mme. de Gontaut answered coldly:

"Think the matter over for half an hour, and if you can then tell me that you wish to go with the Duc de Bordeaux, merely for the pleasure of seeing Bagatelle, I will undertake to arrange the drive."

A few moments afterwards the young princess came in tears to admit to her "dear friend," as she called her, the weak pride of her young heart and her sorrow at discovering that Bordeaux was "everything" and that she was "nothing." It was not difficult for a clever woman like Mme. de Gontaut to make so clever a child understand the pettiness of such

claims. A short time afterwards Mademoiselle was anxious to make amends by walking on foot, giving her arm to Mme. de Gontaut and followed by a footman, through the streets of Paris.

I have narrated this anecdote to show how early the royal instincts assert themselves, and how natural it is that etiquette should be necessary to princes as they grow old.

In any case, Mme. de Gontaut had exceeded her powers in saying that she could arrange the drive to Bagatelle, as the Baron de Damas, in his wisdom, had resolved to separate the two children. He feared the effects of female government upon the young Duc de Bordeaux, and his bigotry, which I thought utterly indecent, had already forbidden the young prince of eighteen to kiss his sister, who was nine years old. His education as a whole was conducted upon equally enlightened principles, and apart from the gymnastic exercises, which he was obliged to practise as if he were intended to appear under Franconi,[1] the poor little prince was brought up as a monk and was bored to distraction. Public indignation at the training which the future sovereign underwent finally alienated the affection of the people from the reigning monarch.

[1] A famous family of circus performers.—TRANSLATOR.

## CHAPTER XVII

M. Pasquier declines the portfolio of Foreign Affairs—Conversation of the King with the Duc de Mortemart—Campaign of the Russians against the Turks—The King declares for the Emperor Nicholas—Intrigues in the Chamber of Deputies—Return of M. de Chateaubriand—Death of the Bishop of Beauvais—Progress of the clerical party—Difference in the King's language to M. de Martignac and M. de La Ferronnays—Prophecies unfulfilled.

The health of M. de La Ferronnays had been broken for a long time, and now became so bad that he was obliged to resign the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Several persons were asked to take his place, among others M. Pasquier. He once more declined, being persuaded that the King's prejudice would prevent any confidence between them.

This prejudice was of long standing. In 1814, when Monsieur had reached France before Louis XVIII., and had governed the country for some time as Lieutenant-General, M. Pasquier had spoken to him of the state of the country, of the strength of parties, and of the importance of individuals with a frankness which the *émigré* prince had been unable to understand, and which those about him had stigmatised as hatred for the Restoration. Nothing could be more absurd. M. Pasquier had heartily fallen in with the new order of things which was necessitated by the safety of the country, and merely wished to turn it to the best account. Accustomed as he was to serve under the Emperor, he was continuing his previous methods.

Napoleon not only desired but insisted that every one should tell him the whole truth, and should support their opinion against his own. In personal discussion he would

permit argument to the point of contradiction. He invariably acted as he pleased, but he never bore ill-feeling for any opposition to his views in the Council or in the Cabinet. Monsieur could not understand this method of treatment: any one who offered objections, even in his own interest, was regarded as an enemy. M. Pasquier was so long in discovering this frame of mind, that his own zeal made his position steadily worse and even when he realised the truth he none the less continued the performance of what he considered his duty.

When he became a minister of Louis XVIII. he was suddenly brought into collision with the Ultra party, and displeased Monsieur in consequence. These views did not allow him to enter the Council of Charles X., and he pointed out to the ministers who desired his co-operation that he would be no help to them if he sat at their Council, and could be more useful to them in the Chamber of Peers. He did not share the discontent which most of our party felt for the weakness of the Martignac Government, but openly declared that it was foolish to demand of the Government that which could not be extor ed from the King's prejudices. It was not the fault of M. Pasquier that the Ministry fell, for he supported it most frankly and by every means in his power.

After some search for a successor to M. de La Ferronnays, it was resolved to make no appointment. The debts which the last holder of the office had left behind him served as a pretext for leaving the post vacant. M. Portalis took the portfolio as interim minister. This result had been chiefly the work of two men: the King, who wished to undermine the Ministry with a view to its overthrow; and M. Hyde de Neuville, who wished to perform his promise by securing an entrance for M. de Chateaubriand. This double intrigue secured the abstention of all candidates, including the Duc de Mortemart, whom M. de Martignac strongly desired. I have it from the Duc himself that M. de Martignac asked

him how he could hold out against the earnest representations of the King. He replied that the King had never shown the smallest desire to see him enter the Council.

"That is very remarkable. But if he has not yet spoken to you on the matter, he will do so."

In fact, the King sent for M. de Mortemart.

"Well," he said, "so you do not wish to join them?"

M. de Mortemart gave his reasons, which were personal. The King offered very feeble objections, like a school-boy repeating a lesson, and then added:

"Well, I am not sorry; you are right. You had better not mix yourself up with these people."

Such were the irresistible entreaties of the King. M. de Mortemart, who was eminently straightforward, endeavoured to explain the situation to M. de Martignac, but he could never persuade him that he had not enjoyed the full confidence of the monarch.

The Duc de Mortemart, who was called by events to play a political part which he had not desired and to which his powers were unequal in so difficult a situation,[1] was a thoroughly loyal, honourable, and independent character. He was a Frenchman at heart, while his intellectual powers and his common sense were by no means deficient. At the court of Charles X. he was a kind of phœnix. The country, which at bottom was only anxious to come to terms with the Restoration, felt a sincere attachment for the *grand seigneur* who had not repudiated the country. M. de Mortemart was flattered by his popularity, and wishing to justify it, gradually withdrew from the extravagances in which his social position called him to take part. He even gave up the sport to which he had devoted himself for ten years, and appeared more constantly in the Chamber of Peers.

[1] An allusion to the mission *in extremis* which Charles X. entrusted to him during the days of July.

When he was appointed Ambassador to Russia he accompanied the Emperor Nicholas upon his first campaign in Turkey and secured the high favour, though he thought but little of the talent and military taste, of his Imperial host. The Emperor seemed to be more at his ease upon the parade ground than upon the battle-field and his visit to see the Empress at Odessa during the critical moment of the siege of Varna[1] was no great testimony to his bravery. In confidence M. de Mortemart would attribute the reverses of the campaign to the Emperor's presence in the camp and to his absence from the conflicts, in which he never cared to take a personal part. Probably Nicholas understood that his presence was prejudical to the success of his troops, for he was easily persuaded not to join the following campaign, and the results were much more favourable to his armies.

The situation of Russia was somewhat precarious at that moment. Austria and England would readily have taken advantage of the situation to shake this Colossus, the weight of which oppressed them like a nightmare. Possibly such an action would have been in the real interests of Europe; but there was no French Government to speak of, and Pozzo was clever enough to induce Charles X. to interfere personally upon the Russian question. A constant correspondence began between the two sovereigns: the King of France was flattered to be of service to the Czar of Russia, and took a ready and valuable part in the negotiations on behalf of the young autocrat; hence the affectionate sentiments which Nicholas professed for Charles X. after his downfall, which immediately followed the signature of the treaty of Andrinople.[2]

[1] The siege of Varna, which was accompanied by great loss, lasted from July 20 to October 11, 1828.

[2] The treaty of peace signed September 14, 1829, after the Great Powers had intervened to stop the victorious march of the Russians upon Constantinople.

If France had followed the policy of England and Austria, the second campaign would have been impossible, and the Russian troops would not have ventured to cross the Balkans. The Emperor was so persuaded of the fact that he had asked for Prussian mediation, and diplomatists had been sent off with very moderate instructions from Russia. These, however, were changed upon the arrival of a courier from Paris. Further instructions were sent to the envoys, the consequence of which was the second campaign and the peace of Andrinople. Time alone could decide whether Charles X., by facilitating the Emperor's success, had performed a service to the civilised world, as he was persuaded at that time.

At the head of all the candidates for the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, I should have placed the King's invariable choice, M. de Polignac. He wished to appear in Paris immediately after the accident which had happened to M. de La Ferronnays,[1] but the monarch himself thought that the moment was inopportune and pleaded family business; he delayed only a few days without taking any open steps, in contrast to his action in the spring.

M. de La Ferronnays had absolutely resigned; his post was vacant, and it is said that he had himself mentioned Jules de Polignac as his successor in the hope of securing the King's favour. In any case, Charles X. thought that the moment had come, and M. de Polignac was summoned. The public has accused M. Portalis of being concerned in this intrigue. Those who were best informed have since assured me that the charge was unjust. M. de Polignac made no concealment of his efforts to form a Ministry. He applied to people of different shades of opinion, and met with such resistance everywhere that he was obliged to renounce his project. He agreed with the King to abandon

[1] M. de La Ferronnays, whose health was feeble, had been taken ill in the King's study at the beginning of January, 1829.

the plan until the close of the session, and returned to London.[1]

Granted that the Crown was conspiring against the legislature, the latter showed no special confidence in the Crown. After some foolish haggling over a sum of thirty thousand francs which M. Peyronnet had expended on the decoration of the Chancellor's residence, and which the Chamber refused to pass, a similar want of tractability was shown upon a question of order in the proposal of important laws affecting the administration of the departments and communes.

The Ministry had induced the King with the utmost difficulty to adopt these laws, and he did not hide his joy when the recalcitrance of the deputies gave him a pretext for withdrawing them. From that time he resumed his part as an undisguised opponent of his own Cabinet, and those deputies who were more closely attached to the King and enjoyed his favour plainly showed their opposition to the Ministry. In the discussions upon the Budget the Chamber had spoken in terms offensive to the army and had adopted measures detrimental to its interests. Consequently it had incurred the natural hatred of the military. Every one who wore a sword was ready to exclaim that it was time to make

[1] Mme. de Boigne seems to have confused the order of events, which was as follows. At the moment of the seizure of M. de La Ferronnays, the Prince de Polignac was summoned to Paris at the King's formal order by M. Portalis, who was acting as interim Minister of Foreign Affairs. The account of the steps taken at this time by M. de Polignac can be read in the *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. VI., p. 149 ff. The speech to which Mme. de Boigne alludes was delivered on February 5, 1829. On the 15th the Ambassador returned to his post. However, he fell ill, was obliged to leave London, and only returned to his embassy in May. Possibly the second appearance at Paris, of which Mme. de Boigne speaks, belongs to this period. The Prince de Polignac returned to Millemont (Seine et Oise) on July 27, 1829, and then formed the Ministry which was so fatal to France.

an end of these chattering Governments, that the lawyers must be silenced, and that the proverb *Cedant arma togæ* must be reversed. The attitude of the soldiers was carefully nursed by the Ultra party, and provided a strong encouragement to the extravagances in preparation. This leaning to absolutism could not, however, prevent the formation of the Polignac Ministry, and from that time onwards the heart of the citizen was found beating beneath the uniform of the soldier.

About the same time M. de Chateaubriand had conceived the notion of addressing to the Conclave[1] a speech full of liberal and philosophical ideas, which had deeply scandalised the sacred college and had made his position at Rome somewhat difficult. A new Pope, Pius VIII.,[2] the successor of Leo XII., wrote to Paris to complain, and M. de Chateaubriand returned to France upon a plea of ill-health.[3] He still entertained a strong desire to return to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was then vacant,[4] but the King was reserving it for another candidate. With the exception of M. Hyde de Neuville, no one was anxious for so disquieting a colleague as M. de Chateaubriand. As he saw no prospect of success for the moment, he went away to a watering-place in the Pyrenees.

The Jesuits, who were clever at a waiting game, had furled their sails after the ordinances of June, which they

[1] The Conclave met at Rome, after the death of Leo XII., on February 10, and elected Pius VIII. on March 30.

[2] Francis Xavier Castiglione, born at Cingoli in 1761, died in 1830. He was Bishop of Montalto in 1800, and Cardinal Bishop of Cesenna in 1816.

[3] At the end of May, 1829. At the outset of July he went away to take the waters (cp. *Mme. Récamier and Her Friends*, by H. N. Williams, chapter XVII.).

[4] The ministry was no longer vacant. On May 14, 1829, M. Portalis had become Minister of Foreign Affairs. His place as Minister of Justice was taken by M. Bourdeau, then Under Secretary of State.

had accepted in spite of their hostile tendency. They remained in obscurity, but were working none the less actively. The Bishop of Beauvais, Mgr. Feutrier,[1] a virtuous and clever prelate, who had signed these ordinances, had inspired them with one of those clerical hatreds which can never be appeased, and which successively lost him his place and his life. There were many rumours that he had been poisoned, but I think this expression must be taken metaphorically. Continual annoyances of every kind had so "poisoned" his life that he had succumbed. The fact remains that he was a young man and enjoyed excellent health in 1829, and that he died of consumption at the outset of 1830. The members of the Congregation naturally proclaimed that this was a judgment upon the man who had laid hands upon the holy ark of the Jesuits. I believe that King Charles X. expressed himself to that effect; in any case, such was the general belief. The poor Prince plunged deeper and deeper into bigotry. It has been asserted that he used to say the "White Mass;"[2] this I believe to be a fable. The Jesuits,

[1] Jean François Hyacinthe (1785–1830), general secretary of the Royal Almonry, vicar of the Madeleine, Bishop of Beauvais, peer of France in 1825, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs in 1828. He was found dead in his bed during a visit to Paris. He had been received into the Congregation on September 20, 1807, by Father Delpuits. (*La Congregation*, p. 349.)

[2] Only a hopeless ignoramus upon religious topics, as those generally are who attack the holy Church and its missions, could believe such absurdities.

What, after all, is a Mass without the sacramental mediation of the priest? Why should the words of the office be modified for recitation by one who has not received consecration? Are not these words in every service book as authorised for use by the bishops, and in the gospel which all can and should read? What priest or religious official would lend himself to the comedy of which Mme. de Boigne speaks, and what profit would the layman secure who might be simple enough to perform the mummery in the belief that he was pleasing God or securing his own salvation?

These considerations will show how absurdly unfounded are the stories

however, sometimes allowed their pupils the delight of saying Mass with a change in the words of consecration, and possibly the King indulged some whim of the kind. The populace were persuaded of the fact. It appears almost positively true that he had been affiliated[1] to the Society of Jesus, and recognised spiritual directors whom he obeyed in temporal affairs. I have a somewhat remarkable fact from M. de Martignac.

During the last days of the session of 1829, M. de Villefranche, a peer and member of the Congregation,[2] delivered a violent but somewhat clever speech, which he obviously had not himself composed, vigorously attacking the King's Ministry for its general policy and especially for the so-called June ordinances. M. de Martignac replied with his usual talent, and spoke with much eloquence and wisdom upon the subject of the ordinances. In the evening he was with the King, and met with an excellent reception. The monarch complimented him upon his success in the Chamber of Peers. The next day there was a change: M. de Martignac came to work with the King, who received him most coldly, and the minister could not imagine how he had given offence. At length, when their work was ended, he was addressed as follows:

"Why on earth did you want to speak yesterday?"

prevalent in Opposition society upon the subject of the Jesuits, which are here echoed by Mme. de Boigne.

[1] In a letter to Mme. Récamier, the Duchesse Mathieu de Montmorency writes: "Now your friends are satisfied. Their pupils have been taken away from the poor Jesuits. Everything it wants is being ceded to the empire of Liberalism. I am afraid that religion and royalty will come off very badly with this system. How right I was when I said to you that too much honour was done to Charles X. when it was said that he was a Jesuit." (*Madame Récamier*, by Edouard Herriot, Vol. II., p. 229. English edition.)

[2] He does not appear in the list published by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

"What, Sire! How could I allow the invective of M. de Villefranche to pass without reply?"

"Well, the session is nearly at an end, and it was not worth your while."

"It is precisely because the session is at an end that the King's Government should not be left to bear the weight of all these calumnies."

The King began to walk up and down the room.

"At any rate, you might have avoided any reference to the ordinances."

"M. de Villefranche began it, Sire, and I was naturally obliged to explain a measure which was the work of your Majesty as well as the Council."

"Explain! explain! To begin with, M. de Martignac, they will never pardon you—you may be certain of that."

"What, Sire?"

"Oh, I know what I am talking of. Good day to you, Martignac."

The minister who was thus dismissed was obliged to withdraw without realising that his overthrow had been determined. He had not long to await his fate.

As a contrast to this anecdote which M. de Martignac told me, here is one which I have from M. de La Ferronnays. I am anticipating a little, in order to bring the two cases together.

When M. de La Ferronnays took the place of M. de Chateaubriand at Rome under the Polignac Ministry, he told the King that he could not accept the embassy if there was any proposal to revoke the June ordinances: they had been proposed under his administration, discussed at the Council at which he was the president, bore his signature, and he could not promise to announce their repeal. The King flew into a rage, asked what reason he had to believe him capable of such recantation, asserted that the June ordinances were his

work quite as much as the work of the Ministry, reminded him that he had kept them three weeks before signing them, and seemed very angry that he could be suspected of such weakness. Such was the account of M. de La Ferronnays at the time, and we may ask how his story can be squared with that of M. de Martignac. I do not propose to undertake the task; I quote the words as I received them, and have stated my authorities.

I remember that in the course of that summer I was staying in the country with Mmes. Nansouty,[1] de Jumilhac, and with the Duc de Raguse. We were amusing ourselves by recalling the events of the Empire and comparing our various impressions of them. The Marshal spoke from the point of view of the army, Mme. de Nansouty as a member of the Imperial court, Mme. de Jumilhac as one of the absolute Royalists of the Opposition, and I myself as a Constitutional Royalist. We kept saying to one another, "What! you believed that?" "You hoped this?" "It was ridiculous." "I quite agree."

This examination of our political consciences pleased us so much that two o'clock in the morning found us in warm discussion, and we were only informed of the time by the lamps which suddenly went out. We said to one another:

"The moral to be drawn from our conversation is that the period of revolutions is past. When people of every party can thus meet together and laugh at their own absurdities, there can no longer be political divisions in society, whatever may happen. Party spirit is dead and personal hatred worn out."

[1] Adélaide de Vergennes, married in 1802 to Etienne Antoine Marie Champion, Comte de Nansouty (1768–1815). He was General of division, First Equerry to the Emperor, colonel-general of dragoons, and commander of the Imperial Guard.

Alas! how utterly false were our prophecies! I by no means expected that the keenest animosity of discord was about to rise around me, to break even the bonds of friendship and to divide families.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Fall of the Martignac Ministry—General outcry against the Polignac Ministry—Refusal of Admiral de Rigny—Resignation of M. de Chateaubriand—Marriage proposal for the Princesse Louise d'Orléans—Illness of the Duchesse d'Orléans—Ovation given to M. de Lafayette in Dauphiné—The Jesuit party defeats the Ultra party—The King believes himself able to justify M. de Bourmont —Marshal Marmont secures a decision for the Algerian expedition —He is completely tricked by M. de Bourmont—The Marshal's fury.

THE session was drawing to a close, and the King was occupied in the task of assuring his ruin. M. Royer Collard in his enigmatic style had told the King one day that M. de La Bourdonnaye[1] was the only deputy who had "remained whole-hearted" in the Chamber. Charles X. had remembered this phrase, and had cherished in his royal heart the idea of entrusting his business to this man who had "remained whole-hearted" before the Chamber. He would have liked to add M. Ravez[2] to his ministers, but the latter with greater prudence, after exerting all his power to secure the fall of the

[1] François Régis de La Bourdonnaye, Comte de La Bretêche (1767–1839). He was an officer in Condé's army during the *émigration* and in La Vendée, deputy in 1815, minister in the Polignac Cabinet in 1829, resigned before the ordinances of 1830, and was peer of France.

[2] M. Ravez was born in 1770. He was a lawyer at Lyons in 1791, and was one of those who defended that town against the Convention. When he had taken refuge at Bordeaux he became deputy for the Gironde in 1815. He was councillor of state in 1817, under secretary of state to the Minister of Justice, Vice-President of the Chamber in 1818, and afterwards President. He was First President of the Court of Bordeaux in 1824, was re-elected deputy in 1849, and died on September 3 of that year.

Martignac Ministry, declined to enter the Polignac association. Possibly he was also taking measures to advance by a less unpopular path, for at that period of 1829 the poor King seemed to have made it his business to compose a Government of the most unpopular figures to be found in the country. The appointment of M. de Bourmont[1] was the finishing stroke: this personage was equally odious to the military and civil population.

It must be admitted forthwith that M. de Polignac, in spite of his usual blindness, was greatly staggered when he saw the names of the colleagues whom the King had chosen for him, upon his arrival from London. He had, however, pledged his word, and in any case was too anxious for office to think of retreat. A note from M. Pasquier informed me on August 7 that all of these formidable names would appear in the *Moniteur* the next day.[2]

[1] Louis Auguste Victor, Comte de Ghaisne de Bourmont (1773–1846). He was an officer in the French Guards, and went into exile in 1789, fought in La Vendée in 1794, joined Napoleon and entered his army. In 1808 he was colonel and general of division during the campaign in France of 1814. He took service under the Restoration, and commanded a division during the Hundred Days. He deserted the night before the battle of Waterloo, an action which is said to have had some influence upon the result of the battle. At the second Restoration he was rewarded with the command of a division of the Royal Guard. He served during the war in Spain in 1823, was Minister of War in 1829, commander-in-chief of the expedition to Algiers, and Marshal of France in 1830. He refused to take the oath to the July Monarchy, joined the expedition of the Duchesse de Berry in La Vendée in 1832, and served Dom Miguel in Portugal. He returned to France in 1840.

[2] Ministry of August 8, 1829 (published in the *Moniteur* on the 9th of the month): Prince de Polignac, Foreign Affairs; M. Courvoisier, Justice; Comte de Bourmont, War; Vice-Admiral de Rigny, Admiralty; Comte de La Bourdonnaye, the Interior; Baron de Montbel, Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs; M. de Chabrol, Finance. On August 23 Admiral de Rigny was replaced by the Baron d'Haussez; on November 17 M. de Polignac was appointed President of the Council. M. de La Bourdonnaye retired, M. de Montbel undertook the Interior and transferred his portfolio to M. de Guernon Ranville (ordinance of the 18th).

I went to pay a visit at Lormoy[1] to the Duchesse de Maillé.[2] I told my news with much sadness. M. de Maillé began to laugh, and said that nothing could be more unfounded. He had come from Saint Cloud the same morning, and had seen M. de Martignac the previous evening, perfectly confident and making plans for the next session, and the King had treated him most kindly. Moreover, the Duc de Maillé was too well acquainted with the gloomy, preoccupied and agitated face of the monarch when a single change in his Ministry was in question, and never had he seen him calmer and more light-hearted than upon the previous evening. He had played his game of whist and had made jokes the whole time, etc. My story would not hold water. In any case, I will do him the justice of saying that if he had believed it he would have been horrified, and his description of that ambitious intriguing nonentity, Jules de Polignac, showed that he understood his character.

When I returned to Châtenay I found the Duc de Mouchy,[3] who came to invite me to dinner. Although he had just come from Paris, he knew nothing of the new Ministry, but he did not receive the news with the cheerful incredulity of the Duc de Maillé. Yet he had every reason to believe that

[1] Château de Lormoy, at Longpont, near Montléry (Seine et Oise).

[2] Charles François Armand, Duc de Maillé, born in 1770, first gentleman of the chamber to the Comte d'Artois (1784). He was field-marshal, peer of France (June 4, 1814), governor of Compiègne (1826), first *aide-de-camp* to King Charles X. He was twice married: (1) to Henrietta Victor de Fitzjames, daughter of the Duc de Fitzjames, by whom he had a son in 1789 and a daughter in 1796; (2) to Blanche Joséphine Le Bascle d'Argenteuil, daughter of the Marquis d'Argenteuil, by whom he had two sons, the Comte Armand de Maillé, born in 1816, and the Comte Hardouin de Maillé.

[3] Charles de Noailles, Duc de Mouchy, captain of the guards. He was the eldest son of the Prince de Poix who died in 1819, and of Louise Marie de Beauvau. He had married Mlle. Nathalie de Loborde, by whom he had a daughter, Charlotte Léontine; she married Alfred de Noailles, who was killed at the Beresina in 1812.

M. de Martignac was perfectly safe. He expressed his deep sorrow at my news, and added:

"Perhaps, after all, it will be for the best. The King will never be satisfied until he has made a trial of this impracticable Ministry; it has been his dream for ten years, and he will inevitably indulge it. Hence it is better that it should come sooner than later. When he has convinced himself of its impossibility, he will be more ready to support another combination, and in any case, a Ministry composed of the names you have mentioned will fall before the first Chamber that meets."

I pointed out to him that Jules was as rash as he was imprudent, and might well undertake a struggle with the Chamber. He replied: "There is no fear of that; I know the King well; he will never be induced to resist the Chamber or the Bourse. M. de Villèle has given him a most thorough education upon these two points."

I repeat these ideas as expressed by two well-known men at court, the one first gentleman of the chamber and the other captain of the guards, to show that even about the King's person those who were not involved in Polignac's intrigue could not see the nomination of his Ministry without greater or less anxiety.

The next day the *Moniteur* published the names that had been announced, together with those of MM. de Courvoisier[1] and de Rigny.[2] The friends of both were astonished. I

[1] Jean Joseph Antoine Courvoisier (1775–1835). He went into exile, and served in Condé's army. Returned in 1803, became attorney-general at Besançon in 1815, deputy from 1816 to 1824, attorney-general at Lyons in 1818, Minister of Justice in 1829, and resigned before the July ordinances in 1830.

[2] Henri Daniel Gauthier, Comte de Rigny (1782–1835). Naval captain in 1816, commanded the Mediterranean squadron in 1822, rear, admiral in 1825. He was in command of the French squadron at Navarino in 1827, became vice-admiral and maritime prefect of Toulon, Naval Minister from 1831 to 1834, deputy and Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1834 to 1835.

knew the conqueror of Navarino, and I could not understand his appearance in such company. I soon had the satisfaction of learning his refusal. He resisted, with a firmness which cost him much, the personal solicitations and inducements of the King. His convictions must have been very strong to induce such boldness, for the authority of the Crown still exercised much domination over men's minds. Moreover, Charles X. could be most attractive when he wished to succeed; he was able to join frankness and geniality with an imposing dignity.

The respectful resistance which M. de Rigny had offered was therefore most creditable. His name had been published in the *Moniteur* in the hope that he might be pledged in spite of himself. But he persisted in refusing the post, where he thought he could neither do good nor prevent harm; these were his own words to myself upon the subject.[1] My esteem for his action in this instance became the foundation of a friendship which has grown closer and closer. Death has recently torn him from his friends and from the country to which he rendered essential services which history will some day appreciate.

[1] In his *Histoire de la Restauration* Vaulabelle gives a different reason. "This admiral had just left Paris, and foreseeing the fall of the last Cabinet, he had left a letter for our representative at London, who was likely to be the chief of the new Government; in this letter he said that if the King should summon him to his council, he was anxious to assure him that he would have the utmost satisfaction in entering. M. de Rigny was appointed. This nomination, however, came to nothing; he was the nephew of Baron Louis, to whose inheritance he was looking forward, and his uncle demanded his refusal of the post; his resolution was also shaken by the general course of public opinion, and, notwithstanding the earnest representations of the King, who was anxious to have one of the conquerors of Navarino among his new councillors, he refused the portfolio which he had at first desired." (Vaulabelle, Vol. VII. p., 185.) M. Pasquier writes; "I know as a fact that he told M. de Polignac to explain his refusal, that he had an invincible objection to serving in company with M. de Bourmont." (*Mémoires*, Vol. VI., p. 189.)

The cries of joy uttered by the Liberals upon the refusal of Admiral de Rigny became a pretext which was urged to secure the consent of M. de Courvoisier. He considered himself under a personal obligation to the King for favours shown to his father, and he dared not add his objections to the general cry of disapproval. He therefore accepted with much reluctance the dangerous honour conferred upon him, and was careful to state that he would not put his name to any unconstitutional measure. He was told that the Charter was to be the foundation of the Council's policy.

A short time afterwards he said to one of his friends who had predicted the *coup d'état* as inevitable: "You are right. Those people deceived me; I now see their intentions. As long as I am associated with them they will not perform their designs; but if you see me resign, you may be sure that I have recognised the impossibility of checking their wild imprudence. Unfortunately, they are incapable even of seeing the precipice, much less of judging its depth." When, therefore, M. Courvoisier resigned in May, 1830, the man to whom he had explained his intentions said to him in his turn, "I suppose the *coup d'état* is near at hand, as you have resigned?" The ex-minister pressed his hand without reply.[1]

M. de Chateaubriand arrived from the Pyrenees at full speed to offer his resignation of the ambassadorship of Rome. He vainly begged for the privilege of placing it in his Majesty's hands in person, and was not permitted to obtain an audience. On the other hand, I know for certain that every kind of temptation was held out to him. He was offered the title of duke, a large sum of money to pay his debts, an increase of salary, a position at court for his wife, and in short every-

[1] M. Pasquier, who may be the unknown man of whom Mme. de Boigne speaks, gives a slightly different account. (*Mémoires*, Vol. VI., pp. 186 and 226.)

thing which could tempt the aristocratic and expensive tastes of his household, but he turned a deaf ear to these proposals.

It was not until M. de Chateaubriand had returned a number of refusals that M. de La Ferronnays was appointed Ambassador at Rome, and that the conversation with the King took place which I have already reported. I believe that M. de La Ferronnays shared the opinion of M. de Mouchy that the King would inevitably indulge his whim of having a Ministry to his own liking, with the object of discovering its impracticable nature by experiment. This whim cost him his crown.

The Duc de Laval, Ambassador at Vienna, was appointed to London in the place of M. de Polignac. He hastily crossed France; I remember that I came from Pontchartrain to see him at Paris. We could only meet in the courtyard of his mother's house; he came and sat in my carriage for an hour. Mme. Récamier, who was with us, has often reminded me that I had foretold all that has since happened. I do not pretend to any special powers of prophecy, but I was living with people who were free from the illusions which blinded the Duc de Laval and his party. Any French citizen who was sufficiently intimate with him not to fear offence would have spoken to him in the same terms. No catastrophe was ever more clearly announced than that which was engineered with such zealous care by the party which it was to crush. The extraordinary fact is that after the fall we who shouted warnings with all our strength were accused of driving the party over the precipice. Such is human justice. From this conversation a coolness began between the Duc deLaval and myself. The Ultra party is the least able to bear the truth.[1]

A marriage had been proposed between Princess Louise

[1] See in the Appendix at the end of the volume two letters from Adrien de Montmorency, Duc de Laval, to Mme. de Boigne.

d'Orléans and the Crown Prince of Naples.[1] The d'Orléans family were very anxious for the match. The Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berry shared their views, while the King did not seem to be opposed. However, at the Palais Royal, the Duc de Blacas, at that time Ambassador at Naples, was accused of showing a lack of zeal in the negotiations. The Neapolitan sovereigns[2] were personally conducting their daughter, Christina, Queen of Spain, to her husband, Ferdinand VII.,[3] and crossed the south of France upon their journey. The Duchesse de Berry went south to meet her father, and the d'Orléans family followed her example.

The King and Queen were anxious to conclude the match which we desired, but said that the Crown Prince declined. He did himself full justice, for he was not worthy of our charming princess. It was a heavy blow for the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was anxious to see her daughters married. She had recently been dangerously ill, and was now consumed by the fear that she might not see them settled before her death. Only personal experience can give any idea of the despair throughout the Palais Royal while the Duchesse was in danger. The husband, the sister, the children, the friends, servants, and footmen would not stir, and dared

[1] Ferdinand II. (1810–1859), King in 1830, married in 1832, Marie Christine, Princess of Savoy (1812–1836), and in 1837, Theresa, Arch-Duchess of Austria (1816–1867).

[2] Francis I. (1777–1830), King in 1825. Married as his second wife in 1802, Isabella the Infanta of Spain (1789–1848). He was the father of the Duchesse de Berry and brother of the Duchesse d'Orléans.

[3] Ferdinand VII. (1784–1833). He was King in 1808, was dethroned by Napoleon, and restored in 1814. He was married four times: in 1802 to Maria Antoinette Theresa, Princess of Naples (1784–1806); in 1816 to Maria Isabella Françoise, Princess of Portugal (1797–1818); in 1819 to Maria Josephine Amelia Beatrice, Princess of Saxony (1803–1829); in 1829 to Maria Christina Ferdinande, Princess of Naples and niece of his first wife (1806–1838). She was Queen Regent of Spain from 1833 to 1840, mother of Queen Isabella II. and of the Duchesse de Montpensier, and grandmother of the Comtesse de Paris.

hardly look at one another. The Duc d'Orléans, usually the most self-controlled of men, completely lost his head. He could not hide his grief even at his wife's bedside; yet every five minutes he would rush into the next room asking everybody the questions which he put to the doctors every moment, and which were calculated rather to confuse than to enlighten them. I have never seen any one more completely upset. The Duchesse d'Orléans, however, perceived the fact, and devoted herself to calming his mind. When she was convalescent she said to me:

"I earnestly prayed God to preserve me to my husband, but I also thank Him for the opportunity of seeing how beloved I was to him." She might have added "and how useful." She was certainly the guardian angel of the house of Orléans.

While our Princes were travelling in the south with their Neapolitan family, whose carriages and dress excited the astonishment even of our most uncivilised provincials, another traveller was providing employment for the hundred mouths of fame, or, to speak less metaphorically, for a hundred newspapers. M. de Lafayette had been to see his granddaughter, who was living at Vizille with her father-in-law, M. Augustin Périer.[1] Public opinion was so anxious to find some object upon which to vent its displeasure that this very natural visit became a political event. The veteran of the Revolution was fêted at Vizille, Grenoble, Valence, and Lyons—in fact, the whole of his return journey to Paris was one continual ovation. M. de Lafayette was not the man to shrink from these honours, even if the demonstration had been more proletarian than it was. It must be admitted that the Opposition at that moment was recruited

[1] Augustin Périer (1773–1833), son of Claude Périer, deputy in 1827 and 1830. He was raised to the peerage on May 16, 1832, on the death of his illustrious brother Casimir Périer.

from the most capable and honourable men of the country, and any opportunity of displaying the fact was eagerly seized.

A short time previously, the death of General Foy,[1] an eloquent member of the Opposition, had become the occasion of starting a subscription in support of his children, who had been left penniless. M. Casimir Périer[2] had been the first to put down his name, and within a week the million which was required had been collected. This success had given rise to proposals for another subscription intended to indemnify those people who refused to pay the taxation illegally demanded. A *coup d'état* was foreseen, though its nature was unknown, and preparations were made for resistance.

In justice it must be said that preparations for resistance were a provocation, and I do not propose to defend these demonstrations. They were wrong, and it is not permissible for any one to assume that a Government will ever pass legal limits, and to make the supposition an excuse for illegal conduct. If, however, such conduct is ever excusable, it was then. The past history of those who held the King's authority gave every reason to suspect their intentions, and the language of their known and recognised channels of information showed that they had changed in no respect. The members of the Congregation and the Ultras sang hymns of triumph everywhere. They were not, however, entirely agreed upon their future action. Soon the former won the day, and it was thought that M. de La Bourdonnaye

[1] Maximilien Sebastien Foy (1775–1825). Brigadier-general in 1809, general of division in 1810, inspector of the twelfth division of Nantes under the Restoration in 1814; commanded a division at Waterloo, and was deputy in 1819.

[2] Casimir Périer (1777–1832). An officer in the Italian army, and banker at Paris in 1801. He was a judge in the commercial court, governor of the Bank of France, and deputy in 1817. In 1830 he was President of the Chamber and a minister holding no portfolio. In 1831 he was President of the Council, and died of cholera in 1832.

was not sufficiently enthusiastic in support of the clerical party. He was himself horrified by the outrageous proposals which he heard, and the appointment of Jules de Polignac as President of the Council provided him with a pretext for requesting that permission to resign which the party were very ready to grant him.

Finally, to conclude the series of names hateful to the country, and to complete the exasperation of the nation, M. de Peyronnet took his place as Minister of the Interior.[1]

A lady who was very intimate with M. de La Bourdonnaye reproached him for resigning at so critical a moment in a fit of childish disgust at the title conferred upon Jules. He replied that this accusation was wholly erroneous, and that if the Council had pursued his policy he would have continued to serve under any President. "But you see," he added, "when you are playing for your life you must hold good cards."

This observation, which I know to have been made, confirms the revelations of M. Courvoisier. It shows how far the ordinances were premeditated, and how their probable result had been foreseen by all whom the wrath of God had not stricken with irremediable blindness. I feel bound to relate another fact which will illustrate the extent of the King's delusion: those who have not lived in our age will hardly believe the story, which is none the less scrupulously accurate.

M. de Bourmont, after fighting bravely in La Vendée, had made a private peace with the Emperor, had abandoned,

[1] This is not wholly accurate. The retirement of M. de La Bourdonnaye took place in the month of November, 1829. M. de Peyronnet took the portfolio of the Interior in May, 1830. The Cabinet was thus modified after the dissolution of the Chamber on May 16. M. de Chantelauze replaced M. Courvoisier in the Ministry of Justice; M. de Montbel passed to the Exchequer in place of M. de Chabrol, who resigned; and Baron Capelle, prefect of Versailles, entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Works, a portfolio created especially for him.

some say had betrayed, his comrades, and had taken service in the imperial army with somewhat suspicious alacrity. In 1814 he had been among the foremost to salute the white flag. In 1815 he had accompanied Marshal Ney to Dijon, had obtained the command of a brigade from the Emperor, deserted the evening before Waterloo, and had carried full information upon the plan of campaign and the disposition of the army to the enemy. During the famous trial of Marshal Ney, M. de Bourmont gave evidence against him before the Court of the Peers, and the Marshal in his turn accused him of helping to draw up the proclamation which he then denounced. All these statements, true or false,were generally admitted, and secured for M. de Bourmont the title of traitor, an honour which was undisputed and which the Press turned to advantage every morning.

One day in this year 1829, the King said to the assembled Council: "By the way, gentlemen, it is time that this outcry about Bourmont came to an end. No one knows better than myself how unjust it is, and I authorise you to state that in every action for which he has been reproached he was merely carrying out my secret orders and my express commands."

M. de Bourmont shuddered from head to foot, and every member present looked upon the ground when he heard this extraordinary defence. As for the King, he conscientiously believed that no action could be dishonourable when he had commanded it, and that his orders would justify any step. The instincts of Louis XIV. were still so strong that he felt no scorn even for people who would have lent themselves to any task. Obedience was the first duty.

On leaving the Council M. de La Bourdonnaye related this occurrence to a friend who told me of it the same day. In course of time it became known to every one who kept himself abreast of politics. M. de Bourmont probably induced the

King to abandon any further defence of the kind, for he made no more reference to the subject.

None the less, the General felt the difficulty of his position, and was anxious for an opportunity to rehabilitate himself in public opinion. He knew that he was a courageous man and thought himself a good soldier. A small war would have suited his views entirely, but he did not know where to begin one. He thought of Algiers, and threw out a suggestion which was rejected by the whole Council. Though he kept silence, however, he did not renounce his plan.

Towards the end of December, Marshal Marmont, whose pecuniary embarrassments had kept him in the country for several months, came to spend a few days at Paris. Bourmont spoke to him casually of his views upon Algiers, of the difficulties which he had encountered, and hinted that he had thought of Marmont as the commander of the expedition. The Marshal's warlike ardour was immediately inflamed: he already saw himself known as Marmont of Africa, and promised to overcome every obstacle. He went home, surrounded himself with books, maps, lists, returns, and documents of every kind, and when he had made himself an authority upon the subject, he proceeded to attack the King. He found the King inclined to give way, though not to adopt all his plans. M. de Polignac rejected them with his usual suavity. The Dauphin offered a vigorous opposition, and the Admiralty declared that the expedition was impossible unless preparations were made for at least a year. Any one else would have regarded the matter as hopeless, but the Marshal only pursued his object with the greater vigour. He secured the help of Admiral de Mackau.[1]

[1] Ange René Armand, Baron de Mackau (1788–1855), naval officer, deputy for Lorient in 1830. Vice-admiral in 1837, peer of France in 1840, Naval Minister from 1843 to 1847, admiral in 1847, and senator in 1852.

They set to work together, and produced a memoir showing that the impossibilities of the sea passage were not insurmountable and that the difficulties of land operations were non-existent. M. de Bourmont had raised objections to all operations by land in order not to frighten the Dauphin, but he was very ready to help in the task of proving that these difficulties could be surmounted.

The proposal seemed to be taking shape, and the Marshal, with his usual candour, secured a frank explanation with the Minister of War. He told him that if he wished to command the expedition himself, as he might very well do, he would abandon all claim to command, but would continue to do his best to secure the success of the enterprise; if, on the other hand, Bourmont did not wish to go, he begged for the responsibility of command. The minister loudly asserted that he had no intention of going, and that in any case he would be delighted to serve under the illustrious Marshal; he showed that the presence of the Minister of War was indispensable at the centre of business throughout the conduct of the expedition, and concluded by stating that though much glory was to be gained in Africa, his political duties would oblige him to sacrifice all hope of military fame to the business of his office. He then went over the names of all those rivals who might have disputed the Marshal's claim, and discovered so many objections in each case that the name of the ultimate commander-in-chief was obvious, provided that the objections of the Dauphin to the expedition could be overcome. The Marshal promised himself to spare no pains. Bourmont pretended to be dragged into the affair, and provided the Marshal with the strongest arguments. The latter was most grateful for this kindly attempt to bring him forward, related his good fortune every day, and was somewhat astonished at my incredulity.

I had heard that the Dauphin wearied of his importunity,

and had said when he saw him going out, "Work away. If you succeed, at any rate it will not be for your own advantage." The incident was told me in confidence, and I could not repeat it to the Marshal, but I attempted to arouse his misgivings upon the probable result of his efforts. At one time he would tell us that such and such a lady in attendance upon the Dauphine had asked him to take her son; at another time that a certain *aide-de-camp* of the King wished to serve under him, etc. Finally, his success seemed to him certain. The expedition had been decided, the staff appointed, and all that was wanting was the publication of the commander's name in the *Moniteur*, but this publication never took place.

I remember one Saturday evening saying to him, "Take care, Marshal, not to pledge yourself too deeply. You might easily be tricked by M. de Bourmont."

He accused me of prejudice against a man who had been deeply calumniated, but was at bottom thoroughly loyal, and quoted Bourmont's treatment of him as a proof. I smiled incredulously.

"Well, what should you say if I were appointed to-morrow and if the King announced the fact on leaving Mass?"

"I should say that I was delighted to find myself in the wrong; but I do not think it probable."

"Well, if I bring you the letters of command will you be more incredulous than St. Thomas?"

The King said nothing on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, which days passed without bringing the letter. M. de Bourmont continued to flatter the Marshal, but M. de Polignac, who was somewhat less treacherous, displayed some coldness. At length the Marshal resolved to find the Minister of War and point out to him that the success of the expedition now depended upon the nomination of its commander. The General agreed, and then stammeringly explained to the Marshal his deep regret that the Dauphin absolutely insisted

that he should himself take the supreme command; the Dauphin's consent could only be secured at that price. The Marshal saw how he had been mystified. M. de Bourmont had dexterously employed his zeal and his military knowledge to remove all the obstacles which opposed his wishes and to overcome the objections of the Dauphin without displeasing him. These objections were due, I think, to his jealousy lest the influence which he thought he possessed among the troops might be weakened. He recognised that he could not undertake a campaign upon the coast of Africa, and feared the success of another general; for, as I have said, the Dauphin was persuaded that he had great military talents.

Marshal Marmont had accepted the congratulations of the whole court and of the army. The promises which he had made now appeared ridiculous. He had ordered an outfit, and in short it was obvious to every one that he had been trapped, while the Dauphin was not sparing of his sarcasm. Any one who knew the character of the Duc de Raguse may easily understand his fury. He saw the dreams of glory upon which he had lived for several weeks now destroyed in the most outrageous manner, and he could not hide from himself that it was he who had secured the decision for the expedition, had removed all obstacles, smoothed away all difficulties, and induced all objectors if not to support the enterprise, at least not to oppose it.

His common sense had always prevented him from lending any active support to the policy of the Polignac Ministry, but after this adventure personal discontent was added to his other objections, and he did not hide his ill-feeling. His obligation to the King did not allow him to resign, but he only appeared at court when he was absolutely obliged by duty, and held entirely aloof from the ministers. Such was his situation when the events of the month of July obliged

him to sacrifice himself for principles which he detested and for people whom he did not like.

My knowledge of this affair made me pity him yet more deeply for the fate which pursued him. As women are apparently always enthusiastic when they take a work in hand, even women who believe themselves entirely disinclined to enthusiasm, I undertook the task of combating his destiny, and for many months, I might say years, I earnestly did my best to bring public opinion to a juster standpoint in its criticism of the Marshal. In this task I was helped by some sincere friends, and we should have been successful, but the Marshal himself, like all imaginative men, was too changeable a character to preserve for any length of time that austere and tenacious attitude which a calumniated individual should adopt.

I only knew him as an intimate social friend, but it was in a society where wit and intelligence were of the first importance. Of these he had a large share. He also possessed a great fund of geniality. I think I have referred to his candour which made him a most attractive character. But he was incapable of that consistency which can defeat calumny and prove its injustice by meeting it with the cold dignity which is the only defence of a strong character. I have been forced to admit that the Marshal himself was a greater obstacle to the success of my chivalrous enterprise than any one else. In any case, one must help one's friends as they wish to be helped; and so, while preserving a deep friendship for him, I resigned myself to see him squander the remainder of a life which I would gladly have rendered useful to the country. I now return to the events of 1830.

## CHAPTER XIX

New Year's Day, 1830—Charity ball at the Opéra—Royal session at the Louvre—The King drops his hat and the Duc d'Orléans picks it up—Will of the Duc de Bourbon—The African expedition—Observation by M. de Bourmont—The King and Admiral Duperré—Journey of the Dauphin to Toulon—MM. de Chantelauze and Capelle join the Ministry.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was notable for the speech of the nuncio to the King, in which he seemed to offer advice in furtherance of an Ultramontane policy, to which his Majesty's reply gave a ready response. This circumstance caused a revival of the rumours which had been in circulation to the effect that this nuncio, Lambruschini,[1] assisted by Cardinal de Latil, had, with the authorisation of the Pope, released Charles X. from the oath which he took upon his coronation. I cannot assert that such a ceremony took place, but well-informed people believed the fact.

That same New Year's Day the King's Court of Justice, led by its president, M. Séguier,[2] waited upon the wife of the Dauphin. The president was about to address the customary congratulations, when she cut him short, saying in a most haughty tone, "Pass on, gentlemen, pass on."[3]

[1] Louis Lambruschini (1776–1854). Member of the Society of St. Barnabas; Bishop of Sabina, Archbishop of Genoa, nuncio at Paris (1823), cardinal (1831), and Secretary of State (1836).

[2] Antoine Jean Mathieu, Baron Séguier (1768–1848). Substitute attorney-general in the Parliament of Paris; emigrated in 1791, re-entered the magistracy in 1800; First President of the Paris Court in 1810; he was supported by the Restoration, became councillor of state and peer of France in 1815, retaining his position under the July Monarchy.

[3] The *Journal des Debats* had published a celebrated and violent

These two events made a great sensation and gave rise to much gossip. So studied an affront to the magistracy of the country and so benevolent a reception of anti-national advice were two mistakes of serious import; however, the time had arrived when such errors followed in rapid succession.

The winter was extremely severe, and the population suffered proportionately; hence public charity attempted to relieve its miseries. The idea was then first conceived of giving a ball at the Opéra, with tickets at the price of one louis each, in order that luxury might thus be induced to help poverty. The ladies of the court and of the town took an equal part in this good work, which was entirely successful and brought in a very considerable sum. The inhabitants of the Tuileries had been among the first to contribute, but no one appeared in the box reserved for them. On the other hand, the box reserved for the Palais Royal was occupied by the whole family of the Duc d'Orléans. The Duc d'Orléans and his son went down and mixed with the dancers, while the Duc de Chartres took part in several dances. This condescension was highly approved, and contrasted strongly with the desertion of the royal box, which alone remained empty in the whole theatre. It was by such little attentions that the d'Orléans family secured that popularity which the other branch rejected even while they desired it.

Usually I am by no means curious to see those ceremonies to which the public throngs, but circumstances had made the

article against the Polignac Ministry which concluded with these words: "Coblentz, Waterloo, and 1815, these are the three principles of the Ministry. Should pressure be brought to bear upon this Ministry, it exudes humiliation, misfortune and dangers." The newspaper was prosecuted, and the editor responsible, M. Bertin, senior, was condemned to six months' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand francs. The Court of Paris had just reversed this sentence and acquitted the prisoner; hence the anger of the Princes against the magistrates.

opening of the session so important an event that I wished to be present at the royal sitting. This was held at the Louvre, and the details of the spectacle have remained in my memory.

The Duchesse de Duras, of whom I have so often spoken, had at length succumbed beneath an illness which had long earned her the title of an imaginary invalid and had entirely wearied the patience of her husband. He had just married as his second wife a kind of Swiss-Anglo-Portuguese woman, of whose origin I know nothing: she possessed a considerable fortune, which had been able to buy the title and the name of Duras. Some weeks after her marriage her behaviour had induced her husband to exclaim, "Ah! my dear, you cannot understand how pleasant it is for a husband to find himself more intelligent than his wife." It is certain that the first Mme. de Duras had given him no opportunity for this kind of enjoyment. It was by the side of this bride that I found myself upon the day when Charles X. made his last speech in public. I could not restrain a feeling of terror when he pronounced the threatening words, which I cannot precisely recall, asserting his intention to maintain his Ministry in spite of the Chambers.[1]

Mme. de Duras asked what was the matter with me.

"Alas! Madame, do you not hear the King declaring war upon the country? And yet it is not for the country that I fear."

[1] Royal session of March 2, 1830. These are the phrases to which Mme. de Boigne alludes: ". . . Peers of France and deputies of departments, I can rely upon your support to perform the good work which I wish to bring about; you will reject those treacherous insinuations which certain malcontents are industriously spreading. If the forces of intrigue should raise obstacles against my Government which I cannot now foresee, I shall find strength to surmount them in my resolution to preserve the public peace and in my just confidence in the French and in the love which they have always shown for their kings." (*Moniteur* of March 3, 1830.)

Five minutes afterwards, as we were about to go away, she said to me:

"You must have misunderstood. The Duc"—as she called her husband in her middle-class way—"told me this morning that he had read the King's speech; that it was excellent, would put an end to all difficulties, and silence all who cried out against the King."

"So much the better, Madame."

It is not on account of any personal importance attaching to these words that I relate this dialogue, but in order to show the state of feeling within the Tuileries. M. de Duras was at that moment on service as First Gentleman of the Chamber, and his wife lived in the palace with him. Confidence in that quarter was as complete as it was blind.

King Charles X. was entirely gracious in a drawing-room, and held his court in noble style, but at public functions he was absolutely undignified. His brother Louis XVIII., notwithstanding his strange bearing, succeeded much better upon these occasions. Charles X. had a shrill voice without resonance, did not pronounce his words clearly, and read his speeches clumsily. Upon these occasions his usual gracefulness abandoned him. Accidental circumstances also contributed to hamper him: as he was very short-sighted, his speeches were written out for him in a large hand, and hence it was necessary for him to be constantly turning pages, which did not add to his dignity. Upon that day, when he reached the threatening phrase he attempted to raise his head in a more imposing manner while he turned his page. During this gesture his hat fell off, and its diamond ornaments brought it heavily to the ground at the feet of the Duc d'Orléans. The latter picked it up, and held it until the end of the speech. The circumstance was remarked by many people.

In the evening I went to the Palais Royal, and myself

mentioned the incident of the hat. The Duchesse d'Orléans caught my arm.

"Oh, my dear, do be quiet. Can it have been noticed? The Dauphine has also observed it. I did not dare to look at her, but I am sure she was vexed. I hope that there will be no talk about it."

Mademoiselle added, "Let us only hope that the newspapers will not make the matter a subject of silly comment."

This little incident caused the more sensation at the Palais Royal, for the following reason: On January 6 of each year the Princes were accustomed to go to the King's house to draw pieces from the cake; upon that occasion the bean had fallen to the lot of the Duc d'Orléans, and the Dauphine had shown some ill-temper at the fact. Thus a kind of presentiment had been formed which was shared by the whole country. People who were very far from desiring the overthrow of the elder branch, when they saw the deplorable entanglement into which its members gaily plunged, could not help crying out, "Cannot these people see that they are paving the way to the throne for the d'Orléans?"

It is only fair to say that if the old prejudices of the Dauphine recurred from time to time, her conduct was constantly dictated by sincere friendship for the Duchesse d'Orléans. Of these feelings she had given a striking proof some time before.

The Duc de Bourbon continued the unfortunate and dissolute mode of existence which he pursued throughout his life. In his old age he had fallen under the influence of a creature whom he had brought back from England and had married to an officer of his household, who is said to have thought he was marrying the Prince's natural daughter and not his mistress. However this may be, Mme. de Feuchères[1] became sovereign mistress at Chantilly and at the

[1] Sophie Daw, Baronne de Feuchères (1795–1840). In 1822 her husband, who had thought that he was marrying the natural daughter of the

Palais Bourbon. She drove out the Comtesse de Reuilly, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon, and exerted the most despotic rule over all about her.

The immense fortune of the Prince was at her disposal. The nearest heirs were MM. de Rohan Guémenée, her cousins german, who took precedence of the d'Orléans family. There was a wish that the property of the house of Condé should be united upon the same heir while remaining in the house of Bourbon, and it was hoped that for this purpose the Duc de Bourbon would adopt one of the children of the Duc d'Orléans,[1] whose godfather he was, and give him his title and his fortune. The Palais Royal was most anxious to secure this result. Charles X. desired it, as also did the whole of the royal family, but the only possible means of success was through the influence of Mme. de Feuchères. Her command of the old Prince was absolute, and the first condition that she made was that she should be received at court.

In view of the well-known strictness of the Dauphine, this seemed to be an impossible concession. But as soon as the Duchesse d'Orléans had ventured a word upon this subject, she said:

"Certainly, cousin. I am sorry that there should be no other way of inducing the Duc de Bourbon to do justice and to perform an action as right for him as for you, but things being as they unfortunately are, there is no reason to hesitate, and I will undertake to speak to the King."

Mme. de Feuchères was presented, the Dauphine treated her kindly, and the will was signed. I can well believe that it suited the ideas of the Dauphine that Chantilly should remain in the hands of a Bourbon, and that the title of Condé

Duc de Bourbon, discovered her real position and separated from her. The scandal was such that the Baronne could not venture to reappear at court (1827).

[1] The Duc d'Aumale.

should be perpetuated in her family. It is, however, none the less true that in the case of this incident she displayed much kindness and affection towards the Orléans Princes.

The address from the Chamber was conceived in a spirit as little conciliatory as the speech from the throne. The King considered that he had been insulted, and prorogued the session, reasserting his invincible intention of carrying out his action. The deputies returned to their provinces to prepare for the new elections which seemed inevitable.

Justice must be done to the Government, and especially to the executive. So soon as the expedition to Algiers had been determined, preparations were carried on with such extraordinary zeal and activity that the expedition was ready in six weeks in place of the year which all had asserted would be necessary. The success of the enterprise proved that nothing was wanting. The strongest partisans of the Ultra party had set all their hopes upon this African campaign. General Bertier de Sauvigny said when he entered his carriage, "We are going upon a skirmishing expedition against the Dey, but the war proper will take place upon our return." There is no doubt that the leaders expected to bring back an army so devoted as to be ready to maintain absolutism.

It has been said that if M. de Bourmont had been in France he would have been able to stop the ordinances of July. I have no doubt that he would have preferred to see them better prepared and better supported, but I do not think he would have blamed them. I have in my mind an anecdote which allows me to hesitate but little on this subject.

Although he was no friend to the Polignac Ministry, M. de Glandevès, governor of the Tuileries, was on intimate terms with M. Bourmont. He found him at home on the evening of his departure.

"Are you not uneasy," he said, "to leave the country in

this situation, in view of what might take place during your absence?"

"Yes, I am uneasy because I have not sufficient confidence in the firmness of our Cabinet. There is no great cleverness, but little unity and still less goodwill. The fact is, my dear Glandevès, to start the machinery without shock or danger we need but use one little word of four letters, 'Dare.' This word sums up the only possible policy for the moment."

"I am very far from sharing your doctrine, and am much frightened by your profession of it," replied Glandevès.

M. de Bourmont replied only by a smile of confidence. I think this was the last time that M. de Glandevès ever saw him.

The command of the squadron had been offered to Admiral Roussin,[1] who refused it. His action was dictated by some slight repugnance to join his fortunes with those of Bourmont, and by this conviction that the preparations could not be finished in time to reach the coast before the stormy season.

Admiral Duperré[2] hesitated for a long time before consenting to undertake the responsibility of this enterprise. The information at the disposal of the Naval Ministry represented the undertaking as extremely hazardous, and past experience did not promise any successful result. The evening before his departure Admiral Duperré secured an audience of the King. He explained all the difficulties of disembarka-

[1] Albin Reine, Baron Roussin (1781–1854). Cadet in 1801, naval lieutenant in 1807, captain of a frigate in 1810, of a line-of-battle ship in 1814, rear admiral in 1822, peer of France in 1832, Ambassador at Constantinople 1832–1834, admiral 1840, Naval Minister.

[2] Victor Guy, Baron Duperré (1775–1846). Ensign in 1795, lieutenant in 1802, promoted to captain in 1808 for a brilliant exploit, Baron in 1810, rear-admiral in 1811, maritime prefect at Toulon during the Hundred Days, vice-admiral in 1823, admiral and peer of France in 1830; minister under the July Monarchy.

tion, the obstacles presented by this coast and by the sea in the way of communication between the ships and any portion of the army when set on shore, the possibility that many days might pass when communications would be utterly cut off, and when the troops disembarked would be deprived of munitions of war and their safety proportionately endangered. When he had enumerated all the anxieties of the enterprise, the Admiral concluded:

"Sire, in undertaking this perilous command I have obeyed your Majesty's orders, and shall use my best care and watchfulness, and will indeed do all that is humanly possible to ensure success. But here before the King I wish to testify that I cannot guarantee success, and I should not like to be considered as having advised an enterprise which seems to me extremely hazardous."

"Set your mind at rest, Admiral. You will do your best; and if success is not in accordance with our hopes, I shall not hold you responsible. In any case, we shall not abandon you, and as soon as you have embarked, Polignac and myself will have Masses said every day for your welfare."

Duperré was an old sea-dog who would have preferred a breeze from the right quarter to all the ceremonies of the Church of Rome. Too astonished by this proffer of help to speak, he bowed deeply, left the King's study, and proceeded to narrate this dialogue to the person from whom I have it.

Throughout this time my poor friend Rigny was eating his heart out in the solitude of the Mediterranean. He has since agreed with me that the Algerian expedition had made him deeply regret for some weeks the political honesty which had induced him to refuse the Naval Minister's portfolio, the more so as he had seen that the Minister of War found his portfolio no obstacle to assuming the command of the army. Rigny was the youngest and most adventurous of our admirals. To undeniable personal ambition he united a passion for

the glory of his country, which further urged him to more brilliant enterprises. I have often heard him say that he would not die in peace until he had seen the French flag flying at Mahon and at Porto Ferrajo. Unfortunately, it does not float above either of these places, and the mistake of a doctor brought Admiral de Rigny to his grave before he had reached his fiftieth year.

The Dauphin went to Toulon to be present at the departure of the army. He was most certainly vexed by "the grandeur which confines him to the shore," showed his feelings by redoubled discourtesy and surliness. He remained but a very short time at Toulon, and his unpopularity was general.

His journey was undertaken, moreover, with another object, this being the conquest of M. de Chantelauze,[1] and the Prince started for Grenoble to accomplish this great work. I cannot say why he had been inspired by so much confidence in this M. de Chantelauze, a man entirely unknown to the public; he had already refused the portfolio of the Judicature, and the Dauphin now succeeded in securing his acceptance. The King consented at that time to receive the resignation which M. de Courvoisier had been trying to give for some time, but which he insisted upon tendering when the dissolution of the Chamber had been settled. Three days after a decree to that effect had appeared the Cabinet was partially reconstituted. M. de Courvoisier and M. de Chabrol, the most moderate members of the Council, were replaced by M. de Chantelauze, who was not too well known, as recently M. de La Bourdonnaye had been replaced by M. de Peyronnet, whose reputation was notorious. If the King had sought throughout the whole of France to find the

[1] Jean Claude Balthazar Victor de Chantelauze (1787–1859). Attorney-general at Douai, first president at Grenoble in 1829, minister in 1830; signed the July ordinances, and was condemned to perpetual confinement in 1831, but was pardoned in 1837.

man and the name which could do the greatest injury to the Crown, he could have made no better choice than M. de Peyronnet. The hostility, however, between the King and the country had risen to such a pitch that the chiefest enemies of the one became the favourites of the other.

When relations are so far strained, it only remains to arrange the day of battle. The day unfortunately arrived only too soon, for it was inevitable. In my opinion the Throne at this time was chiefly to blame, although during the Ministry of Martignac the Chambers and the country were also in fault. All have been punished according to their deserts, and those to whom the throne has fallen are possibly to blame for allowing ambitious hopes to grow around them unchecked. A place in the Ministry was given to a M. Capelle,[1] who was notorious for his intriguing tendencies. He had been guardian to Princesse Elisa, otherwise known as Mme. Bacciochi,[2] when she was reigning in Tuscany, and from the time of the Restoration he had been involved in all the underhand dealings of the Pavillon de Marsan. Monsieur had used him as an electioneering agent for the Ultra party; he was supposed to have a certain aptitude for this kind of business, and was therefore called forward at a moment when the elections were a highly important event. But his intriguing powers proved useless. The country had been too deeply outraged and irritated and too wantonly exasperated. When

[1] Guillaume Antoine Benoit, Baron Capelle (1775–1843), prefect of Livorno in 1808, of the canton of Geneva in 1810, of Ain on June 10, 1814, and of Doubs in 1815. He was councillor of state in 1816, general secretary to the Ministry of the Interior in 1822, prefect of Versailles in 1828, Minister of Public Works in May, 1830. He signed the ordinances of July, was condemned for contumacy when the ministers were tried, and was pardoned.

[2] Elisa Bonaparte (1770–1820), educated at Saint Cyr (1784–1792), married in 1797 Félix Bacciochi, a Corsican officer. She was Princess of Lucca and of Piombino in 1805, Grand Duchess of Tuscany in 1809, and lived in Italy after the fall of the Empire.

the deputies had voted an address conceived in a hostile spirit to the Polignac Ministry, they had only to present themselves to the electors to be appointed by acclamation. I am persuaded that neither electors nor deputies had any thoughts of overthrowing the throne, but they had strong designs upon the Ministry.

## CHAPTER XX

Abolition of the Salic law in Spain—Impression of the Dauphine—The court of Naples at Paris—Ball given by the Duchesse de Berry—Ball at the Palais Royal—Illness of General de Boigne—His death—Conflagrations in Normandy—Insurrection at Montauban—Departure of the Neapolitan sovereigns—Moderation of the Dauphine—Capture of Algiers—The July ordinances—The secret kept—Short-sightedness and incapacity of M. de Polignac.

THE marriage of the King of Spain with Princesse Christina of Naples was promptly followed by that declaration known as the repeal of the Pragmatic Sanction: women were thereby enabled to inherit the crown.[1] This measure made a great impression upon our court, and especially upon the Palais Royal.

The Duchesse d'Orléans spoke to me upon the subject with much bitterness, and felt wounded, both as a Neapolitan and as a Frenchwoman. I remember that she told me that this measure was hostile to the other branches of the house of

[1] Royal decree of March 29, 1830, abolishing the Pragmatic Sanction of 1713, which had introduced the Salic law into Spain. Women were thus declared capable of inheriting. The Infanta, who became Queen Isabella II. upon her father's death, was born on the following October 11th. The measure was a return to old Spanish custom. The Duc d'Anjou, Philip V., descended from the Bourbons of Spain, Naples, Parma, etc., had in fact derived his right to the throne of Spain from his grandmother, Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and from Elisabeth of France, daughter of Henry IV. The Infanta Maria Theresa had signed a renunciation of her rights when she married Louis XVI., but this had become null and void, as her dowry had not been paid. The Salic law originated with the Salian Franks, and deprived women of the possession of landed property. It did not exist in Spain, but had been introduced by Philip V. in opposition to the old

Bourbon, had been regarded as a personal insult by her brother, the King of Naples, and had decided him to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours. This circumstance has always made me suspect the part played by Queen Christina in inducing the first decision of King Ferdinand. The measure, as every one knows, had been already prepared under Charles IV. However this may be, the Duchesse d'Orléans told me that the news had been discussed the previous evening at the house of the Dauphine. The King, the Dauphin, the Duchesse de Berry, and all the d'Orléans family had pronounced against this decision. The Dauphine alone had said:

"Yes, I believe that it is a bad measure, which will displease both the Government and the family; personally, however, I think that the King of Spain is right, and that his action is perfectly reasonable."

The Dauphine would have been very ready to see women permitted to inherit thrones, including that of France. However, I am bound to say that she rejected with scorn and ridicule proposals offered by some obscure intriguers to induce her to claim the throne of Navarre. I seem to remember, though I cannot positively affirm, that M. de Chateaubriand had adopted this idea temporarily, hoping

national right which had permitted him to succeed legitimately to the throne.

In France the Salic law had fallen into disuse for centuries, from the time when the crown passed to Philip V., the Long, in 1316, after the death of Louis X., the Stubborn. On February 2, 1317, the States-General declared that the law and custom of the country excluded women from the succession. Jeanne, the daughter of Louis the Stubborn, only retained the throne of Navarre. Hence it seems difficult to appeal in support of the Salic law to the particular statute of the House of Bourbon, at any rate in its original form. It was only introduced on the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France, and only as a French law.

The actual protestations against the decree of Ferdinand VII. of which Mme. de Boigne speaks thus, had little real foundation.

in this way to please the Duchesse d'Angoulême. I give her that title, as the incident occurred during the reign of Louis XVIII.

The arrival of the court of Naples was the signal for festivities. The Duchesse de Berry seemed delighted to have her family in her own house, and I have never seen her to better advantage than under these circumstances. Her father, the King, seemed to have been brought to a premature dotage by the inroads of disease, and went out as little as possible, preferring the calmer atmosphere within the residence of his sister, the Duchesse d'Orléans.

The Queen of Naples,[1] however, who was fat, plump, radiant, and ready to be amused in every possible way, availed herself of the good offices of the Duchesse de Berry to go round the whole of Paris and visit all the sights. Thus our two French princesses were able to share in the reception given to their relatives. There were festivities at court, and for the first time we saw the d'Orléans family appear in the royal box. The evening before the performance the King had expressed some slight regret that the box was not sufficiently large to contain them as well as their near relatives, the visitors. M. de Glandevès, governor of the Tuileries, happened to hear these words, made his carpenters work all night, and reported to the King the next day that there was room in the box for the d'Orléans Princes. The King remained astonished for a moment, and then gave way with good grace. The delight of the Palais Royal was infinite, and their gratitude to M. de Glandevès was so sincere that I have constantly found manifestations of it, even after the events of July had entirely changed the situation.

The Duchesse de Berry gave a magnificent ball in her

[1] Isabella, Infanta of Spain, second wife of Francis I., stepmother of the Duchesse de Berry, who was born of the first marriage with the Archduchess Clementina.

rooms and in those of her children at the Tuileries. I have never seen an entertainment better organised. The arrangement of the apartments necessitated the use of two stories, but the staircase, which was not that by which arrivals were admitted, had been beautifully decorated; the landings had been transformed into comfortable drawing-rooms, and the few steps which separated them were so hidden by hangings and flowers that the staircase was as crowded as any other room, and seemed to form an integral portion of the apartments. Notwithstanding the exquisite elegance of this ball where a brilliant company was gathered in large numbers without any confusion, notwithstanding also the excellent arrangements and the satisfaction of the mistress of the house, gaiety was checked by an instinctive apprehension which weighed upon every mind.

The ball was followed by a most magnificent journey to Rosny. I heard many stories of its splendour, but as I was not myself present, I shall say nothing of it. I wish I could also pass over in silence the entertainment given at the Palais Royal upon the return from Rosny, for my recollections of this festival are by no means agreeable. As King Charles X. had consented to accompany the King of Naples to the ball, it seemed only natural that the entertainment should be given in their honour, but the result was very different.

When I reached the Palais Royal the neighbouring streets were thronged with people. Carriages advanced with much difficulty and amid the curses of the crowd. My coachman was obliged to turn down ten different streets to make his way to the door. When at length he reached the little door in the Rue de Lycée, the police, orderlies, etc., were obliged to make a kind of sortie and join hands with my attendants to deliver me from the crowd and secure my entrance to the palace. Within, the throng was little less overpowering. Any one who had cared to ask for tickets had received them,

and it was with the utmost trouble that the *aides-de-camp* of the Prince, in conjunction with those of the King and the officers of the Life Guards, were able to keep a space of a few feet around the royal party. For a long time it was impossible for their Majesties to pass from room to room. I was driven by the crowd into the reserved space, where I had no intention of venturing, and nearly thrown into the arms of the Prince of Salerno.[1] The Duc de Blacas, who was on duty, and with whom my relations were not too cordial, had pity on me and took me under his protection while one of the waves of this multitude passed by.

I then had an opportunity to examine the bearing of the Princes. The King seemed to be in a good temper, the Neapolitans were astonished; the Dauphine seemed displeased, as I could understand. The Duchesse d'Orléans was vexed, Mademoiselle was embarrassed, while the Duc d'Orléans seemed satisfied. This satisfaction was displeasing to me, I cannot precisely say why, but I felt afraid and vexed and anxious to go away. I returned home at ten o'clock, and my mother feared that some accident had happened when she saw me arrive so early. I told her that I was too fond of the d'Orléans family to be pleased with the entertainment, and that for the first time I could not help suspecting some ulterior projects on the part of the Duc d'Orléans.

His rooms had been thronged to suffocation by every one most displeasing to the King at a moment when he was supposed to be giving an entertainment in the King's honour. Then all the gardens were illuminated and thrown open to the multitude at a time when the unpopularity of the crown was well known to every one. He was continually appearing on the terrace in order that the multitude might shout,

[1] Leopold, Prince of Salerno, brother of the King of Naples (1790–1851), married Maria Clementina (1798–1881), daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

"Long live the Duc d'Orléans!" These proceedings went beyond mere popularity hunting, and wounded me the more as they were entirely inopportune. It would have been quite natural for the Duc d'Orléans when receiving the Kings of France and Naples to pay special attention to his royal guests. There was thus a kind of political preoccupation manifested by this transformation of an entertainment for kings to an entertainment for the people, and I was hurt by his attitude.

In any case, his action bore its fruit. That night may be considered as the first rising of the year 1830, so fertile in rising. The crowd admitted to the gardens and the galleries without supervision eventually became excited by the exhortations of certain agitators, and grew so turbulent that it was necessary to drive it out by armed force. Must we hence conclude, as I asserted in my ill temper, that the Duc d'Orléans entertained ulterior projects? The answer may be both negative and positive. I am persuaded that there was no actual plan of conspiracy, but he was nursing what he called "his popularity," and he was always anxious to secure "a dish for himself," to use the expression of the poor Duc de Berry.

The day following this ball a letter from Chambéry informed me that M. de Boigne had been ill and was growing worse, and that his doctors were anxious. I knew him too well to venture to pay him a visit without his permission. I wrote to him at once in such a way as not to alarm him, asking that I might go and see him. He sent a reply stating that he had been very ill, and was too weak to write himself, but that he was now better; that as soon as he could bear the journey he would go and take the waters in the Tarentaise, as his doctors advised, and begged me to delay my visit until his return about the end of July. Reassured by this letter and by others, but not desiring to go out into society, I

settled in the country at the beginning of June. I then learnt that M. de Boigne, who was said to be convalescent, had succumbed on the 21st to a fresh attack of a disease under which he had suffered for many years. This final attack had lasted only a few hours, and I was assured that there had been no time to send me warning. None the less, I regretted that I had not insisted more earnestly upon a visit to Chambéry in the month of May, in spite of the patient's objection.

For some months a series of incidents had taken place which were very remarkable and have never been explained. Our northern provinces were devastated by outbreaks of fire. The number of these outbreaks was such as to preclude any possibility of accident, apart from the fact that design could be proved in the majority of cases. Those districts were terror-stricken, and the peasants saw incendiaries everywhere. The scourge increased and approached the outskirts of Paris. Poor shepherds and young girls were accused and convicted of the crime of arson. It was obvious that they had been misled and imposed upon, but no one was ever able to discover by whom. Political parties reproached one another for using this culpable trick as a means of exciting popular feeling, but with what object I could never understand. The only point of certainty in the whole affair is that the facts were true and have never been explained.

The elections for a new Chamber took place, with results more and more hostile to the Ministry. The two hundred and twenty-one members who had voted for the address[1] were all re-elected by acclamation, and in the other colleges the

[1] The address of March 15, in reply to the speech from the throne. Speaking of the harmony that should subsist between the political views of the Government and the wishes of the people, the address contained the famous phrase, "Sire, our loyalty and our devotion condemn us to tell you that this harmony does not exist." (*Moniteur* of March 19, 1830.)

retiring deputies were for the most part replaced by Liberals. The Cabinet began to grow uneasy, and anxiously awaited the successive nominations, news of which came in by courier or telegraph. When an election, which seemed to be favourable, was heard of in the course of a day, the King usually took the name of the town for his password, adding to it an epithet of satisfaction.

The college of Montauban elected M. de Preissac,[1] who had voted for the famous address. But the town mob, at the instigation of some members of the Ultra party, attacked the electors, pursued M. de Preissac, broke into his house, insulted his old mother, wounded those who attempted to defend her, while M. de Preissac owed his safety only to flight and to the firmness of the Duc de la Force,[2] who protected his retreat.

Everybody was very furious at this brutal violation of constitutional right. Charles X. conceived the idea of taking the name of Montauban as the password, and ventured upon a smile of satisfaction at his choice. The Duc de Raguse drew himself up with so affronted an air that the King became red and stammered:

"Mont—Mont—Montpellier."

"Yes, Sire, I understand; Montpellier," replied the Duc.

Nothing further passed, but the two men understood one another, and their displeasure was mutual. The Duc de Raguse related this incident to me the same evening. It seems to me that little touches of this kind often reveal men much better than long and detailed accounts of their actions.

[1] Comte de Preissac, formerly prefect of Gers, deputy for Montauban.

[2] Louis Joseph Nomper de Caumont, Duc de la Force (1768–1838), went into exile with the army of the Prince, returned in 1809, and took part in the Russian campaign. He became general, member of the legislative body in 1811, and peer of France at the Restoration. He was military commander at Montauban.

As the results of the elections became known the rumours of a proposed *coup d'état* increased in strength. The Duc d'Orléans had had a long conversation with Charles X. upon this subject at Rosny, and the King assured him with such apparent frankness that nothing would induce him to take any unconstitutional measure that the deception was complete. Notwithstanding all the weapons which were prepared for legal resistance to a Minister who was detested by the country, and notwithstanding all the possible trouble that might arise, the Duc d'Orléans was persuaded both then and afterwards, as I know from his own lips, that the Crown itself was in no danger as long as it abided by the letter of the Charter. The Charter, the whole Charter, and nothing but the Charter: such was the desire of the country, as expressed by himself.

The lengthy stay of the Neapolitan sovereigns, who were established in the palace of the Elysée, began to weary the King, who wished to leave Paris for Saint Cloud. The Dauphine undertook to ask them upon what day they would start home, under pretext of fixing the day when she could start to take the waters. The sovereigns were deeply wounded by this mode of dismissal, and named an early date. The Dauphine had one excuse for this apparent inhospitality. Her journey had been announced, and she could not have abandoned it without difficulty; at the same time, she wished to return before the meeting of the Chambers could give the signal for those extreme measures against which she fought perseveringly though alone. It is strange, and yet entirely accurate, to say that she and her husband had exactly changed parts. The more he followed the violent exaggerations of the Ultra party, the more moderate and temperate did she become. I was not sufficiently initiated into the secrets of their households to learn the reasons for this change of conduct, but it is very certain that at this time the Dauphin

was in favour of extreme measures, while his wife was opposed to anything of the kind. She had no confidence in the Polignac Ministry, upon which all her husband's hopes seemed to be set. The Princess went away with the King's promise that no important decision should be taken in her absence. The ordinances of July have proved how this promise was kept.

Private business had brought me to Paris one morning, and I happened to be in the street at the moment when a salvo of cannon announced the capture of Algiers. A loud cry of joy ran throughout the town, and I was much struck by the general enthusiasm. I had heard those triumphal cannons fired many times before, with little effect so far as the citizens were concerned, upon occasions of far greater importance under the Empire, and was therefore much astonished at the personal interest taken by every one in this success. Every door or shop was full of the inhabitants of the household, and the passers-by stopped people whom they did not know to express their satisfaction. It may have been that long disuse of this kind of announcement now made it the more precious; or possibly the fatigue of the long wars of the Revolution and the Empire, and the sacrifices which they had exacted from almost every family, had made it impossible to strike the note of national pride so directly. Yet in my opinion I think that the popular delight at the entry into Algiers was keener than it had been over the entry into Vienna or Berlin. I am but giving my own impressions, and do not guarantee their exactitude.

The King wished to return thanks to God for the success of his armies, and a solemn Te Deum was sung at Notre Dame. Charles X. arrived in all the pomp of royalty, and was received with highest ceremony by the Archbishop of Paris. His sermon which was faithfully reproduced in the *Moniteur*, promised the King the support of the Holy Virgin

in the crusade which he urged him to undertake against the infidels of the interior as well as against those of Africa.[1] This appeal from the ecclesiastical or Ultra party was heard far and wide, and finally exasperated men's minds. The words of the prelate must be added to those circumstances which more immediately contributed to provoke resistance to the Government of Charles X.

This success at Algiers and the hope of turning the general satisfaction to account, possibly also a desire to profit by the absence of the Dauphine, who was announcing her return,[2] decided the Council to sign the historical ordinances[3] which the King's secret advisers had long claimed, and which Charles X. desired with all his persevering obstinacy. Of him, indeed, it might be said with perfect truth, "He has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing."

I have been told that at the last Council, which was held on Sunday, these fatal papers were upon the table: their purport had been discussed and settled the preceding Wednesday. At the moment of signing them, however, all hands seemed to be paralysed. The King's name had been placed beneath them, and in impatience at the general hesitation he left the room. Thereupon M. de Polignac, whose heart was invariably in advance of his intellect, took the pen and

[1] This is the passage in question: "Thus the Almighty aids the most Christian King who asks his help. His hand is with you, Sire. May your great soul increase in confidence; your confidence in the Divine help and in the protection of Mary the Mother of God will not be vain. May your Majesty speedily receive a fresh reward! May your Majesty speedily return once more to thank the Lord for other marvels no less sweet and splendid!" (*Moniteur*, July 12, 1830.)

[2] The Princesse had gone to Vichy.

[3] Ordinances of July 25, 1830. They were four in number: (1) The suppression of the liberty of the Press except where authorisation had been secured; (2) the dissolution of the Chamber which had not yet met; (3) a new electoral law providing election in two stages and modifying the right of amendment; (4) convocation of the electoral colleges for September 6 and 18, and of the Chambers for September 28.

wrote the name of Polignac beneath that of Charles. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "the signature of the King is legalised and yours is no longer necessary; you may sign if you like, but for myself I do not fear the responsibility of my actions." All hastened to sign forthwith.

Notwithstanding the secrecy which surrounded this deplorable decision, enough was known to provoke serious anxiety. At the same time, those in charge of public affairs were so indifferent that the indiscretions of the Ultras and of the King's friends did not attract sufficient attention. Yet several priests had spoken, even in the pulpit, of the approaching humiliation of the impious. The Jesuits showed themselves more exultant than ever, while the council of the King's conscience did not hide its satisfaction, and M. Rubichon had revealed to M. Greffulhe the actual text of the ordinances, but had been unable to persuade him of their reality. The proceeding appeared so extravagant that no one would believe it, the more so as nothing showed that any measures had been taken to support the proposed revolution in the government of the country.

M. de Rothschild,[1] a state banker, who believed that he was in the confidence of the Government, went to M. de Peyronnet to ask what he was to think of the rumours in circulation. The minister expressed his astonishment that so sensible a man could attach the least importance to them; they could only have been spread by ill-intentioned persons, according to him. "Moreover," he added, "if you wish for material proof of their falsity, look here," and he pointed to his desk, which was covered with letters he was signing to

[1] Baron James de Rothschild (1792–1868), son of Baron Mayer Anselm de Rothschild, banker, of Frankfort-on-Maine (1743–1812); founded the celebrated firm at Paris while his brothers were beginning business in Vienna, London, and Naples. He was consul-general for Austria at Paris.

summon the deputies to the opening of the session. Most of these letters were in fact sent off by that day's post. M. de Peyronnet left M. de Rothschild and went to Saint Cloud, where the ordinances were signed, while M. de Rothschild went into the country to dine with Mme. Thuret, where the whole of the diplomatic body had been invited.

His visit to the Minister of the Interior and the letters he had seen upon the desk were the one topic of conversation at that dinner, and reassured the minds of the guests. Some of the guests stopped at my house as they went home, and told me what they had heard. The *Moniteur* of the next morning contained the ordinances. M. de Rothschild was not the only man deceived. M. de Champagny, Under-Secretary of State to the War Office, who was directing the Ministry in the absence of M. de Bourmont, was in the country: he did not receive the *Moniteur* until Tuesday evening, and could not reach Paris before Wednesday. Thus the Dauphin said, rubbing his hands:

"The secret has been so well kept that Champagny will only learn it from the *Moniteur*." The Duc de Raguse, who was secretly regarded as the man to support these unsupportable measures, had been kept in the same state of ignorance.

M. de Polignac had surpassed himself by reason of the utter incapacity which he had displayed throughout this incident. Almost all the chiefs of the Royal Guard were away upon leave, and the military authorities were out of Paris. Three of the regiments of the Guard had been sent to Normandy to deal with the disturbances occasioned by the outbreaks of fire of which I have spoken. In one word, foresight or preparation there was none, and the Government plunged into these rash measures carelessly and without precaution. The fact is that their narrow minds were unable to see beyond the limits of their own partisanship: neither

the King nor his Ministry had any idea of possible obstacles, and had taken no measures to arm themselves for a struggle which they did not consider likely.

Such is the explanation of their conduct, and possibly its excuse. They thought that they could guarantee the passing of measures adapted to the moral interests of France, and flattered themselves that they would be supported in this pious enterprise by so large a part of the country that the handful of opponents would not venture to display any resentment. Unfortunately, they discovered that the whole nation was opposed to them. I say the whole nation, for at the outset no single voice, not even among those who accompanied Charles X. to Cherbourg, ventured to justify the steps which had plunged him into this abyss. Never was sovereign overthrown by greater unanimity of popular feeling.

## CHAPTER XXI

Note written in 1837—March, 1814, and July, 1830—The *Moniteur* at Saint Cloud—The Duchesse de Berry—The Duc de Raguse learns of the *coup d'état*—His opinion—Appearance of the streets—Count Apponyi and General Pozzo with M. de Polignac—Differences of their opinions—The first popular rising—Strange attitude of M. de Polignac—Agitation in the town—The workmen.

THE following pages were written in July, 1832, at an earlier date than the preceding chapters, and at a time when I had no idea of beginning this work for my own distraction. When I had continued my narrative to the outset of the Revolution of 1830, I proposed to read through these pages and to compress them into a final chapter. But after reflection I have decided to leave them unchanged.

I am well aware of their defects, and if I have not sufficient cleverness to remove their faults, I have sufficient intelligence to perceive them. The style is slipshod, and the narrative lacks proportion. Probably, however, I could never correct faults which are due to my ignorance of the art of writing; and I should also be afraid of depriving this narrative of one merit which it possesses, if merit be not too ambitious a word, and which is obvious at any rate to myself. This merit consists in the fact that I have gone back to events, and have so vividly recalled my impressions of the moment as almost to have lived again through the days of July, with their fears and anxieties, with their hopes and their illusions. A narrative of such great events must, I think, be marked in the first place by sincerity, and often the trivial detail helps to give

that stamp of truth which I seem to find in my story. If I attempted to prune away what now seems useless, I could not be sure of not removing precisely those touches which give actuality and truth. In any case, the events described are too important in themselves to require anything more than a faithful historian.

On the other hand, if I remodelled these pages there would also be a danger that I might no longer represent the days of July as they appeared to my observation. At the present time we are feeling the difficulties which necessarily arise from a revolution directed against the whole organisation of society. We are deafened by the hissing of the serpent which the movement has brought forth; I should be tempted to look beneath the pavements of Paris, and to examine the filth in which these monsters were born, in which case I should no longer be the careful chronicler of the impressions of the moment. Throughout my narrative I have been careful to avoid any presentation of events as judged in the light of after history, and have always endeavoured to show them from the point of view from which they were regarded at the time of their occurrence. This impartiality I wish to preserve in the case of the July Monarchy.

Now my task comes to an end. Hitherto I have related such events as I have seen from the stalls, but from 1830 onwards I have been behind the scenes, and the intricacy of the threads which have been moved before my eyes would make it difficult for me to choose between them, and still more difficult for me to preserve that impartiality at which I aim. Sincerity would upon occasion become revelation. We may relate what we have seen or guessed or even what we have been told, but never what we have been told in secrecy. I therefore propose to conclude my work with July, 1830. Possibly the habit of scribbling which I have

now contracted may induce me to draw up some notes upon particular events, though such is not my intention at this moment. (March, 1837.)

In the memorable days of July, 1830, I played no special part and was swayed by no special feelings. I shall only relate what I have seen for myself or learnt by my own observation, and therefore think that I can be entirely impartial.

I have sometimes regretted that I never wrote down the events of the month of March, 1814.[1] At that time, as in 1830, I enjoyed a close view of events by reason of my intimacy with several of the actors in these great dramas. However, in 1814, either because I was younger or by reason of the opinions amid which I had been brought up, I was more strongly influenced by enthusiasm and by party spirit than in 1830, while my position brought me into contact only with the victorious party. In 1830, on the other hand, I stood midway between the two parties, inclined to the one side by my position, to the other by my reasoning, and to both by sympathy.

In these events I was greatly struck by one point: during the first three days in 1814 and in 1830, good feeling, loyalty, disinterestedness, and patriotism were predominant. But from the fourth day onwards evil passions, ambition and personal interest became paramount, and were able in twenty-four hours to taint all those influences which previously had appealed to the loftiest hearts. The selfishness of certain individuals poisoned the generosity of the masses, and here we have the sole point of resemblance between these two catastrophes. Neither the actors nor the scenes nor the

[1] It should be pointed out that when these lines were written in July, 1832, Mme. de Boigne had not yet conceived the project of writing her memoirs, which were not begun until three years later, in 1835.

results during the rapid fall of two suicidal Governments have any resemblance. (July, 1832.)

On Monday, July 26, 1830, I was the only member of my family at Paris, and was busy arranging rooms in the Rue d'Anjou. I was speaking to the workmen early in the morning, when I was informed that the Duc de Raguse was in my study. I had never met him in the morning before, but as he was living at Saint Cloud, his visit did not astonish me.

"Well," he said, "this is a nice business."

I thought he was jesting upon the complaints which he might have heard me address to my workmen. I replied with a smile, and we exchanged several phrases at cross purposes.

Soon, however, I recognised my mistake. His face was greatly changed, and he began to speak of those insane ordinances. He told me how the news had come to him at ten o'clock by one of his *aides-de-camp* who had met an officer from Paris who was expressing extravagant joy in the court of Saint Cloud. Astonished but incredulous, the Marshal sent to the staff for the *Moniteur*, which had not been received. He then sent to the chief butler, but he did not possess a copy either. Finally he had written to the Duc de Duras to ask for his copy. I have seen the answer, which stated that only one copy of the *Moniteur* had reached Saint Cloud; that the King had received it, and had sent it unopened to the Duchesse de Berry. The Marshal had then learnt that the Princess had taken this fatal *Moniteur* to the King when he was getting into his carriage, had almost fallen upon her knees to him, and had kissed his hand, saying:

"At length you are truly King! My son will owe his crown to you, and his mother thanks you."

The King had embraced her tenderly, had put the news-

paper in his pocket, and gone away to Rambouillet without saying a word to any one.

At Saint Cloud the only knowledge of events was gained from people who came out from Paris. The Marshal in extreme anxiety had gone to his house in the Rue de Surène, had sent to borrow the *Moniteur* from M. de Fagel,[1] his neighbour, the Dutch Minister, and had come on to my house as soon as he had finished reading it. I give these details in full because it is curious to see with what carelessness the rulers withheld information from the man who was secretly intended to bear the brunt of the *coup-d'état*.

After giving these details, he added: "They are ruined; they know nothing of the country or the age. They live outside of the world and of the country. Wherever they go they carry their own atmosphere about with them, and all attempts to enlighten them are hopeless. We are at the end of our resources."

"But you are ruined also, my dear Marshal; you will be dreadfully compromised by all this. It will destroy your only explanation of the events of 1814. You understand, as you say, that you were obliged to sacrifice yourself in order to obtain liberal institutions for the country. Where are those institutions now?"

The Marshal sighed deeply. "Doubtless my position is unpleasant," he replied; "but while I am sorry for what has happened, and especially regret the calamities which are about to fall upon us, in view of the good that might so easily have been done, I am personally much calmer after reading the *Moniteur*. I do not propose to take any part except so far as my military position may oblige me. Resistance, however, will be entirely constitutional and moral: they will refuse to pay the taxes, and the Government will collapse

[1] General Baron Fagel (1772–1856), Minister of the Low Countries at Paris.

if the Ministry is not driven out, for which latter event I dare not hope. Supposing, however, that open resistance should require the interference of the troops, this event could only take place at the time of the elections, which are appointed for September 3, while my period on duty finishes on August 31. The next day I shall have gone twenty stages on the road to Italy, and shall remain in that country for the whole of the winter at least. I do not wish to find myself a second time in a position where there is a conflict of duty. You need not therefore feel any special anxiety for myself; all our anxiety should be devoted to current events."

We continued our lamentations, our fears, and our apprehensions, foreseeing disaster to the country, but our prophecies were certainly far removed from reality. He left me promising to come and spend the following Saturday at my country house. I did not see him again! At that moment I thought that he ought not to have gone back to Saint Cloud; I thought that he might have written a noble letter recalling the events of 1814. His position, however, was not sufficiently independent for me to venture upon giving him this advice, even assuming that my intimacy with him had been as close as absence and misfortune have since made it. Moreover, acts of that kind must be spontaneous if they are to be effective.

I went out as usual, and was much struck by the faces I met, all of which bore a look of gloomy curiosity. Acquaintances stopped to speak, while strangers exchanged questioning glances as they passed. When an unmoved countenance appeared people thought to themselves, "There is a man who knows nothing yet." This description is so true to facts that upon the next day, when everybody knew, everybody exchanged glances, and their course of action was thereby agreed. There was no other form of conspiracy. It was

this very unanimity of indignation which produced the extraordinary magnanimity by which this popular rising was marked. The people saw partisans everywhere, even in the soldiers who fired upon them. But I must not anticipate events, which were proceeding quickly enough.

In the evening I saw certain people in opposition to the Polignac Ministry but attached to the Restoration. All were in despair, bewildering themselves with conjecture and expecting violent but constitutional resistance. The letters of summons had been sent out to the deputies, who were coming in from time to time. Was this summons the result of habitual carelessness, or were the deputies assembled to be the object of hostile fulmination? There was matter enough for discussion, and we talked it threadbare.

The Russian Ambassador was more vehement and irritated than anybody: he told us that he had met Count Apponyi coming out of the Prince de Polignac's study very well satisfied and intending to send a courier to take the good news. Pozzo did not share either this confidence or this joy. In his turn he had entered the study, where he had found the minister calm and delighted with himself, repeating that he was more constitutional than anybody except the King: all would pass off excellently, and he simply could not understand what reason there could be for anxiety. Eventually he said: "Set your mind to rest, Ambassador. France is prepared to accept any of the King's desires and to bless him for them."

In the evening some stones were thrown at the minister's empty carriage, and his coachman was hit, though not seriously. The carriage returned to the residence, the gates of which were closed; the band in pursuit dispersed. Doubtless M. de Polignac was triumphant, and thought that the storm had passed over. We separated very late and very sad.

If I wished to relate all that has since come to my knowledge and the details that I have since learnt, I might write for ever; I propose to set down merely what I have seen or heard myself at that time. There is, however, one fact of which I am certain, and it describes the Prince de Polignac so admirably that I feel bound to relate it. On Sunday evening, when the ordinances had been signed and the *Moniteur* was being printed, M. de Polignac in the privacy of his own home, surrounded by people upon whom he could entirely rely, turned the conversation upon the speech from the throne before the opening of the Chambers. For an hour and a half he discussed each word, listening to objections and refuting or granting them with absolute seriousness. It is difficult to understand how in such a position a man bearing so great a weight of responsibility could be calm or rather puerile enough to play such a comedy. It is also difficult to see what amusement he could derive from thus mystifying people entirely dependent upon himself.

On Tuesday the 27th, I learnt from thirty workmen of different professions who were working at my house and came from various parts of the town, that the ferment was beginning to spread. There was much agitation among the workmen, but based upon reasoning so excellent as to surprise me. Here I must put down an observation made at this time. I had furnished a house in 1819, and had employed the same kind of workmen as in 1830; but within these ten years the manners, habits, dress, and language of these men had so entirely changed that they no longer seemed to belong to the same class. I had already been greatly struck by their intelligence, by their politeness, which was in no way servile, by their ready and scientific mode of taking their measurements, and by their chemical knowledge of the ingredients which they employed. I was still more struck by their arguments concerning the danger of these

fatal ordinances, of which they understood both the range and also the probable results. If our governors had been half as foresighted and prudent, King Charles X. would still be living quietly at the Tuileries.

Doubtless such a population could not be made the milch cow of a privileged caste. Any ruler, however, who had wished to consider the real interests of the country would have found the people as docile as they were intelligent, while the common sense of the masses would have supported the Government against the extravagance of certain agitators. Unfortunately, the King and the nation were of incompatible temperaments.

## CHAPTER XXII

Visit to Neuilly—Regrets of Mademoiselle—Conversation with Mme. de Montjoie—Observation of M. de Sémonville—Alarming news—The first barricades—Pozzo maintains the right of nations to punish perjured kings—M. de Girardin—Appearance of the streets on Wednesday morning—Conference with M. Pasquier—Message to the Duc de Raguse—Conversation with M. de La Rue, his *aide-de-camp*—Colonel Fabvier—The first cannon shot—Patrol in the Rue d'Anjou—The insurgents seek arms.

THE stories which I had heard had not so far alarmed me as to induce me to remain at home. At four o'clock I went out in my carriage with the object of doing some shopping in the Rue Saint Denis. One of my men asserted that there was some disturbance in this direction. I resolved to continue my drive and pay a visit to Neuilly. For a few weeks I had been in full mourning for my husband, and before going back to the country I wished to thank the Princesses for the kindness which they had shown me upon this occasion.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was walking in the park, and I had no news for her of sufficient interest to provide an excuse for following her. I found Mademoiselle at home in despair about the ordinances, much disturbed by the popular agitation of which I spoke to her, and very apprehensive lest her brother's name should be compromised. These were her actual words:

"Had it not been for those two ceremonies, the Mass of the Holy Spirit and the opening of the Chambers, at which we were obliged to be present, and the wretched snare which was set for us, we should have started for Eu on Saturday, and should now be out of all this turmoil."

If her intention was to mystify me, she was entirely successful, for even now I am persuaded of her good faith. She admitted that the ordinances were bound to produce a catastrophe. But, like everybody else, she anticipated resistance from a class which does not immediately take to stone-throwing. Refusal to pay taxes and the impossibility of carrying on the Government in the face of a general opposition manifested by all legal means seemed to her to be the danger of the situation into which the King had plunged. We discussed the matter at great length, but no mention was made of the remedy which Neuilly was eventually to provide for so critical a position.

From Mademoiselle I went on to Mme. de Montjoie. I found her also in a state of great anxiety and uneasiness, and much downcast because they were not at Eu. This, indeed, seemed to be the impression of the whole household. With her I went somewhat further, and we spoke of the possible results which such a series of mistakes might produce. She repeated what she had said to me a thousand times: that the Duc d'Orléans was the most faithful subject of the King of France, but that he would not again follow him into exile abroad. We were obliged to admit the possibility that his name might be put forward at such a time even without his knowledge and against his will. During the previous year I had heard people say twenty times, in speaking of the King and his Ministers, "They are paving the way for the d'Orléans."

Mme. de Montjoie told me with reference to this subject an incident which had happened the preceding Wednesday. The Duc d'Orléans had a bad cold, and when he came out upon the steps from a large dinner he had put on his hat, making some excuse. M. de Sémonville[1] had replied aloud:

[1] Charles Louis Huguet, Marquis de Sémonville (1759–1839), councillor to the Parliament of Paris. He was a diplomatist, and held posts in

"We will allow you your hat, Sire, while waiting for the crown."

"Never, M. de Sémonville, unless it comes to me by right."

"It will be by right, Sire. When the crown is on the ground, France will pick it up and will oblige you to wear it."

"Can you imagine M. de Sémonville speaking in this way?" added Mme. de Montjoie. "I heard his words, and ten people could have heard them just as easily."

"I understand," I replied, "that he considers the game as lost even more than we do."

"Yet if the King was willing, he has still great resources."

"Yes, but unfortunately he will not be willing."

"Then what will happen?"

"Who can tell? Doubtless many misfortunes."

"Supposing there is a civil war—what about the Duc de Chartres, who is serving in the army? What will he do? It is enough to drive one wild."

Our conversation continued for some time, but the Duchesse d'Orléans did not come in, and it was getting late. I therefore left my kind regards for her with Mme. de Montjoie, and returned to Paris.

There was no premonition of the evening's tumult in the districts through which I passed. Possibly the streets were somewhat less crowded than usual. I heard that there had been some disorder at the Porte Saint Martin, and gatherings in several other quarters. We were so persuaded that this

Belgium (1790), Genoa and Florence (1793). He was arrested and compromised in the exchange of Madame Royale, daughter of Louis XVI. In 1803 he was Minister in Holland. Mme. de Boigne has spoken of him in the first volume of her Memoirs, chapter XI., in connection with her return to France. In 1805 he was senator and was appointed grand referendary to the Chamber of Peers of Louis XVIII. Was made Marquis in 1819, and joined the July Monarchy.

was not the kind of resistance to be feared that I attached little importance to these facts. None of the workmen employed at my house had come back since dinner-time. A coach-builder, a farrier, and a locksmith, opposite my house, had also been without workmen for three hours. This was the first incident which roused my apprehensions.

Soon every quarter of an hour brought fresh news of those grave events with which the future was pregnant. The same people who had gathered at my house the evening before came in one after another, and all brought news of a character more and more alarming. I heard that the Duc de Raguse was established at the Tuileries. About six o'clock, as he drove through a group of people in his tilbury, he had run some risk on the boulevards. Barricades had already been constructed. They had indeed been destroyed by the Guard, but this only seemed to rouse the general agitation. It was even said that gun-shots had been exchanged. M. Pasquier went to the house of Mme. de Girardin, where there were always plenty of visitors, to learn the news. The Russian Ambassador arrived. One of his secretaries had seen a dead man on the Place de la Bourse and people making speeches round the body.

Pozzo himself might have acted as orator for the purpose. He grew excited, and made us a speech upon the irrevocable right of nations to oppose the overthrow of their institutions and to chastise perjured kings. He was astonished that a single man could be found to oppose an insurrection which was so obviously lawful, and blamed Marshal Marmont for attempting to check it. His vehemence impressed us all. We have often remembered it since, when we heard him use very different language, and accuse the Duc de Raguse for not firing on the inhabitants of Paris that same Tuesday, when there was nothing more than some excitement and a few gatherings.

M. Pasquier had found the Girardin household alone. The wife was depressed and very sad, the husband bombastic and loud-voiced, saying that this mob must be dealt with once and for all, that the malcontents must be silenced with terror, and government conducted by the sword, that there was some small temporary excitement which would have no consequence, etc. At the same time he confirmed the news that the police had charged, and that several people had been killed and wounded. A barricade had been constructed by the people with an omnibus and some carts overthrown at the entrance of the Rue de l'Echelle, and had been destroyed by the Guard. Blood had been shed before the Palais Royal, and M. de Girardin expected the most successful results.

At the same time we learn that the Place Louis XV., the Place Vendôme, and the Carrousel were full of artillery with guns loaded and matches lighted. I was not greatly disturbed by the news. I had often heard the Marshal say that in times of popular excitement a great display of force must be made, to strike men's imaginations and to avoid violent measures. We separated about midnight, after hearing the reports of two men who had been sent one to the Place de Grève, the other to the gate of Saint Denis. All was calm. We were undoubtedly extremely anxious, but no one, I think, expected the events of the next day.

On Wednesday as I went into my house I was informed that none of my workmen had appeared; my neighbours were in the same position. I did not, however, consider the situation sufficiently serious to change my plans, and as I was to go back to the country the next day, I wished to call at my bankers, MM. Mallet, where I had some business to transact. I resolved to go out immediately, thinking that if there was to be any disturbance it would occur later. I ordered the horses to be put in, and entered my carriage about ten

o'clock. I was going into the Rue de Mont Blanc,[1] and I told my coachman to go down the side streets instead of following the boulevards, and to turn back if he saw any crowds. I was, however, considerably alarmed.

From the middle of the Rue des Mathurins and in all the side streets the lamps had been cut down and were lying in fragments on the pavement. At every door there was a group of women and children with terror-stricken faces. The royal ensign which decorated the shop of Despilly, the stationer, had been torn down and trampled under foot. The porter of MM. Mallet made some objection to opening the carriage entrance: at length he gave way, my carriage went in, and he closed the gates with a rapidity which did not calm my anxieties. I went up to the office, where the partners were much astonished to see me. They advised me to go home and to stay there.

While I was signing certain necessary papers they told me that at about six o'clock in the morning several bands of considerable size had invaded the armourers' shops and plundered them without opposition. Street lamps had been smashed everywhere, and the royal ensigns torn down from the shops over which they were placed. The proprietors, indeed, had offered no resistance, but even helped in the work. There was some talk of re-establishing the National Guard to protect people and property. MM. Mallet had already been to the Mayor's house on this business. They proposed to return, and hoped that before the end of the morning an improvised National Guard would be on foot in every quarter. It was not intended to assist the troops, but to protect peaceable people and to prevent that pillaging which the events of the morning gave reason to apprehend.

I went home again more frightened than I had set out. I found my own street entirely calm. Only by way of pre-

[1] Now the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

caution the inhabitants were taking down the lamps, locking them up, and removing the royal arms wherever they were placed.

A note was handed to me from M. Pasquier. He asked whether I had any means of communication with the Duc de Raguse, and begged me to let him know that well-informed people considered that any military resistance to so general a movement would produce frightful catastrophes, whatever the ultimate result. His opinions and his sympathies were known, and it was considered that his best position would be to act as mediator by reporting to Saint Cloud the difficulties, greater perhaps than he imagined, with which he was surrounded, and by advising concessions which might even now save everything if they were proclaimed forthwith.

I have since learnt that this note was the result of a conference held at the house of M. Pasquier, at which M. Hyde de Neuville had attempted to induce him to go to Saint Cloud to explain the situation to the King. M. Pasquier had urged that he was not the man for this purpose, and could not obtain a favourable hearing from the King, as he did not enjoy his Majesty's confidence. M. Hyde was in the same position. At length the Abbé de Montesquieu, who was in better odour at Saint Cloud than these gentlemen, consented to go.[1] It was in order to emphasise his arguments that the Marshal's action was desired. The Abbé had started some hours ago, but no one knew with what result. I immediately sent to the Duc de Raguse to learn if communications with him were open. All his attendants were at the Tuileries.

I received a second note from M. Pasquier, authorising me to send his first note to the Marshal. I enclosed it in a hastily written letter of my own, but did not know how to

[1] He was stopped at the barrier, and never reached Saint Cloud. (Note by Mme. de Boigne.)

send it. My doctor happened to be there, and seeing my anxiety, he undertook to deliver my letter himself. He was successful, for a short time afterwards I saw M. de La Rue,[1] the Marshal's *aide-de-camp*, come into my room. The Marshal had sent him to say that it was too late. All attempts at conciliation had been tried in vain. His orders from Saint Cloud were imperative, and all that he could do was to conduct the military operations. Moreover, matters had gone too far, and it was necessary before all things to crush the insurrection. M. de La Rue added that he had just given the order to the columns to advance; that they were to go forward sweeping all before them, and that probably I should hear the roar of the cannon within half an hour.

"Heaven preserve us!" I cried. "I do not know what the result will be for the monarchy. But if the monarchy escapes such a crisis, it will be obliged to abandon all those who shoot down the Parisian populace in a cause so hateful to the nation."

I drew a picture of the Marshal's position for the benefit of La Rue; of his unpopularity in the country, where the slanders invented in 1814 were still current; of his unpopularity at court; of the distrust which he inspired in the Ultra and Jesuit parties, and of the readiness with which all would be willing to sacrifice him.

"If the Marshal," I added, "should fire a single cannon-shot he had better commit suicide, for his life will be nothing more than a series of misfortunes."

I was greatly excited, and succeeded in persuading La Rue. His despondency increased, and he continually exclaimed by way of reply:

"But what are we to do? We are being fired on, and the business has begun; the best thing we can do is to go through

[1] Baron de La Rue (Isidore), major and *aide-de-camp* to the Marshal, the Duc de Raguse (*Almanach Royal*, 1830).

with it and to bring these people to reason. Besides, it is impossible to get a word with the Marshal. He was obliged to take me into a window corner to give me the message which I bring you, and he had the utmost difficulty in finding a moment to read your letter."

"Why so?"

"Why, the ministers are at the Tuileries with him. M. de Polignac and his people are all round him, and supervise him so carefully that though he is nominally in supreme command, he cannot say a word or make a gesture except under their supervision."

"None the less, try and make him understand how utterly useless his self-sacrifice is. And especially remind him of the danger to the country to which he is so devoted."

"I will attempt to convey your words to him, for mine would have no influence. He is accustomed to command us and not to listen to us, and advice would have little effect on him from our lips. In any case, your message is not the only one which I have to take. I met Fabvier[1] at your door. He has arrived this morning from Lyons, and finds the state of affairs very different from his anticipations; he has just been through the town and talked with his friends. So far, he said to me, there has been no interference, but within an hour each band will have an intelligent leader, a capable officer, and we shall find it out. The people unmistakably mean business, and though the movement is

[1] Charles Nicolas, Baron Fabvier (1782–1855), artillery lieutenant at Austerlitz, orderly to General Gardanne, Minister in Persia and founded the arsenal of Ispahan. He was *aide-de-camp* to Marmont in Portugal in 1811, was colonel at Dresden in 1813, and joined the Restoration. In 1817 he was put on half pay, and condemned for misdemeanour in 1819. He joined the intrigues of the Liberals against the monarchy, fought in Spain against the French expedition in 1823, and then went to Greece in 1827. He was general in command of the city of Paris from 1830 to 1831, lieutenant-general in 1839, and peer of France in 1845.

spontaneous, it is but the more violent for that reason, and it will be successful just because it is not the result of any conspiracy."

La Rue, as was reasonable, had replied as follows to his old comrade:

"We shall have a warm reception ready for those who attack us, and we shall have the advantage of them, in that we are doing our duty."

"Do your duty as much as you like, but tell the Marshal that if he permits a serious engagement he must consider all as lost. The troops can do nothing in the town against a unanimous and exasperated populace. There will be some moral hesitation in beginning, but when people once feel that they are entirely compromised, they will fight desperately."

Without attaching too much importance to words which were only to be expected from Fabvier in his position, I none the less advised M. de La Rue to repeat them to the Marshal in the presence of those by whom he was surrounded, in order to give notice that the movement of the insurgents would be under military direction. The words were repeated, and with excellent effect. Immediately after the departure of M. de La Rue I sent information to M. Pasquier of the unsatisfactory answer I had received. Then I began to consider what M. de La Rue had said to me concerning the want of consideration which any words from his mouth would receive. Knowing that no one had so much influence with the Marshal as M. Arago,[1] I wrote to him, begging him to betake himself to the staff forthwith

[1] François Arago (1786–1853), a celebrated astronomer, pupil of the Polytechnic School and secretary of the Bureau of Longitude. At the age of twenty-three he was a member of the Academy of Sciences, was professor at the Polytechnic School, director of the Observatory, deputy in 1830, member of the provisional government in 1838, and refused to take the oath in 1852.

and to use his influence to save the country, the throne, and his friend from the imminent ruin with which they were menaced. I ordered a man to go on horseback to the Observatory by way of the outer boulevards.

Hardly had he started than I heard the first cannon-shot. I cannot describe the effect which it produced upon me: I uttered a cry and hiding my head in my hands, I remained motionless for some moments. All our efforts had been in vain: the die was cast, the country, the throne, and individuals were hanging in the balance. Nothing could be done but to await with fear and trembling the result of these gloomy prospects. I spent all my time at the window. Soon I saw a patrol of soldiers arrive. As soon as they entered the streets they fired a dozen shots, although the calm was absolute. Count Karoly, as he was leaving my house, was nearly struck by a bullet which hit the frame of the door. There was no casualty in the Rue d'Anjou, but a carter who was quietly driving his cart was killed in the Rue de Surène. This useless demonstration greatly excited the people in my neighbourhood. Hitherto they had been standing silently at their doors or windows. From that moment the houses were abandoned, they formed bodies in the street, and every able-bodied man prepared for defence. This was the signal for the outbreak of hostilities. The imprudent patrol soon joined a larger body in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and we heard a long and vigorous fusillade provoked by the following reason.

As I have learnt from MM. Mallet, the more important citizens had gone to their mayors, with the idea of reviving a kind of National Guard for the purpose of protecting peaceable citizens, but with no intention of unconstitutional action. The ruling powers, ill instructed or worse advised, had sent out troops everywhere to drive these persons from the mayors' houses. Resistance was offered, and these simul-

taneous attacks at a dozen points throughout the capital had completed the exasperation of a populace already raised to the highest pitch of excitement by the noise of the fusillade.

After this episode I saw my doctor, Chavernac,[1] coming towards the house, keeping close to the walls. He came to say that he had given my letters to one of the Marshal's *aides-de-camp*. I was aware of the fact, as I had received the answer. He had gone back to his own house, and told me that a considerable gathering of common people, headed by a man dressed, or rather undressed, like the rest of them, had come to knock at his door. He had gone down to speak to them. The leader had asked him very politely if he had any weapons to lend them. He had answered that he had none, as the house was only inhabited by himself and some women. They made many excuses for thus disturbing him. Not to be behindhand in civility, he also expressed his regret that he had no weapons to offer to these gentlemen.

"Ah, sir, we are quite sure of it. What Frenchmen is not on our side in this noble cause, at any rate at heart?"

Chavernac saw the same band go and knock at the next door, where a dozen large pistols and some bullets were handed out to them. They already had a dozen guns and as many pistols, which had probably been collected in the same way. In any case, similar collections were made in almost every quarter of Paris. What is almost as remarkable as the meekness with which refusals were received is the fact that a week afterwards almost all of these weapons, many of which were valuable, had been brought back to their owners.

About this time or a little earlier a small sheet published by *Le Temps* was circulated: it gave an account of events

[1] He was living at No. 8 in the Rue Grange Batelière.

and urged resistance to the soldiers, promising victory. It was not without influence. My man brought back an answer from Arago: he was about to go to the staff with no great hope of success, but that he might have no subsequent ground for self-reproach as a Frenchman and as a friend.

## CHAPTER XXIII

Resumption of the conflict—Tactics of the insurgents—At the Porte Saint Martin—The tocsin—The black flag—Alarming rumours—Manufacture of cartridges at the Bourse—Impossibility of leaving Paris—Illusion of the Duc de Raguse—Barricades in the Rue d'Anjou—God protects good mothers—Marshal Marmont declines to fire upon groups containing women and children—Opinion of the Duc de Rauzan—M. Arago and the Duc de Raguse—Observation of M. de Polignac—Request of the Dauphin to M. Arago—Capture of the Louvre—Evacuation of Paris by the royal troops.

The roar of the cannon seemed to slacken. Suddenly it began again with greater vigour and on several sides simultaneously. Small-arm firing also began again but at some distance from us. Women, children, and a few men appeared upon their thresholds: several had resumed their positions in the mayor's house, which the troops had been forced to evacuate after a short occupation of it. At that moment I saw a man passing by with a covered basket such as cake-sellers carry. He was distributing cartridges: everybody took them and everybody hid them. The whole of this great city seemed to be animated by one thought, one will, and one plan of operations. It was already plain that Fabvier had been right. Intelligent leaders were directing the masses of the populace. The tactics pursued were too generally identical not to be the result of preconcerted design.

A numerous body drew up before the columns of the guard of the line; then many of them who had weapons advanced and fired upon the troops. The latter replied. If any of the army of insurgents were put out of action, others immediately

advanced and took their guns and their ammunition. After several shots had been exchanged part of the group ran forward, while the others rushed into the carriage entrances, the doors of which opened before them, went upstairs to the windows, and fired upon the column whilst it passed. They then came down to the street, threw up a barricade behind the column, left it in charge of a few guards and all the neighbouring inhabitants, and went off down the side streets at a run to rejoin the original band, the numbers of which steadily increased, and began to arrest the progress of the column a hundred paces farther forward by a repetition of the same manœuvre. The result was that the troops found it extremely difficult to advance and entirely impossible to retreat. It was not until midnight, after making wide detours, that they were able to regain their headquarters.

About mid-day a general distribution had been made of munitions of war: a powder magazine, guarded only by two veterans, had been seized by a trick. Carts carried the powder through the streets, and in the centre of the town women were busy making cartridges by their doors without any attempt at concealment. I heard a man call out to his neighbour through the window, showing him two cartridges, "When I have six, I shall start." A moment afterwards I saw him in the street with his gun on his shoulder. He was rejoined by his neighbour; after a short conversation the neighbour went into his house, came out again with a sword and a long pistol, and followed the same route. These people were quiet and orderly family men. But I cannot sufficiently repeat the fact, for it is the explanation of every event throughout these days, that the whole population were electrified. Everybody took an active part in events, and many showed unexampled courage, energy, and devotion.

At the descent from the Porte Saint Martin, one of the most disputed points, a regular battle took place. A man

who was unarmed happened to be standing beside one of the populace who carried a gun which he could not use.

"My friend, will you lend me your gun?"

"Certainly, sir. Rest it upon my shoulder as you will find that more convenient."

One or two shots were fired, to the admiration of the owner of the gun. Eventually the marksman noticed that his acquaintance was shielding him with his body, and also saw him call up one of his comrades in order to mask him entirely.

"Look here, my friends; stand aside a little, please; you are making me appear ridiculous."

"Good gracious, sir; what does it matter if we are killed? We cannot shoot, as you see. But you are of much more consequence."

This story was told me the next day at the house of the Russian Ambassador, who thought it splendid.

I return to the events of Wednesday. The streets were unsafe, and communication was hardly possible: however, I saw two or three times during the day M. Pasquier and the Duc and Duchesse de Rauzan, whose house adjoined mine, as also did that of M. de Lafayette.[1] We exchanged such information as we had, which for the most part consisted of vague rumours, and the explosions of the cannon remained the clearest reports which came to us. Towards nightfall the sound of the tocsin from all the bells of Paris was joined to the roar of artillery, and seemed to us even more gloomy and appalling.

It was a magnificent moonlight night, terribly hot, without a breath of air. The ordinary noises of the great city were silenced or drowned in the sinister and monotonous

[1] Mme. de Boigne was then living at No. 4 Rue d'Anjou, in a house belonging to the Comte de La Tour du Pin Chambly. She was paying a rent of about £380 a year, as appears from receipts found among her papers.

tolling of the tocsin, the continuous discharge of small arms, and the constant roar of cannon. From time to time a red glare would rise above the roofs, betokening some conflagration and increasing our apprehension. By the moonlight I saw that a large black flag had been hoisted upon the Madeleine: I cannot say at what moment it had been raised, but it was a complete expression of our feelings.

I spent the whole of the evening wandering about the courtyard and the staircases, looking out of the windows upon the street, collecting news which my servants brought in from the neighbours, and which grew steadily more alarming: several parts of the town had been burnt; the Duc de Raguse was mortally wounded; General Talon had been killed; not a single lancer was left; the river was red with blood, etc.

About eleven o'clock the firing died away. Half an hour afterwards the tocsin ceased, and a most impressive silence reigned. So solemn was it that I caught myself speaking in a whisper to one of my servants who volunteered to go out and reconnoitre. Two others, under the stimulus of their warlike ardour, had gone out to fight, and had not returned. The last messenger, an active and intelligent man, came back before midnight to tell me that soldiers and people alike were resting, but remained under arms: the crisis was by no means over. The battle would begin the next morning with greater vigour if the troops remained faithful. He had been assured that two regiments had already gone over to the people. Though but little tranquillised by this report, I decided to lie down for a few hours, though I did not expect to gain much rest.

On Thursday, the 29th, at six o'clock, the stillness remained unbroken. My butler had gone out at four o'clock, and had traversed much of the town: he had seen no troops, but many barricades guarded by armed men who had spent

the night at their posts. These barricades were the meeting points for those who were going to rejoin them. General obedience was shown to the pupils of the Polytechnic School; they alone were in uniform, and had secured authority. My butler had seen one driving into the Place de la Bourse, seated upon the front of a two-horse cart, waving a sword and shouting continually, "Out of the way; this is gunpowder! Out of the way; there is danger here!"

This gunpowder, which had been simply tossed into the cart, was handed out to men and women, who sat down upon the steps of the Bourse and began the work of making cartridges. Several persons, no less enthusiastic, went out to distribute the cartridges throughout the barricades, to which the neighbours brought provisions and refreshments. Everywhere the wounded were cared for and sheltered, while the dead simply served to arouse enthusiasm. It must be added to the honour of the Parisian populace that, though they were animated as one man by this spirit of resistance, and though they concentrated their efforts to defeat the troops, they showed no animosity to the soldier as such. Attentions were showered upon the wounded soldier, although while he had arms in his hands his death did not evoke the smallest regret.

The man who came in confirmed the reports of the previous evening with reference to the speedy resumption of the conflict. He had met one of my grooms, and had made a vain attempt to bring him home; the man had already been fighting, and wished to continue. Another groom came in to water his horses, and proposed to start out again; however, I detained him, as I was seriously thinking of leaving Paris.

As I foresaw that the task of crossing the barriers would be very difficult, I wrote a very gloomy note to the Duc de Raguse, asking him for a pass, and issued orders for my

departure. I wished to rejoin my family at Pontchartrain. I also wrote to M. Pasquier bidding him farewell, and to ask him if he had any message for me to take. While I was making my preparations I was informed that Mme. de Rauzan had returned. She had started half an hour before, but her carriage had been stopped on every side by barricades, which could neither be crossed nor avoided.

The Marshal's answer was brought back to me, containing a pass countersigned by M. de Choiseul.[1] The Marshal had himself handed the pass to my man, whom he knew, saying to him:

"Louis, this is what Mme. de Boigne desires; but tell her not to be in a hurry. I hope that in a few hours everything will be finished as she wishes, and I expect I shall be able to come and see her during the day."

Poor man, he was greatly deceived! I informed M. Pasquier of this message, and he strongly advised me not to attempt to leave Paris. I was harassed by the fear of causing anxiety to my parents, and was still hesitating when the firing broke out again. It may have been eight o'clock in the morning, and at the same time the sound of pick-axes re-echoed in the street. I put my head out of the window, and saw two or three men beginning to tear up the pavement of the Faubourg St. Honoré; soon there were five-and-twenty or thirty of them, a number which speedily grew to fifty. In less than a quarter of an hour there was a strong double barricade in the street of the Faubourg, which was accompanied by a transverse barricade in the Rue d'Anjou. Similar precautions were immediately taken at the crossing of the

[1] Duc de Choiseul Stainville (1762–1838). He was second colonel of the dragoons of La Rochefoucauld at the time of the flight to Varennes. Mme. de Boigne has spoken of him in the first volume of these Memoirs, p. 87. At the Restoration he became peer of France. He was *aide-de-camp* to Louis Philippe I. and governor of the Louvre.

Rue de Surène, and probably throughout the quarter. In the Allée de Marigny the trees were soon cut down to make stockades in the Place Beauvau. I saw these barricades in course of construction, and apart from the zeal and energy with which the work was conducted, I can assert that no extraordinary excitement was manifest. They were raised for the most part by the inhabitants of the street; there was no shouting and no quarrelling; order and activity were predominant. When the work had been finished, several men remained to guard it under arms and the rest went away. I saw nobody in command, and these actions seemed to be directed by inspiration. By each of these barricades a narrow passage had been left for foot passengers; anybody was allowed to pass without let or hindrance. I am only speaking of the barricades which I saw constructed; there were others differently made and very difficult to pass. It was impossible now to think of leaving the town, and I was correspondingly relieved. Nothing is more difficult in such circumstances than to come to a decision.

My chambermaid brought into the house a certain Mme. Garche, a shopkeeper in the Rue de Bac. This woman had a married daughter in the district of the Halles, and had heard upon Wednesday morning that the young woman was expecting the birth of a child, and was even in danger. Twice she started to go to her, but was unable to pass any of the bridges, upon all of which fighting was in progress. At length towards midnight she had reached the Carrousel. Attempts were made to send her back, but she contrived to slip along the walls. When she reached an open space where the moonlight cast no shade, she was perceived, and an officer attempted to turn her back. She was begging him to let her pass, when she heard some one giving orders to turn her away with an oath.

"That's the Marshal," said the officer. "Off with you, and quick!"

With the courage of a mother, the poor woman ran straight to the Marshal. She explained her situation, and he turned round to an *aide-de-camp* and said to him:

"Go and tell the guard to let no one pass." Then he turned to Mme. Garche. "Come, Madame, give me your arm." He accompanied her to the last sentry, and added when he left her, "Now be quick. Take the smallest streets, and do not leave them. God protects good mothers."

Eventually she reached her daughter without mishap, and found that the child was born and that all was well.

As she attempted to return to the Faubourg St. Germain by the Pont d'Iéna, she was stopped by my chambermaid, who was her friend. She spoke of the Marshal with tears in her eyes, and when so many were cursing his name it was a pleasure to his friends to hear these blessings.

In any case, the same actions are very differently judged, according to the point of view of the hearer. M. de Rauzan had also been to headquarters at an early hour to secure a pass, but as we have already seen, he was unable to make use of it. He told me that he had been present at a kind of ministerial council, if a meeting to which every one was admitted deserves that title. As the Marshal was absent, his authority was required before any course of action could be decided. M. de Rauzan went to fetch him from the Rue de Rohan: he found him standing before the guns to prevent them from firing upon a group where he saw women and children among a very small number of armed men. M. de Rauzan considered that this was sheer futility, and would, I believe, have been ready to characterise it as cowardice if he had found a more benevolent audience. He was in despair that his departure should have been stopped. His visit to the Tuileries had not inspired him with any great sense of

security, notwithstanding the boasting of M. de Polignac, whose language, it must be said, revolted him more than the Marshal's humanity.

The firing seemed to be slackening. M. Pasquier came to my house and explained the message of the Marshal. The ministers had gone to Saint Cloud, and in the Place Vendôme a declaration had been read announcing the suspension of hostilities and the withdrawal of the ordinances. The fact has since been denied, but a proclamation was certainly made by General de Wall[1] on the Place Vendôme. At length it was possible to expect some settlement of this dreadful crisis. A moment afterwards Arago arrived with his son, and told me that he had made vain efforts to reach the Tuileries, as hostilities had recommenced about the Louvre and the Faubourg St. Germain. In any case, he did not expect that he would be more successful with the Marshal than he had been the evening before. He had exhausted all his arguments, but the Marshal persisted in seeing nothing but the military situation, and had said to him:

"My friend, I have once sacrificed the soldier to the citizen, and upon this occasion I intend to sacrifice the citizen to the soldier. The results may be no more successful than before. But I have suffered too much from a previous situation, while justifying the motives which inspired my action, to be willing to expose myself to any further possibility of the kind. Do you wish people to say Marmont is always on hand when any treachery is required?" and he clapped his hands to his forehead with a gesture of despair. "Can I be so unhappy as to find myself a second time in a position involving a cruel conflict of duty?"

Arago also confirmed the report of M. de La Rue con-

[1] Comte de Wall, field-marshal; military commander of Paris and of the first sub-division of the first military division. The Marshal the Duc de Raguse was the Governor of Paris.

cerning the obstinacy of those in attendance upon the Duc de Raguse and the difficulty of gaining a moment's access to him. He also told me of the absurd answer of M. de Polignac, and the silly manner in which he had replied:

"Well, if the troops should join the people, we shall fire upon them as well."

Upon my side, I gave him the Marshal's message, and told him that the Marshal had received no answer from Saint Cloud in reply to the step which the commissaries had taken the evening before.

"If the Marshal has no news from Saint Cloud," said Arago, "I am more successful than he. The Dauphin has sent me a messenger bearing a note from his own hand."

"Really! And what did he say?"

"He asked me the precise thermometrical measurements for yesterday."

Such a revelation is overwhelming. Lest it should be treated as fictitious, it should be remembered that in private life the Princes of the royal family paid much attention to the weather, not in the interests of science, but to learn the prospects of sport. They were accustomed to communicate their meteorological observations to one another every day, and the exactitude of their thermometers and barometers had become a kind of preoccupation, especially in the case of the Dauphin. In their most princely existence nothing could disturb these futilities, which had become a kind of etiquette.

The man whom I had sent in the morning to headquarters had provided himself with a card for the return journey, and asserted that by the aid of it he could go back again. We observed, in fact, that the card bore a free pass in the service of the Marshal. Arago proceeded to write a letter telling the Marshal that the whole city was in revolt, that every class had joined the movement, and that the political organ-

isations were lending their support. He knew many of the leading figures in the movement, and proposals had already been made to him; a provisional government was required, and the tricolour cockade had been demanded. The only prospect for the King was to give way to these desires, and to proclaim the abandonment of the system of absolutism, which would certainly produce a civil war by which he would be overthrown. As for the Marshal himself, he might, if he would, adopt the fair position of mediator, but he had not a moment to lose. The retirement of the ministers had left him sole master at Paris. He should immediately proclaim an amnesty for all that had been done and induce the King to grant the conditions, and should save him in spite of himself by enabling the troops to join a side which would consider the real needs of the country. I added a few words to Arago's letter, and gave it to my man, advising him to be careful and not to expose himself unnecessarily.

Hardly had he started when the rifle firing broke out once more, and grew louder as it approached us. We heard a very vigorous fusillade in the direction of the Place Louis XV. We rushed to the window, and saw people running in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. A band of soldiers appeared before the barricade and was obliged to retire. Firing was heard in the Champs Elysées. There was a halt for a moment about the Avenue de Marigny, and several consecutive volleys were fired; then the firing grew distant, and the whole affair lasted barely ten minutes. We were unable to understand these proceedings.

My messenger, upon whose account I was growing very anxious, returned. He brought back our letter. He had reached headquarters without difficulty, had found the rooms deserted, and had even reached the Marshal's room. All the doors were open, and he found no one to give him any

information. Going to the window, he saw the gates of the courtyard closed and the troops rapidly marching under the clock tower. The people were masters of the Carrousel. As he went downstairs, he had met M. de Glandevès, whom he knew; he was rushing into a subterranean passage which communicated with the palace beneath the watch-house: my man asked him where he could find the Marshal. M. de Glendevès, who seemed greatly agitated and in a violent hurry, replied:

"The Marshal is probably in the garden of the Tuileries, but it is impossible to get to him, and I should advise you to go away as quickly as possible."

Profiting by this advice, he had come back without any further attempt to fulfil his message, and he knew nothing more.

We speedily learned the news of the capture of the Louvre, the abandonment of the Tuileries, and the complete evacuation of Paris after a moment's check at the barrier of l'Etoile, and the march of the troops upon Saint Cloud. The dissemination of this news produced the most instantaneous effect upon the populace: it was as if a vessel of boiling water had been taken from the fire; all disturbance was calmed in a moment. Other passions may have disturbed the minds of certain factious people and possibly have found expression about the Hôtel de Ville: the rest of the city resumed an attitude of calm.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The pupils of the Polytechnic School—"My little general"—The boat of Essonnes—A walk through Paris—The barricades on the boulevards—The politeness of their defenders—The Rue de Rivoli—Pozzo and Lord Stuart—Mme. de Labédoyère—Bonapartist song—The barricade in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré—"Long live the Charter!"—Messenger from Rouen—The soldiers of the Royal Guard—Story of M. de Glandevès, governor of the Tuileries—Obtuseness of the Government—The King's game of whist at Saint Cloud—"Jules de Polignac has seen the Holy Virgin"—Martin—The Duchesse de Berry.

THE only authority generally recognised was that of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, who had been distributed throughout the different posts. Apart from the bravery which they had shown in the combats of the previous evening and morning, they owed their importance to the fact that they alone wore a uniform. The defenders of the barricades called them "My little general," and obeyed them the more implicitly as their line of study had made them very useful in directing the rapid construction of barricades. They helped both in making and defending these obstacles. In any case, it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the populace at this time should have given so much consideration to people who seemed to belong to the upper classes of society. Anybody wearing a coat and willing to join a band could easily secure the command of people in waistcoats.

I am wrong, however, to use the word waistcoats: the popular costume was a pair of canvas trousers and a shirt with the sleeves turned up. It must, indeed, be said that the heat was suffocating. Often this scanty clothing and even

the arms of the wearer bore traces of the conflict. Faces were blackened by powder, and yet were in no way terrifying: they proclaimed the calm courage of defenders and the consciousness of right. When once the heat of the combat was over the city was pervaded by a spirit of brotherhood.

M. Arago left me. Some visitors came in, as the streets were being reopened to foot passengers. M. de Salvandy arrived from Essonnes, where he had been the previous evening. Throughout his journey people had rushed out upon him to learn the news. The country population shared the feelings and the confidence of the Parisian multitude. They applied to him, though an unknown passer-by, without doubt that he also cherished hopes for the success of the efforts of the Parisians, and everywhere he had seen men preparing to lend their support. At Essonnes the National Guard had seized the powder magazine, and notwithstanding the risk of such an enterprise, had filled a large boat with powder and drawn it along the river covered with tricolour flags, to cries of "Long live the Charter!" amid the cheers of all the riverside population. One could not, however, feel assured that the court had abandoned all efforts. We thought that when they had been reinforced by fresh troops they would make a fresh attempt upon Paris, probably in the following night.

About three o'clock I decided to go out. M. de Salvandy gave me his arm. He did not expect any attack during the night. I was living in one of those places which were greatly exposed if one returns by the same route as one sets out. I did not wish to alarm my household by sending any member of it with this message, and went myself to Mme. de Jumilhac in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, to warn her porter to open to me if I should come and knock during the night. As I returned, I visited the boulevard, which was blocked by felled trees and everything that could be found in the neighbourhood for the construction of barricades. The barricades

themselves were very difficult to cross; it was necessary to climb some and to crawl under others. Everywhere, however, those in charge of them offered a ready and obliging assistance, calling up the cleanest of their number in order not to soil the clothes of the ladies. There were no coarse jokes, and never were politeness and urbanity more paramount in Paris. A secret instinct seemed to warn them that the least shock might produce an explosion. In any case, the idea of an opposition to current events occurred to no one.

I reached the Rue de Rivoli. Barely three hours ago furious fighting had been in progress. The gates of the garden of the Tuileries were closed, and guarded by sentinels wearing the costume I have described. In the street I saw a very lofty barricade composed of garden chairs. At the moment when I passed a considerable number of ladies had pulled down part of this barricade. They had seized some of the chairs, and in their best dresses, with hats adorned with feathers and flowers, were calmly seated in the shade of their parasols and of the barricade as if they had been under the trees in the garden of the Tuileries. This curious spectacle continued until the Sunday, when the chairs were returned to the garden.

I called upon the Russian Ambassador, whom I had not seen for forty-eight hours. I found him much disturbed: he had been a spectator of the rout of the troops, and gave me a detailed account of it. He was both surprised and indignant that he had received no message from M. de Polignac at such a time. He was equally indignant at the delight of Lord Stuart,[1] the English Ambassador, which had been expressed to the point of indecency.[2] Pozzo also thought

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 129.

[2] For English opinion upon the Revolution of 1830 see the letter of Baron Séguier, French Consul General at London, written to Mme. de Boigne, under date August 13, 1830, printed in the Appendix to this volume.

that an attack upon Paris was probable, and was greatly disturbed about the position of his residence. He was swayed by no sense of partisanship, and was alarmed, disturbed and apprehensive, and said that he was ill to explain his looks.

I went home again, and sent out to buy a few hams, a sack of rice and one of flour. I had expected that these provisions would have gone up in price, but there had been no change, so great was the public confidence.

I went to see Mme. de Rauzan. Her sister-in-law, Mme. de Labédoyère,[1] was with her and in despair. The poor woman was probably thinking of the blood that had been so uselessly shed fifteen years before to procure a similar result, and was wringing her hands. She was the only person whom I saw at that moment in real trouble. I spoke before her of my enthusiasm for the greatness, the bravery, and the magnanimity which the people had displayed, as I had observed during my walk, and horrified her in consequence. I consoled her but little by speaking of the danger, which everybody assumed, that we might be attacked during the night. M. de Rauzan shook his head. The same morning at the general staff he had heard General Vincent[2] talking with M. de Polignac: the minister was urging him to send columns into the town as upon the previous evening, and Vincent replied that a hundred thousand men could not possibly pass through Paris in view of the present enthusiasm and energy of the town. Poor Mme. de Labédoyère was obliged to content herself with the hope thrown out by a certain M. Denis Benoit, that the capital might at least be reduced by starvation. This idea, however, increased her keen desire to leave it. All her feelings were absolutely opposed to mine, yet they were so profoundly true and so perfectly

[1] See second volume of these Memoirs, p. 79 ff.
[2] Baron Vincent, field-marshal and King's equerry.

sincere that neither then nor afterwards did they cause me the smallest irritation. Mme. de Rauzan was in great anxiety on behalf of her father, the Duc de Duras, who was on service at Saint Cloud. She had heard nothing of him since Monday, when he had come to tell her with transports of joy that the ordinances had been signed and that "at last the King reigned." This was the expression in current use at the Château. We agreed that we would continue to share any information we might gain. In fact, we met ten times a day either at her house or at mine.

Standing at my window, I saw an old street singer coming up the Rue de Surène. He stopped at the barricade of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, where some fifty men were gathered. There, while pretending to help them to replace the paving-stones which were continually thrown out of position by the passers-by, he struck up with an excellent voice and a good articulation a song in five couplets in honour of Napoleon II., the refrain of which, as far as I can remember, was, "Without overshadowing him, the son will be as good as his father." Not the smallest sensation resulted, and hardly any one seemed to listen to him. When the song was over he crossed the barricade to look for another audience, whom he probably found equally inattentive.

I have already spoken much of this barricade, and shall have to say more. From a window where I habitually stood I could see and hear everything that went on. This point had become a meeting place, and neighbours gathered around the five-and-twenty or thirty men on guard. These latter never left their posts until they were relieved by a pupil of the Polytechnic School and replaced by others after twenty-four hours of duty, during which the inhabitants of the quarter were careful to provide them with food and drink. I have undertaken to relate merely what I have seen with my own eyes and heard for myself, and I have therefore no scru-

ples upon entering into these details. Moreover, the events which happened upon this little stage were repeated at every cross-roads in the town, and may give a fairly accurate idea of the general situation.

I can positively affirm that throughout this and the following days I heard no cries except "Long live the Charter!" and no other cry was ever reported to me. A strong line of demarcation must be drawn between the actual temper of the city and the manifestations which might break forth about the Hôtel de Ville. In that quarter faction leaders were calling for a revolution; elsewhere the sole desire was to remove the people who claimed to establish absolutism. Charles X. would have been drawn round the city in triumph on that Thursday if he had repealed his ordinances and changed his Ministry. Whether he could have continued to reign after such a concession is a question which I can neither decide nor discuss; I merely claim that the Charter as established satisfied all desires at that moment.

I return to my story. I soon heard loud cries which appeared to be joyful, though any uproar was then terrifying. Mounting upon a terrace, I was able to perceive an enormous tricolour flag hoisted upon the summit of the unfinished church of the Madeleine; it replaced the black flag which had been floating there the evening before. Afterwards I saw a plank on which was written in rude letters, "Long live Napoleon II.!" It remained there for several days, and neither its appearance nor its removal attracted the smallest attention. About seven o'clock fresh cries coming from the street recalled me to the window. I saw a numerous body engaged in making a passage through the barricades for a man and his horse, who were both covered with dust and sweat and panting with weariness.

"Where does General Lafayette live?" he cried.

"Here, here!" cried fifty voices.

"I have come from Rouen in advance of my comrades; they are coming. Here is the letter for the General."

"This is the place."

He learnt at the door of the house that the General was staying at the headquarters of the National Guard, but that he would be more likely to find him at the Hôtel de Ville.

"The Hôtel de Ville!" cried every one, and the courier in his waistcoat with his noisy escort started off throughout the town, relating his mission at each barricade. Probably several of these couriers arrived. I do not know who was responsible for the invention of this mummery, but it was entirely successful. In five minutes everybody in the Faubourg St. Honoré was certain that Rouen had risen, had hanged the prefect and driven out the garrison, and that the National Guard and the population of the town were coming to the help of the Parisians. The people imagined that they could already see the advanced guard. There was not a word of truth in all this, but the best-informed gave some credence to it for twenty-four hours.

The story of the hanging of the prefect has always induced me to suppose that the trick was invented by people who were so far compromised that they wished to drive the populace to excesses which would make reconciliation with Saint Cloud impossible. Such examples are not thrown out by mere chance before the eyes of a multitude assumed to be ready for any kind of cruelty under the intoxication of gunpowder and victory. If this horrible plan was thus conceived, it was a failure, for fortunately no such excesses were committed.

I have intentionally used the expression, the intoxication of gunpowder. That of wine was not to be feared, for throughout this heroic week (and the epithet cannot be refused) not a single glass of wine was sold in any drinking shop. The most confirmed drunkard would not have run the risk of

taking any. The heat, the sunlight, and the events were quite sufficient to turn people's heads.

I saw many soldiers of the guard coming back. Some were half disguised in blouses, beneath which their military boots could be seen, while they continued to wear their moustaches; others were in full uniform, though unarmed. All stopped at my barricade, but in order to shake hands. Not the smallest hostility was apparent on either side. I remember to have heard a defender of the barricade ask one of these soldiers:

"Do you think that we shall be attacked to-night?"

"No, I do not think that 'we' shall be," he replied.

Greater harmony would have been impossible, and the parties to this strange dialogue seemed in no way astonished.

Towards the close of the day I heard a well-known voice asking if I were at home. I ran out upon the staircase to meet M. de Glandevès, the governor of the Tuileries. My man had seen him in the morning at the moment when the Château had been invaded. I had been very anxious on his account, and was delighted to see him. We met with real joy. He told me that he had found his room empty. His cook had shown great presence of mind, had quickly adopted the universal costume, placed a gun upon his shoulder and stood sentry before his door, refusing admission to everybody with the words, "I am on guard, and you cannot pass!" Thus he had gained time to take off his uniform and to collect his money and his papers. Two quartermasters of the palace, in trousers and shirts with sleeves rolled up, and guns on their shoulders, had escorted him to the Rue St. Honoré, whence he had reached his sister's house in the Rue Royale. There he proposed to remain hidden, but as he saw every one so peaceful he had attempted to come to my house, and had arrived by way of the barricades and the politeness of their guardians.

He gave me an account of all the foolishness of the wretched

Polignac during these days: of his obstinate and stupid confidence, and also of his tendency to cruel and arbitrary measures, his discontent with the Marshal, who refused to keep as hostages the deputies[1] who had come to him on a deputation on Wednesday morning. He had expressed himself with extreme bitterness upon this subject to M. de Glandevès, asserting that if such conduct was not treason, it was at any rate inconceivable weakness. M. de Glandevès had replied that he could quite understand the Marshal's scruples. M. de Polignac replied, "It is not astonishing, when one has just shaken the hand of M. Casimir Périer."

"Yes, sir, I have shaken his hand. I am proud of the fact, and I shall be the first to report it to the King."

"Not the first," replied M. de Polignac, going away to tell some one else that the refusal of the Duc de Raguse was the less justifiable, because the order to arrest these gentlemen had already been given, and their appearance at the Tuileries could therefore only be regarded as providential. Providence had brought them there that they might suffer their fate, but there were certain men who would never recognise the ways of Providence. This speech was delivered to a fanatic of the evening before. M. de Polignac did not know that fanaticism rarely lasts throughout the night, or rather he did not believe that it would exist the next day. However, his words were immediately repeated with indignation.

M. de Glandevès spoke of the poor Marshal's despair and the manner in which he was surrounded and hectored by ministers who left him no power to act, though they had made no preparations themselves. Officers kept coming to him every moment.

"Sir, there is no bread for the troops."

[1] M. Laffitte, Casimir Périer, Comte Lobau, General Gérard, and M. Mauguin had come to wait upon the Duc de Raguse for conciliatory purposes. When M. de Polignac was informed of the fact, he refused to receive them.

"Sir, there are no saucepans for the soup."

"Sir, the ammunition is running short."

"Sir, the soldiers are dying of thirst," etc., etc.

To supply this last difficulty, the Marshal begged that some wine might be given from the King's cellars for the use of the troops, but it was not forthcoming. It was Glandevès who had two barrels of his own wine brought up to quench the thirst of the soldiers who were in the palace court. It should be noted that these poor soldiers could get nothing for themselves, for not a single shop would have been open to them.

The following is the account which M. de Glandevès gave me of the events of the morning. After inspecting the sentries posted about the Tuileries in company with the Marshal, while they were anxiously awaiting replies to the messages which had been taken to Saint Cloud by MM. de Sémonville and d'Argout,[1] they went back to their quarters. The Marshal said to him:

"Glandevès, give me something to eat; I have had nothing since yesterday, and am exhausted."

"Come into my room; everything is ready, and that will be the quickest way."

The ministers had already lunched before their departure to Saint Cloud. The Marshal went up with M. de Glandevès. Hardly had they sat down when they heard some gun-shots in the direction of the Louvre, which soon grew more rapid. M. de Glandevès cried out:

"Marshal, what can that be?"

"Oh, on that side there is nothing to be anxious about. Good Heavens, will this reply never come!"

However, at the end of a moment the Marshal observed, "The firing is getting stronger; we must go and see." They

[1] Antoine Maurice Appolinaire, Comte d'Argout (1782–1858). Mme. de Boigne has referred to him in first volume of these Memoirs, p. 176 note, and p. 184.

went down to the staff quarters. The Marshal took his hat and ran towards his horses, which were standing in front of the King's stables. During these few minutes M. de Glandevès said to him:

"Marshal, if you are going off, you must get a dragoon's horse for me; I cannot be left here alone."

"Are you mad? We are bound to wait here for the answer from Saint Cloud."

As he was saying these words the Marshal mounted his horse. Hardly was he in the saddle when he perceived a column of Swiss running at full speed across the Carrousel. He vented his feelings with an energetic oath, and went off at a gallop in the vain hope of rallying the Swiss. Some seconds had elapsed when M. de Glandevès saw the Marshal with a handful of men trying to close the gateways of the court, while all the troops, including the artillery, were galloping at full speed across the palace square. Beneath the clock tower the people in pursuit of the soldiers had come out by the Rue de Louvre: they were already in the King's apartments, which they had entered through the picture gallery. Poor Glandevès, finding himself the only member of his party in full uniform in the midst of the Carrousel, ran as hard as he could to reach the little staircase of the staff quarters. The pursuers fired upon him, but without effect. At the moment when he was entering the subterranean passage which leads from the staff quarters to the palace, my footman had seen him and spoken with him. His anxious appearance will readily be understood.

He also told me that Alexandre de Laborde[1] was a member of a provisional government which had met at the Hôtel de

[1] Alexandre Louis Joseph, Comte de Laborde (1774–1842), director of the roads and bridges of the Seine, deputy from 1822 to 1841, prefect of the Seine during the Revolution of 1830, *aide-de-camp* to Louis Philippe I.

Ville, and asked me if I was able to get a passport from him which would enable him to pass the barricades and make his way to Saint Cloud. I immediately sat down to write a note to M. de Laborde, which I sent to his house.

Some persons came to see me during the evening, and were delighted to find M. de Glandevès at my house, as they were anxious for his safety. The Russian Ambassador sent to tell me that he was still too unwell to go out. M. Pasquier informed us of the return of M. de Sémonville and of the presence of M. d'Argout at the Hôtel de Ville, where he had announced the arrival of the Duc de Mortemart, who had been appointed President of the Council and was ordered to form a Ministry which would include General Gérard and M. Casimir Périer. M. de Vitrolles, who had returned with MM. de Sémonville and d'Argout, had strongly urged this decision; hence it was possible to hope that it had been seriously adopted at Saint Cloud. M. de Glandevès, who was more intimate in that quarter than any of us, showed some doubts concerning its sincerity. I remember his own words: "It is a medicine which they will only take until their fears have passed away." It was something to gain time at such a crisis, and we were greatly pleased.

Glandevès also told us that during the Wednesday evening the King had been playing his game of whist with the windows open. The noise of the cannon and of the small arms could be distinctly heard. At each explosion the King gently flicked the tablecloth as if to remove a speck of dust. He gave no other sign to show that he was aware of what was going on. The game proceeded as usual, and no courtier ventured to make the smallest remark upon the situation. At the time of giving the password, Charles X. had avoided speaking to any one who came from Paris, and etiquette was so strict that, although an arrangement had been made before the password for M. de La Bourdonnaye and General

Vincent to tell him the truth of the facts which they had witnessed, neither of them, nor any of those who were to support them, had ventured to take the initiative. When the game and the evening had concluded as usual, General Vincent had returned to the Tuileries, furious with the scene he had witnessed, disgusted with his post as equerry, and bursting with the desire to tell Glandevès what he had seen, who was himself unable to control his tongue. At such moments people do not weigh their words, and even courtiers speak the truth.

The fact is that the King, wrapped up in his mystical ideas and encouraged by the correspondence of M. de Polignac, was persuaded that everything was going on admirably, and would not be turned from the path which he thought, with great piety, that the Holy Virgin had marked out for him. The Comte de Broglie,[1] governor of the school of Saint Cyr, reached Saint Cloud on the Wednesday afternoon, greatly disturbed by what he had heard and seen as he passed Versailles. The King listened to him patiently, and took the trouble to reassure him at great length. When he saw that he was withdrawing no less anxiously than he had come, he took him by the arm and said to him:

"Comte de Broglie, you at any rate are a man of faith. Have confidence therefore. Jules has seen the Holy Virgin again last night. She ordered him to persevere, and promised that all would end well." Though the Comte de Broglie was a religious man, he nearly collapsed at this revelation.

I am also certainly informed that during the first days after his return to Paris the Duc de Luxembourg, Captain of the Guards, on duty at this time, understood that the departure from Rambouillet[2] was decided neither by

[1] The Prince de Broglie Revel, field-marshal.

[2] On August 3d the populace of Paris organised a march upon Rambouillet, where Charles X. was after he had appointed the Duc d'Orléans

Maison[1] nor by M. Odilon Barrot,[2] but by the advice of Martin the seer.[3] The King had sent to consult him through M. de la Rochejaquelein. He arrived at the moment when the commissioners were leaving, had an audience with the King, and the order for departure was forthwith given. I believe that M. de Luxembourg has since denied this fact, but it was related to me by his sister immediately after he had told her all the details.

Etiquette was not always so strictly rigorous. Among the excellent reasons which I expounded on Wednesday morning to M. de La Rue, to prevent the Marshal from ordering the troops to fire on the people, I remember that I especially emphasised the eminent service which he would render to the King and to the royal family.

"At any rate, that would not be their opinion," he an-

as Lieutenant-General on August 1st and had abdicated in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux on August 2d. The Lieutenant-General sent three commissioners to Rambouillet to induce the King to leave France and to accompany him into exile. These were Marshal Maison, MM. de Schonen and Odilon Barrot. A bold stroke would have been adequate to sweep away the rabble, which believed that the days of October 5 and 6, 1789, had returned. The King, who was ill advised, preferred to withdraw, and thus lost his only chance of establishing his grandson on the throne.

[1] Nicholas Joseph Maison (1771–1840), enlisted as a volunteer in 1792, became brigadier-general after Austerlitz, and general of division in 1812. He joined the side of Louis XVIII., and followed him to Ghent during the Hundred Days. He became peer of France, Marquis in 1817, and marshal in 1828. He played an inglorious part in attendance on Charles X. at the time of the march upon Rambouillet. In 1830 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ambassador to Vienna in 1831, St. Petersburg in 1833, and Minister of War in 1835.

[2] Camille Hyacinthe Odilon Barrot (1791–1873), a constitutional monarchist. He was a member of the municipal commission in July, 1830, and organised the campaign of banquets which ended in the Revolution of 1848. He was Minister of the Prince President from 1848 to 1849, and President of the Council of State after September 4, 1870. All his life was spent in Opposition.

[3] See second volume of these Memoirs, chapter XIX.

swered, "for yesterday evening the Marshal, instead of returning to Saint Cloud, sent word to say that he thought it his duty to spend the night at Paris with the King's permission, though the rioters had been dispersed and peace established. The officer who brought this message was shown in. The King was playing at whist with the Duchesse de Berry. When the officer had delivered his message, the Princess asked him:

"'Did the troops fire?'

"'Yes, Madame.'

"'Willingly?'

"'Yes, Madame.'

"'Then I must embrace you for this good news.' She rose from the table, and the King said with a smile, 'Come, come, sit down; no childishness.'"

## CHAPTER XXV

A night of anxiety—Note from M. de Laborde—The workmen resume work—Benjamin Constant—M. Arago offers drink to the defenders of a barricade—A forgotten sentinel—Honesty and toleration of the populace—Pozzo changes his opinion—Letter from M. de Chateaubriand—Popular enthusiasm for M. de Lafayette—M. de Glandevès at Saint Cloud—Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais Royal—General Sébastiani Minister of Foreign Affairs—I write to Mme. de Montjoie.

I RETURN to Thursday evening. We were waiting in vain for news of the arrival of M. de Mortemart; finally at eleven o'clock we learnt that he had not yet come. As it is difficult to correct what we consider our logical anticipations of events, we attempted to explain this delay. Everybody gave his own opinion. I myself thought that numerous reinforcements had arrived, and that a fresh attack upon Paris had been decided. Towards midnight I found myself once more alone, more anxious and terrified than ever. I advised my household to be ready to evacuate the place at the first summons, and lay down upon my bed without undressing.

I had often heard the Marshal say—we were not aware that he was no longer in command—that the best moment for an attack was just before daybreak, and I waited for sunrise at the sign of safety. Never did so short a night seem to me so long. About three o'clock in the morning a noise of musketry was heard. I learnt the next day that two strong patrols had met at the barrier of Clichy without recognising each other. I thought that this was the beginning of the attack. I sprang from my bed, rang the bell, and assembled the servants. It

was at that moment that I felt the greatest measure of alarm throughout these exciting days. However, the firing ceased. We listened with great anxiety, but the most complete silence prevailed throughout the town. From time to time an isolated gun-shot awoke the echoes, but such shots were fired in every direction, and did not betoken an attack. At length the sun rose brilliant and radiant: I breathed freely and attempted to woo sleep, but in vain. I was in excellent health at that time, but on twelve occasions I passed the twenty-four hours without closing an eyelid, so great was the excitement of the moment. We were all animated by an electrical influence.

Wednesday, July 28th,[1] so fertile in great events at the Hôtel de Ville, at the Luxembourg, at the Palais Bourbon, at Saint Cloud and at Neuilly, has left me with fewer memories to relate than the other days. This is natural, for the scene of events was no longer the street, open to every eye, and the actors were too absorbed in their parts to have any time for relating details.

In the morning I received an answer to my note of the evening before from M. de Laborde. He told me that he had received it at midnight when he came back from the Hôtel de Ville, where he had been waiting for the Duc de Mortemart until that hour. He was returning at six for the same purpose, but he added, "I fear that this morning will be too late for the success of his mission." He promised me a pass for M. de Glandevès, to whom one was sent by M. Casimir Périer at an early hour.

I should note that upon that Friday all the workmen who were employed at my house returned to work in the most peaceable manner. Several of them had taken an active part

[1] The French text reads July 30th; Mme. de Boigne apparently confused the days of the month and of the week; the numbers have been corrected from this point onwards.—TRANSLATOR.

in the conflicts of the two preceding days, and related their experiences with heroic simplicity. I also saw the workshops in my neighbourhood reopened. However, the defenders of the barricades remained at their posts, and could be seen with guns on their shoulders and loaves of bread under their arms. Some, with the object of increasing their warlike appearance, stuck their bread on the end of their bayonets; but all were alike peaceable and polite.

I was recalled to the window which I had just left by the sound of a drum. At that time any sound was alarming, and doors and windows were consequently thronged with people in a moment. We saw a band of armed men slowly advancing, preceded by a drummer, and escorting a stretcher upon which was a mattress, upon which again reclined a man in the attitude of an opera Tancred. He made a gesture with his hand to still the acclamations which no one seemed inclined to raise in his honour. As he passed beneath my window this modest individual raised his head and I recognised the ugly face of M. Benjamin Constant. I cannot describe the impression which the sight of him caused. The days of nobility and heroism seemed to be over, while falsehood and intrigue were about to enter upon the scene. My instincts were not deceived.

I return to the events of those earlier days, over which I linger with the greater pleasure as later days have somewhat obscured their due rights. On leaving me the previous evening, Arago had been stopped by some workmen, who required him to help them on a barricade. He thought it prudent to lend a hand with a show of willingness, though he was exceedingly anxious to get away. One of the workers observed that he had been there for eighteen hours without food or drink, that he was exceedingly hungry and had not a halfpenny. Arago thought that this was an excellent opportunity: he drew a crown from his pocket and the

workman stretched out his hand, but one of his comrades stopped him:

"Are you going to take it? It is dishonourable."

The other withdrew his hand, thanking Arago very politely and saying, "You see, sir, that it cannot be done."

Then a discussion rose between them, in the course of which M. Arago attempted to prove that, as he was richer than they, it was reasonable that he should be allowed to contribute his money as well as his labour to the common cause. This argument shook their resolution, even that of the former spokesman, and Arago reproduced the crown, but he proposed that they should go and spend it in drink, and this suggestion ruined the whole business.

"What, drink! You are probably an enemy who wants to make us drunk. Drink indeed! We need possession of all our faculties. It is quite possible that we shall be attacked to-night. Comrades, we are hungry and thirsty, but that is nothing; we shall eat to-morrow. Put your money in your pocket and pick up that paving-stone."

Confidence was not sufficiently established for Arago to venture upon a reply, so he silently resumed his task. Soon a pupil from the Polytechnic School arrived to inspect the work. He showed the utmost respect for his professor, and consulted him with regard to the orders that he gave. The hero of the paving-stone listened to them attentively, and then addressed the pupil:

"My little general, is this gentleman one of us?"

"Certainly he is, my friend."

"Sir, will you have the kindness to give us what you offered us just now? We will drink your health most willingly, for we are mortally thirsty."

A man in society, M. de Bastard, saw a workman on sentry duty at one of the gates of the Tuileries on the point of fainting. He said that the authorities had forgotten to

relieve him, that he had been there for twenty hours and felt exhausted.

"Then you must go and take some refreshment."

"But who will guard my post?"

"I will."

"You, sir? That is extremely kind of you. Well, here is my gun."

"Very good; and here are five francs to pay for your dinner."

"That is too much, sir."

After a quarter of an hour the workman came back to his post, bringing with him three francs, as he had only spent two upon his dinner.

Stories of this kind might be repeated without ceasing. In several parts of the town people had gone into the houses in order to fire through the windows, had found tables laid and valuables lying about, but in no case throughout these disturbances was the smallest theft committed. There was, however, some pillaging in the rooms of the second in command at the Tuileries. But it is very possible that it may have been committed afterwards by the subalterns of the Château. They were suspected by those who inhabited the rooms. At the outset scruples went so far that the mattresses taken from the Archbishop's house, as well as the silver plate, were carried in procession to the hospital.

A further characteristic of this time, upon which I cannot too strongly insist, was the universal toleration. I went out that morning with M. de Salvandy; neither of us wore any fragment of tricolour. Many people, including those who were most opposed to the course of events, were bedecked with tricolours. Women, who took their stand by preference near the barricades, were carrying tricolour cockades in baskets before them, and offered them to the passers-by as they usually sold flowers. The common phrase, "Buy a

flower for the lady," had been replaced by the words, "Here, sir, a tricolour for the lady." M. de Salvandy continually declined with some appearance of ill temper, but without producing more effect than if he had refused a bunch of lilies.

I went to the house of the Russian Ambassador; he had made great progress since the evening before. Disgusted at the neglect which Saint Cloud showed towards the diplomatic body,[1] he loudly proclaimed the impossibility of re-entering a capital which had been stained with blood. According to him, the action of M. de Mortemart was futile and too late to succeed. The cowardice of the rulers was only equalled by their incapacity, and it was necessary to look towards the d'Orléans family. Only upon that side was there safety, and everybody should join them, etc. There were several people in the room where these phrases were uttered. I believe that Baron von Werther[2] was there, though I cannot be certain of the fact.

I do not precisely remember the hour, but it was late in the morning when I reached home again and found Arago waiting for me. Since his last visit he had heard that energetic efforts were being made on behalf of a republic, and said that he had just been arguing against this ridiculous project. The chances of success for Mortemart's Ministry were disappearing, but some decision must be taken rapidly if we were not to fall into the disorder of complete anarchy. He was to meet the leaders in the evening, and would attempt to bring them to reason. He could answer for the pupils of

[1] Mme. de Gontaut says in her *Mémoires:* "The papal nuncio, Sir Charles Stuart Rothesay, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, understanding the seriousness of the King's position, went to Saint Cloud to explain the facts to him; the Duc de Duras would not admit them. There are moments in life when disobedience is a duty, if it brings safety to another" (p. 319).

[2] Prussian Minister at Paris.

the Polytechnic School for a few hours, but no longer. Those gloomy revelations only served to increase my anxiety.

Although Arago said nothing but the truth, these outrageous ideas were not, I must repeat, those of the mass of the populace which had arisen and was in ferment. I will choose one piece of evidence among many. I was greatly anxious to send a letter to my family at Pontchartrain. I conceived the idea of addressing it to my father, and of telling the bearer to show it, saying that it was to summon a peer of France. He appeared at the barrier, which no one was passing, at five o'clock on Friday morning. Not only was it immediately thrown open to him, but a kind of passport was given to him when he explained his mission, in order to take him across those districts which were already "liberated," as the phrase went.

I am greatly vexed that I did not keep this document, but at that time I thought it only the dirty scrap of paper which it was.

About this time I received a letter from M. de Chateaubriand. He informed me that he had been on his way to me, when he had been stopped by the popular enthusiasm. His invention had not yet represented the incident as a national triumph, and he was somewhat embarrassed by the shouts of a few street loafers.[1] He had been conducted to the Luxembourg, and had been greatly vexed to find several peers assembled, whereas he had received no summons. When

[1] See in the Appendix at the end of the volume this letter from M. de Chateaubriand to Mme. de Boigne.

"M. de Chateaubriand had been intoxicated by a kind of ovation with which he had been honoured by about fifteen young men who had helped him to cross a barricade at the bottom of the Rue de Tournon. In his enthusiasm he unguardedly replied to some people who were anxious for the principle of legitimacy at such a crisis: 'Set your minds at rest. Preserve the liberty of the Press. Leave me a pen, ink, and paper, and if the principle of legitimacy is overthrown, I will raise it again in three months.'"—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. VI., p. 291.

he reached his house he had written to Charles X. to ask him for an audience at which he might place himself at his disposal.

I was with Mme. de Rauzan, when we heard a great noise in her courtyard. The yard was soon filled by a crowd of people dragging a cart filled with straw upon which a cannon was comfortably placed, which the sovereign people proposed to present to their leader Lafayette. This crowd was sent away to the staff quarters of the National Guard in the Rue de Mont Blanc. They committed no excesses, but were hideous to behold, uttering frightful yells, and dreadful women were among them. They were not like my friends of the barricades. Poor Mme. de Ladéboyère nearly died of fright. However, there was no danger; they were only cries of joy and triumph, though of a repulsive character.

As I left the table a letter was brought to me summoning my father to the Luxembourg, where the President of the Council, the Duc de Mortemart, was awaiting the peers. M. Pasquier came in to see me on his way to the Luxembourg, and was much disturbed on account of the health of M. de Mortemart. I told him the opinions of Pozzo and the disclosures of Arago. I did not produce much effect. He seemed very serious, and agreed that much time had been lost, but that there were still possibilities if any one were willing to profit by the astonishment which the two parties felt, the one at being defeated and the other at its triumph; the consequent hesitation might be used to arrange some reasonable compromise which would attract the masses, who only demanded peace and security. He stayed but a few moments. Communication was not easy, and was only possible on foot, and though time was so precious during those days, much of it was expended upon indispensable journeys.

I was much surprised to see M. de Glandevès, who had started in the morning for Saint Cloud with the intention of

remaining there. He had been deeply wounded by the manner of his reception. Possibly the fact that he had shaken hands with Casimir Périer had been denounced. The fact remains that the King had received him most coldly, and had ostentatiously declined to speak with him, though he was a kind of favourite. After he had vainly waited for an opportune moment, he at length requested an audience. The King moved into the recess of a window. M. de Glandevès attempted to speak to him of the situation in Paris, but the King insisted in replying in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the Baron de Damas and two or three other faithful members of the Congregation who were in the room. M. de Glandevès then said to him:

"I see that the King does not wish to listen to me; I will therefore confine myself to requesting his orders for my future movements."

"Go back to the Tuileries."

"The King forgets that they are invaded and surmounted by the tricolour flag."

"In any case, it is impossible to put you up here."

"Then, Sire, I will return to Paris."

"The best thing that you can do."

"Has the King any other orders for me?"

"No, I have none, but you had better see my son. Good day to you."

M. de Glandevès went off to the Dauphin.

"Sire, the King has sent me to ask if you have any orders to give me for Paris, as I am returning there."

"I? No. What orders should I have to give you? You are not one of my army." With that the Dauphin turned his back on him. In such a way was one of the most faithful servants of the monarchy dismissed upon July 28th. He was heartbroken. He had heard M. de Polignac reply to Mme. de Gontaut, who overwhelmed him with reproaches,

"Have faith, have faith; none of you have faith enough." He also heard him repeat this remark several times: "If the sword had not broken in my hands, I would have established the Charter upon immovable foundations." This phrase was no easier to explain than the rest of his conduct, but in any case he seemed to be perfectly self-satisfied. On the other hand, the poor Duc de Raguse was in despair at events in Paris and crushed by all that he saw at Saint Cloud, although his scene with the Dauphin had not yet taken place.

Pozzo came to see me. M. de Glandevès gave him the details of his visit to Saint Cloud, and recommenced his litany of the morning and of the evening before.

"They are ruined and done for. Neuilly contains the only resource which can save the country."

I spoke to him of the condition of M. Mortemart.

"He is a brave and excellent man," he said to me; "but even if he were in full health, he is not a strong man at this time. In any case, no one could do anything with those people."

Pozzo left me early. Several people came in whose names I have forgotten. M. Pasquier came late, but he had seen M. de Mortemart, who was in bed with a violent attack of fever. Nothing had occured at the Hôtel de Ville or at the Chamber of Deputies to further his mission. The few peers he had gathered at the Luxembourg would have willingly supported the monarchy, but they felt that their influence under the circumstances was insignificant. Nobody desired a republic, but it became an imminent possibility if some decision were not promptly taken, and whatever form it assumed, a decision could only proceed from Neuilly. There were vague rumours that some steps had been taken in that direction. At length, towards midnight, M. de Fréville[1] came to tell us that the Duc d'Orléans had arrived at the

[1] Baron de Fréville, Councillor of State.

Palais Royal. It had been decided to form a provisional government: the Prince was to be at the head of it, the ministers had been nominated, and General Sébastiani[1] had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. I cried out that this was a fatal choice. I knew Pozzo's hatred for him and the intensity of his Corsican feelings. The mention of this name would have been enough to make him as hostile to the Duc d'Orléans as he was then favourable. His great influence upon the diplomatic body would have been an enormous obstacle. Everybody recognised the fact and the importance of explaining it to the Palais Royal. I was urged to undertake the task, but it was midnight, and the nominations were to be published, it was said, the next morning!

Here begins the small political part which I was able to play in these great events. It was neither foreseen nor prepared, and lasted but one day. The Carlist party learnt of it, and was unduly indignant with me in consequence. I was dragged into it without premeditation, by the force of circumstances. Possibly, however, I was able at this early moment to facilitate the establishment of the new royalty, for which the Russian Ambassador had openly declared. I should have kept unbroken silence upon the whole of this affair, if the Ambassador himself had not been the first to speak of it.

On Saturday, July 31st, at daybreak, after careful reflection throughout the night, I decided to write to Mme. de Montjoie.[2] I reminded her of the remarks of M. de Sémonville and of our conversation on the Tuesday. It was strange to observe that

[1] Horace François Bastien, Comte Sébastiani (1772–1851), sub-lieutenant in 1789, colonel in Italy, brigadier-general at the camp of Boulogne, general of division after Austerlitz, Ambassador in Turkey in 1806, on half-pay after Waterloo, deputy from 1819 to 1830, Naval Minister, and Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the Revolution of 1830; Ambassador at Naples and London, and marshal in 1840.

[2] The Comtesse de Montjoie, lady of honour to Mademoiselle d'Orléans.

what had been the gossip of two women on Tuesday should have become history on Friday. I then asked her if the authorities at the Palais Royal were aware of Pozzo's profound aversion for General Sébastiani, and of the extent to which his nomination would certainly alienate the Ambassador, who was at present most favourably disposed. I added that if I could hear of a time when I should not be intruding, I should be tempted to run the risk of the barricades and to pay her a visit to continue the conversation of Tuesday.

I sent this note to the Palais Royal. An answer was returned to the effect that everybody was at Neuilly, but that my note would be sent out. I thought that M. de Fréville had been mistaken when he told us the previous evening that the Duc d'Orléans had arrived at the Palais Royal. As a matter of fact, he was there, but nothing had yet been decided, and the fact of his arrival was kept secret.

## CHAPTER XXVI

I refuse to start for Pontchartrain—Position of the Duc de Raguse—General anxiety—Reply of Mme. de Montjoie—I go to Neuilly with M. Arago—Proclamation by the Lieutenant-General—Death of a grenadier in the Royal Guard—Arrived at Neuilly—Conversation with Mademoiselle and the Duchesse d'Orléans—The two Princesses differ in opinion.

I RECEIVED a letter from my mother, which was brought to me by Moreau, the steward of Pontchartrain. He had left his carriage outside the barriers, and was anxious to take me away if I would consent. My mother begged me urgently. She thought she should even see one of her children besieged and reduced to starvation by the other. Her vivid imagination carried her back to the time of the Henriade. These misfortunes, however, seemed the less probable as Moreau told me that Saint Cloud had been abandoned. The King was withdrawing; the road to Versailles was covered with troops in consternation, while deserters were crowded together on every side. I went to take this news to M. Pasquier, and found the Duc de Broglie with him. He had already heard of the retirement to Rambouillet. Both of them advised me strongly to remain at Paris, as being the spot where I should be safest for the moment. The Duc de Broglie had summoned his wife and children to the town. I was easily persuaded, for I took too great an interest in current events to be anxious to withdraw. I therefore returned home to write to my mother, and explained my objections to leaving, and especially to following the road and surmounting the many obstacles over which Moreau proposed to take me.

On my way I called upon Mme. de Rauzan. She had been informed of the departure: her father had sent her word by one of his men that the court was going to spend some days at Trianon. She told me of the scene which had taken place between the Dauphin and the Duc de Raguse,[1] and her description was even exaggerated. We admitted her fears that the Marshal's state of mind after such an outburst might induce him to leave the court and return to Paris, regardless of the personal danger that he would then run. For this reason, when writing to my mother, I begged her to try and inform the Marshal of his position within Paris, and to send him money to enable him to withdraw if he should separate from the King and find himself without means.

As a matter of fact, Moreau, who had come to Paris to fetch me, went the next day from Pontchartrain to Rambouillet, made his way to the Marshal, brought him money, and offered to take him through the forest to a shooting-box which he inhabited, where he might very well remain hidden. The Marshal hesitated, and then decided to stay. I do not think the other alternative would have proved any more profitable to him. It was dangerous for him to continue his task and remain at his post, but at that time I did not know whether his position was in any way endurable.

[1] The Duc d'Angoulême had been appointed generalissimo on July 29th. The Duc de Raguse was major-general of the Guard. The commission given to the Duc de Mortemart to form a Cabinet with Casimir Périer and General Gérard, together with the repeal of the ordinances, displeased the Dauphin; he published orders of the day to the army written in a hostile sense. Marmont, on the other hand, published orders announcing the pacification; moreover, he took his orders directly from the King upon certain points of detail. The Duc d'Angoulême rebuked him strongly for acting without the approval of himself, the Commander-in-Chief, and the discussion became so acrimonious that the Prince put him under arrest and ordered him to hand over his sword. Marmont explained that he would prefer to break it; the Duc d'Angou-

While I was writing to my mother, visitor after visitor came in. Everybody was in despair, for nothing was decided and no news had been published. The same people who have since asserted, maintained, and printed that the Duc d'Orléans was so necessary to the country that he might have held out for a long time in order to secure the most advantageous conditions, were then terrified and in despair at every hour's delay. They were loudly impatient because he did not immediately plunge into the movement.

"Let him begin by seizing the power," they said; "explanations can come later." This was the general opinion, and I admit that I shared it. Anarchy was coming upon us from all sides, and seemed to me to be the worst of evils.

Arago arrived in complete bewilderment; his efforts had been in vain. He had just left a meeting of young men who were preparing to proclaim the republic. Then the Duchesse de Rauzan came in with the same news. Moreau had also heard this rumour in the street, and used it as a further argument for taking me away. However, I continued to decline, and sent him off with my answer.

At that moment I received an answer from Mme. de Montjoie.

"Your note," she said, "only reached me at ten o'clock,

lême rushed upon the Marshal to take it from him, and was wounded in the hand. He called for help, and ordered the body-guard to arrest the Duc de Raguse and to keep him under supervision. Half an hour later, when the King heard the news, he sent the captain of his guard, the Duc de Luxembourg, to return his sword to the Marshal, and insisted that his son should make peace with him. Marmont was with difficulty appeased, and the command remained completely disorganised.

In any case, during these unhappy days there was no harmony of any kind among those about Charles X. Father and son were no more in agreement than their subordinates. The legitimate monarchy fell rather beneath the dissension and the lamentable incapacity of its uninspired councillors than beneath the Parisian revolt, which might easily have been overcome by some few opportune concessions.

and is now in the hands of the Duc d'Orléans. Come quickly, my dear; you are expected here with the most eager and touching anxiety." I wished to question the messenger, but he had gone back. The note was dated from Neuilly at half past ten. How was I to get there? Any journey in carriages was impossible. Arago and Mme. de Rauzan alike urged me to go and explain the situation, and to hasten some solution. After a few moments of hesitation, I decided to start on foot. Arago gave me his arm. Mme. de Rauzan helped me to put on my hat in her hurry to see me start. As she tied the strings I said to her:

"You are my witness that I am not going to Neuilly as an Orléanist, but as a good Frenchwoman who desires the peace of the country."

She wished me every success, and told me that my mission was a work of charity.

When we reached the Place Beauvau, we heard a manuscript proclamation read aloud from the Lieutenant-General of the Realm.[1] It was a proclamation which asserted "The Charter will henceforward be a reality." The man who was publishing it stopped every hundred paces to read it again. Groups formed about the reader, and the effect was as follows. The proclamation was heard with great anxiety; it produced no joy or enthusiasm, but great relief. Every one returned quietly to his business, as though he had heard a satisfactory solution to a most urgent problem and as though he was breathing more freely. This impression seems to me to have

[1] In the course of Friday, sixty deputies who had met at the Palais Bourbon had decided to offer the post of Lieutenant-General of the Realm to the Duc d'Orléans, with the restoration of the national colours. The peers, who had met to the number of thirty, declined to take any action. The Prince had returned from Raincy, whither he had gone during the Friday night, and did not receive the deputation until Saturday morning. He accepted the post of Lieutenant-General, and issued the proclamation of which Mme. de Boigne speaks.

been general, but it must be remembered that I speak only of what I saw. It is possible that in other parts of the town the effect may have been very different.

I must again delay upon my road to relate another incident which I saw and which I can never remember without emotion. We were making our way with difficulty along the Rue du Roule, as we had to climb the barricades as well as to ascend the hill. We were overtaken by a group at the head of which was walking a pupil of the Polytechnic School, who was little more than a boy. He held his sword in his hand, and waved it, repeating in a grave and sonorous voice, "Way for the brave!" All the barricades were lowered in an instant to permit the passing of an armed patrol, in the midst of which a wounded man was carried upon a stretcher. This procession soon passed us, but we hurried our steps in order to take advantage of the passage which opened before it and closed again immediately. When it had nearly reached the hospital of Beaujon it stopped, there was a moment's hesitation, and some words were exchanged.

The stretcher was placed upon the ground, and the young pupil, who was raised above the whole scene by the steep slope of the hill, stretched out his arm and his sword, and in his fine, grave and sonorous voice, which I had already noticed, said with the deepest expressiveness, "Peace to the brave!"

Everybody in the street, including the escort which surrounded the stretcher, fell upon their knees. After a moment's silence the stretcher was lifted, and the convoy turned back. It should be added that the uniform and the cap laid upon the stretcher clearly showed that the wounded man who had died upon the way to the hospital was a grenadier of the Royal Guard. I can never recall this scene without feelings of deep emotion.

One of my reasons for going to Neuilly was to secure the special protection of the Princesses for the Duc de Raguse,

assuming that he found himself in a dangerous position as a result of the events at Saint Cloud. Arago and I were agreed that we would both speak to him concerning the conversation which he had had with the Marshal at the Academy and the Tuileries. At length we reached Neuilly. Mme. de Dolomieu[1] was waiting for me in the courtyard. I was exhausted, for the heat was suffocating. She took me to the rooms of Mme. de Montjoie for a moment's rest. But Mademoiselle[2] came in immediately: she took me into her private room after exchanging a few politenesses with Arago. She was in a state of obvious excitement, but her bearing was calm and resolute. She showed me a letter from her brother, written in pencil, in practically the following words:

"Undoubtedly we must not alienate Pozzo; Sébastiani will not be appointed. Try and let him know."

I readily undertook this duty.

No one at Neuilly had yet heard of the proclamation which had been read in the streets. I remembered the language fairly accurately, and repeated it to Mademoiselle. As soon as I gave the title of the proclamation of the Lieutenant-General, she stopped me.

"Of the Lieutenant-General? You are mistaken, my dear."

"No, Mademoiselle; I heard it three or four times, and I am certain of it."

"He only intended to take the title 'Commander of Paris.'"

"He must have been carried away by the general desires. He must be able to command outside Paris as well as within the city: every one is agreed on that point."

[1] The Marquise de Dolomieu, lady of honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans.

[2] Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Madame Adélaide under the July Monarchy.

This statement was precisely accurate at that time. I told Mademoiselle the names of those whom I had met the evening before and the same day. From Mme. de Rauzan and her clique to the defenders of the barricades, all demanded the interference of the Duc d'Orléans.

Mademoiselle admitted that such action was wholly necessary; but in her opinion one step was indispensable, the duty of which was clear. It was necessary to intervene between the combatants to prevent further bloodshed, to stop the civil war, to secure a general disarmament and the re-establishment of peace and order. She was so persuaded of this fact that when her brother had been sent for the previous evening, she had given full assurances to those who wished to see him in the part of peacemaker, and when she found that his absence might produce some real delay, she had offered to go to Paris if she could be of the smallest use in re-establishing public peace. She thought, as her brother did, that upon this first step there could be no hesitation, and that he should assume the power under the most modest of all possible titles, in order to avoid frightening any one. Then he would find himself in a position to act according to circumstances, while determinations taken at leisure were always better than those made off-hand at a moment of such keen excitement.

We spoke of all that was happening at Paris and at Saint Cloud. She knew of the departure and of the retreat to Rambouillet, although Trianon had been the place officially mentioned. She had also heard of the scene between the Dauphin and the Duc de Raguse. I cannot say whether this news had come directly to Neuilly or from Paris.

While we were talking, Mme. de Dolomieu came to take me to the Duchesse d'Orléans.

"Go to my sister at once," said Mademoiselle to me, "and try to cheer her up a little. She is in a terrible state."

I followed Mme. de Dolomieu to the Princess' room and entered alone. She was in her bedroom, in a dressing-gown and curl-papers, sitting in a great arm-chair with her back to the light. The Princesse Louise was on her knees before her, with her head leaning on the arm of the chair, and both were in tears. The Duchesse d'Orléans held out her hand, drew me towards her, and leaning upon me, began to sob. The young princess rose and went out, and I took her place. Her mother continued to cling to me, and to repeat through her tears:

"What a catastrophe! What a catastrophe! And we might have been at Eu!"

I succeeded in calming her in some degree. I spoke to her of the general desires, of the magnificent position which lay before the Duc d'Orléans, and of the universal wish for his action. I believed what I said, and moreover, I must again repeat that it was true. I also repeated to her the good effect of the proclamation. She did not pause at the title, but her attention was arrested by the expression, "The Charter will be henceforward a reality." She approved of the phrase, and spoke to me of her husband and of the purity of his intentions, with all her adoration for him. I ventured to say to her:

"Well, Madame, would France be so unhappy in such hands if our Guillaume III. took the title of Philippe VII.?"

"Heaven preserve us from that, my dear! They would call him a usurper"; and her sobs began again.

"Doubtless, Madame, they would call him a usurper, and they would be right. But if they called him a conspirator they would be wrong. Conspiracy is the only blameworthy element in usurpation, and none of his contemporaries would raise that charge against him."

"Oh yes, most certainly he has not conspired. The King knows that better than anybody. With what good faith and

what openness has he always spoken of him! Only a month ago at Rosny they talked together more than half an hour, and at the end of the conversation he said to my husband, 'Be sure that I understand my position as you do. I am persuaded that there is no safety outside of the Charter, and I give you my word that nothing will induce me to transgress it.' And then to pass these ordinances!"

One of the first questions the Duchesse d'Orléans had asked me was if I had heard anything of the Dauphine. She returned to this question when she had become somewhat calmer. When she learned that the Dauphine was on her way back to Saint Cloud, she grew very uneasy. Since the previous Sunday, when the Duc d'Orléans had been to pay his respects to the King, there had been no official communication between Saint Cloud and Neuilly. They had learnt of the *coup d'état* from the *Moniteur* on Monday. During the night between Tuesday and Wednesday, an anonymous note had come to them stating that orders had been given to send a body of troops to Neuilly to carry off the Duc d'Orléans and to take him to Saint Cloud, where he would be kept as a kind of hostage. Thereupon the Prince had mounted a horse, and had spent the day at some distance from Neuilly. The Duchesse d'Orléans had been so preoccupied with this idea of a summons to Saint Cloud that when young Gérard had arrived the evening before from the Hôtel de Ville to beg the Duc d'Orléans to come to Paris, she had received him, had taken him for M. de Champagny, the Dauphin's *aide-de-camp*, and had answered him in accordance with this idea. They had talked at cross purposes for two minutes.

She told me that as soon as the Duc heard that his presence was required to stop the insurrection, he had not thought of hesitating. He said to her:

"Amélie, you know that I am not afraid of this moment,

for I have foreseen it only too clearly. Now that it has come, the path of duty is clear. I must follow that path and save the country, for the country alone is in the right."

She had answered, "Go, my dear. I feel no anxiety, and am sure you will always act for the best."

Then the poor woman began to weep again more than ever.

"Oh, my dear friend, my happiness is past. I have been too happy." And clasping her hands, she exclaimed again, "O God! I hope I have not been ungrateful. I have enjoyed my happiness, but I have always been duly thankful for it." And so she continued to weep and exclaim.

I urged her to be less downcast, and pointed out that the Duc d'Orléans would need all his self-command. Nothing would be more likely to ruin him than the despair of one whom he loved more than anything in the world. She told me that she was quite aware of the fact, and that though she thus gave way before myself, she would adopt a very different attitude when necessary. The glory and happiness of her husband had always been the first interests of her life, and she would not fail them now.

I urged her strongly to go to Paris.

"Ride out in your carriage, Madame, with all your children. Take your State carriages and full livery, and the barricades will fall before you. People will be flattered by this confidence, will receive you with enthusiasm, and you will reach the Palais Royal amid cheers, without the smallest doubt."

"If my husband bade me do so, I would certainly go as you say. But, my dear, I should feel great reluctance. It would be a kind of triumph and mockery at the other side, you understand. I should very much like to reach the Palais Royal and rejoin my husband as soon as possible, but I would rather do it quietly."

"I can understand your delicate feelings, but this is not the moment for delicacy. Anything that can confirm the

popularity of the d'Orléans and show how the country desires them, seems, in my opinion, valuable for its safety."

The Duchesse d'Orléans, with her accustomed kindness, was much disturbed at my fatigue and the extreme heat through which I had come to Neuilly. She had ordered a carriage to take me back to the barriers, and this carriage was now announced. She wished to keep me with her longer, but I pointed out to her that it was necessary for me to see Pozzo as soon as possible. She made me promise to return the next day, either to Neuilly, or to the Palais Royal, where she then hoped to be. I found one of Mademoiselle's footmen waiting to take me back to her. She asked me how I had left her sister-in-law. I replied, "Somewhat calmer, but greatly moved." It was clear to me that the two Princesses, notwithstanding their close intimacy, were not in full confidence at this moment. I told Mademoiselle of the advice I had given to the Duchesse d'Orléans concerning her entry into Paris. I must admit that in her case I did not encounter the same kind of objection. But she told me that it was too important a step for her to take the initiative without her brother's orders. This was true, but if the question had been put, an answer might have arrived in an hour, during which time the carriages could have been got ready. The arrival of his family amid the acclamations of the people, as would inevitably have happened, would have provided the Duc d'Orléans with an excellent argument against the little circle of partisans, who were regarded as unduly important because they were the only persons who were seen and heard.

Fate decided otherwise. The Princesses reached the Palais Royal at midnight and on foot, travelling in an omnibus as far as the barricades would allow and unrecognised. I cannot but regret that they did not choose the course I had pointed out upon that day.

During my conversation with Mademoiselle we had not

gone beyond the title of Lieutenant-General, though her sister-in-law had ventured to pronounce the title of Philip VII. However, I went away none the less persuaded that Mademoiselle was keenly anxious to see the crown of France upon her brother's head, whereas the Duchesse d'Orléans regarded this prospect with horror and aversion.

## CHAPTER XXVII

My relations with the Duchesse d'Orléans—Her character—Her virtues —Good qualities and defects of Mademoiselle—I go to see Pozzo— His attitude—"They wish to reign"—Jules de Polignac and the diplomatic body—Strange indifference shown to the Ambassadors —Note from Mme. Récamier—"Glorious Revolution" of 1688.

This is perhaps the right moment to give some account of my relations with the two Princesses d'Orléans, and my opinion of their characters. When the storms of the Revolution drove my parents to Naples, I had often been brought into the company of the Queen's daughters. I was nearer in age to Madame Amélie, and played most frequently with her.[1] She showed me some preference over her other little playmates. Those remarks apply to the years 1794 and 1795. When she returned to France twenty years later, the Duchesse d'Orléans had not forgotten this association of childhood, and permitted a special degree of intimacy to exist between us. This connection I had opportunities of pursuing while my father was Ambassador in London, during which period the d'Orléans family were living in a kind of exile near London. This fact will also explain how I often knew more of the family griefs and vexations, though I was not an inmate of the Palais Royal, than people whose intimacy might seem greater than mine.

I cannot possibly overstate the deep veneration and tender devotion which I feel for the Duchesse d'Orléans. She was adored by her husband, by her children, and by all about her,

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 97.

and the more often any one came into contact with her, the deeper was the veneration and affection which she inspired. Her sympathetic tact in no way modified the loftiness of her sentiments or the strength of her character. The mother and the princess were wonderfully conjoined in her, and though she treated everybody with that obvious kindness which was natural to her, her attitude was marked by such delicate shades of consideration that each individual could learn his position in her society.

At the time of which I am speaking, the Duchesse d'Orléans had persuaded herself that she had no head for business, although her opinions enjoyed deep respect in the family councils, where the most perfect harmony prevailed. She thought that Mademoiselle had much greater capacity for dealing with affairs, by reason of her strong sense of right and her strength of character. She was thus ready to be taken under her sister-in-law's wing in any question of business or party politics. Possibly also this attitude was dictated by that delicate tact which directed her every action, even without her knowledge.

The court, especially under Louis XVIII., for Charles X. treated the d'Orléans with greater respect, attempted to mark the wide difference between the position of the Duchesse d'Orléans and that of her husband and of her sister. She would willingly have been given a higher position of her own if she had been willing to accept it.[1] However, as all the vexations and outbreaks which troubled the existence of the happy family at the Palais Royal were due to the animosity of the reigning branch, the Duchesse d'Orléans thought that

[1] As she was the daughter of the King of Naples, great-granddaughter of Philippe V. of Anjou, and a niece on her mother's side of Queen Marie Antoinette, the strict etiquette of the French court gave the Duchesse d'Orléans the right to a different rank from that which belonged to the Duc d'Orléans and to Mademoiselle d'Orléans.

she was doubly bound to make common cause with the members of her family and to adopt without reflection the decisions of Mademoiselle. Hence she grew accustomed to be guided by her, and never attempted to combat the influence which she was able to gain over her brother, the object of their common admiration. I do not think these scruples of the Duchesse d'Orléans were continued in the person of the Queen of France.

There has never been any coolness between the two Princesses, but they have not always been unanimous upon important questions. The Queen sometimes expressed, defended, and supported her opinions warmly, and attempted to use her influence upon the King. Never was affection more passionate than that of the Duchesse d'Orléans for her husband. She was firmly persuaded that his every decision was

"Wisest, discreetest, best."

This consideration was a great comfort to her amid the troubled waters into which circumstances drove her. These she entered with extreme reluctance, and prayed earnestly that the cup might be removed from her; but when once the decision had been taken she accepted it whole-heartedly. Much speculation entirely misguided has passed concerning her reluctance. Six weeks after the morning of which I have just spoken, she said to me:

"Now that this crown of thorns is upon our head, we must wear it while life lasts, and we will lay down our lives for it if necessary."

This calm energy did not prevent her from offering the most delicate and exquisite sympathy with the griefs of others, which she could realise and understand. Kindness was the source from which she invariably drew that lustre which adorned the most real virtues that a woman and a queen can possess. It may be thought that I am writing a

panegyric; if I have done so, it has been unintentional. I am drawing her picture as I see it.

My personal relations with Mademoiselle lasted from 1816 to 1817. I have always recognised her goodness of heart and her intellectual power, though I never felt greatly attracted by her. However, her good qualities were entirely her own, and her defects were rather due to the circumstances in which she was placed. She was the frankest and most straightforward person conceivable, and these qualities made her many enemies. The first confidences of her youth were received with malevolence, and she was correspondingly embittered.

Her father[1] was kindness itself to her. Brought up by Mme. de Genlis[2] in the most revolutionary ideas, she had seen this unfortunate prince gradually advance upon his fatal path, and watched the sight undismayed. She was too young to judge of the facts for herself at that time, and she was never afterwards willing to recognise that it was a path of crime, and of inexcusable crime. Attempts were made to make her proclaim her repugnance. Throughout her visit to the Princess of Conti[3] efforts were made to force her to take

[1] Louis Philippe Joseph, of gloomy notoriety as Philippe Egalité (1747–1794).

[2] Stéphanie Félicité du Crest de St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis (1746–1830), married Charles Brulart de Genlis, Marquis de Sillery. She was lady of honour to the Duchesse de Chartres (1770), wife of Philippe Egalité, and was governess to the sons and daughters of that Prince (1782). She went into exile in 1793, at the time when her husband was guillotined, and returned to France in 1801. She was the author of numerous works.

[3] Fortunée Marie d'Este, daughter of François III., Duke of Modena (1698–1780), and of Charlotte d'Orléans, daughter of the Regent. In 1759 she had married Louis François Joseph, the last Prince of Conti (1734–1814), son of Louis François (1717–1776), and of Louise Diane Elisabeth d'Orléans (1716–1736), the last daughter of the Regent. The Princess of Conti died at Trieste. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 381 and note.)

a step by which she should definitely renounce her father's memory. Strong in her remembrances of his kindness, she regarded resistance as a virtue, and spent in consequence the years of her youth in the solitude of her room.

The exiles who formed the society of the Princess of Conti declined to associate with her, and upon her side she would make no concessions. Her aunt, who was a clever woman, showed her some affection, and neither scolded nor worried her, but was not sufficiently courageous to take her side against the prevailing party spirit.

At a later date, she hoped to find full sympathy from her mother, and reached Spain full of illusions on the subject of filial affection. She was coldly received, and found the Duchesse d'Orléans[1] in so equivocal a position that her stay at Barcelona soon became unendurable. She was obliged to write to her brothers that her position was unfitting for her. It is obvious that all the sentiments of youth which are usually the delight and happiness of girls were outraged. With these preliminary facts, it will be possible, I think, to understand both the good qualities and the defects of Mademoiselle.

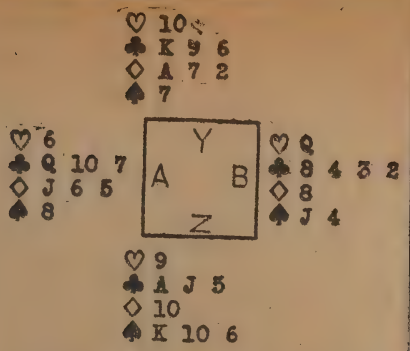
She was frank because she had never been accustomed to hide her impressions, careless as to whether they were opportune or likely to please other people. At the same time, she was never expansive, because she had been repulsed by every one who should have helped to develop her capacities for affection during her early youth. Hence, her heart had been wholly and exclusively given to her brother, the first person who had shown her the sweetness of true intimacy, and the only person in whom she could find full sympathy for the heavy burden which she was obliged to bear. Their

[1] Louise Marie Adélaide de Bourbon Penthiévre (1753–1821). In 1769 she married the Duc d'Orléans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, and at that time the Duc de Chartres. Mme. de Boigne has referred to her upon several occasions in the preceding volumes. (First volume, chapter XXVI. Second volume, chapters X. and XX.)

father's life and death will always form a stronger bond of union between them than perhaps they have ever themselves admitted. Though both of them were generally the easiest of companions, upon this point they were irritable, even to the point of rancour. They were never at their ease with the royal family, and least of all with the wife of the Dauphin, who on her side constantly treated them with marked disdain.

Mademoiselle retained all her bitterness against the nobility and the exiles who spoiled the happiness of her youth, and referred to them as *classes*. Her goodness of heart pardoned them as individuals, but her general attitude was one of strong opposition to them, and might have been regarded as a kind of vengeance. This frame of mind drove her to seek support among people who felt the same repugnance. She was too inclined to believe, in my opinion, that they would stop at the same point at which she had halted, desired to see the power in their hands, and worked to secure it for them. Laffitte, Barrot, Dupont, and their like had in Mademoiselle a partisan at the outset. The tenacity of her character and her fixed determination not to abandon people who seemed to be accused by circumstances and her resolution always to presume their intentions as good, induced her to lend them a support which largely endangered her influence upon the King's mind for some considerable period. She was aware of the fact and was grieved by it, but she did not change her conduct; such was her nature.

She has been accused of parsimony with both truth and falsehood. Until the death of her mother, Mademoiselle had no means, and was living at her brother's expense, so that economy at that time was a virtue. After she had come into the enjoyment of a considerable revenue, she spent it generously, became the patroness of artists and employed much labour upon her estates. Her private charities were




Clubs are trumps and Z is in the lead. Y and Z want seven tricks against any defence.

I was in the [illegible] an operative severely. That accident put me to thinking, to wondering if there wasn't some way it might have been prevented. It wasn't long before I had worked out a simple contrivance, a sort of stop motion that made it impossible. That contrivance, though useful, brought me no money, but it was of use to me since it caused me to study machinery.

"Many of my inventions have been in use for more than fifty years. Many of them were improvements of one sort and another on machinery for the manufacture of cotton, rubber and shoes. Away back in 1871 I invented a machine for making and folding square bottomed paper bags. That was a great success and is still in use. Altogether I have obtained eighty-seven patents and now

enormous, but she was not accustomed to magnificence, and could not spend in a royal manner, even when such expenditure was advisable. Her accounts were kept too precisely for a princess. At the outset, however, of the new reign, when the question of the Civil List was under discussion, Baron Louis came to her and asked if she would be satisfied if she were put down for a million. She objected as if he had offered her an insult, and protested that her personal income was enough and more than enough for her needs.

Mademoiselle displayed an affection for her nephews which I had thought absolutely motherly until the death of the Duc de Penthièvre,[1] who was seven years of age and almost an idiot. The Duchesse d'Orléans was overwhelmed by grief at this loss. Mademoiselle never pretended any feelings of the kind. She was pained by her sister-in-law's sorrow, but insisted upon asserting that the death of the child was a merciful release. This was the only shade of difference that I observed in the affection of the two sisters for the children. Possibly Mademoiselle was the more inclined to indulgence of the two, although she laboured as much as any one to give the children the excellent education which they received.

I doubt if any one had a better head for business than Mademoiselle. She could discover instantly the critical point of a difficulty, and sweep away all side issues; she refused to be led astray, and pinned the interlocutor down to the single point at stake. It will readily be understood that this power could not have increased her popularity at a time when almost every one was anxious not to speak definitely or to pledge his word. This power would have been inestimable if Mademoiselle had been at the head of affairs, but in her position it was an actual disadvantage. Her position should have been wholly secondary, but she was unable to

[1] Charles Ferdinand Louis Philippe Emmanuel d'Orléans, Duc de Penthièvre, born at Paris January 1, 1820.

appear except in the foreground. Hence she made many personal enemies, and her unpopularity was reflected to some degree upon her brother, whose interpreter she was supposed to be. She was aware of the fact, and her desire not to injure this brother, whom she deeply loved, embarrassed both her speech and her actions. Hence, though her frankness reached the point of rudeness, she gained a reputation for duplicity, and although her kindness was more than ordinary, she was considered as resentful.

During the trial of the ministers of Charles X., I remember that, one evening when great anxiety prevailed, Marshal Gérard, with his usual cowardice,[1] was explaining how dangerous it would be for the King to attempt to save M. de Polignac. Mademoiselle then replied in a tone which I shall never forget:

"Well, Marshal, if necessary, we will all perish in the attempt."

Her usually commonplace features were transfigured for the moment.

I owe it to her to say that she could listen to the truth, even when it displeased her, not only with patience but with some show of gratitude. On many occasions I did not spare her feelings, and although we may not have been precisely attracted to one another, she never made any difference in her treatment of me.

I return to the events of July 31st. Mademoiselle commissioned me to bring back Mme. de Valence[2] and her little girls.

[1] Cowardice only in civil matters, for no one has disputed his military courage. It was he who decided and secured the abandonment of the fleurs-de-lys, asserting that the National Guard was marching for the purpose of destroying them. I was present upon the occasion. This was entirely false, for the National Guard, as a whole, was indignant that their overthrow by a few wretches should have been permitted. (Note by Mme. de Boigne.)

[2] The Vicomtesse de Valence, daughter of Mme. de Genlis.

The four of us, with M. Arago, entered a carriage which was in waiting. I had secured the special protection of the Princesses for the Duc de Raguse in case he should stand in need of it, and Arago had given Mme. Montjoie full details of his visit to the general staff; he had been with her during my visits to the two sisters-in-law.

When I reached the barriers I left my friends and went immediately to Pozzo. There were visitors in his reception room, and I inquired for him. He came to meet me from the anteroom. I said to him:

"I have just come from Neuilly, and am ordered to thank you for your good wishes, for which every one is most grateful."

I found him a very different man from the previous evening; he was embarrassed, cold, and surly. He replied:

"Certainly they are right; you know how deeply I am attached to them, but the position is very delicate. The King is at Rambouillet; he is established there. My colleagues think that it would be advisable to rejoin the sovereign to whom we are accredited. There is a great deal in that, though we have not been summoned. However, I do not know what to do, and I am not sure what advice to give them."

I did not betray excessive astonishment at the sudden change of front, which I had foreseen, though I will admit that I had expected a more elaborate mode of excuse.

"I am sure that you will do what will be most prudent and expedient. By the way, I meant to tell you that Sébastiani will not enter the Ministry. I am certainly informed of the fact."

He looked at me fixedly for a moment.

"I am theirs to the death!" he cried, and taking me by both hands, he drew me into the middle of the drawing-room on the left. "Let us sit down. I suppose they wish to reign, do they not?"

"They say they do not."

"Then they are wrong. That is the only reasonable and

only possible course. At bottom they do wish it, and if they do not wish it to-day, they will to-morrow, because it is a necessity. So we must act upon that supposition."

I will admit that though I had expected a change, this sudden reversal bewildered me. I was so struck by it that I am certain that I have reported his first words precisely as he spoke them. He then began to discuss ways and means for rejecting the foolish proposal of going to Rambouillet, which some of his colleagues had conceived. He no longer considered the question as delicate or embarrassing, and had resumed his arguments of the previous evening against the older branch and in favour of the d'Orléans family. It was impossible to be clearer or more logical. After many general considerations, he gave me detailed instructions concerning the best attitude to adopt towards the diplomatic body. I asked him if he would allow me to state that this advice came from him. Not only did he give me permission, but begged me to do so, and also to express his entire devotion to the family. He repeated several times:

"It is their duty to reign, and loudly to proclaim their desire to do so."

We separated upon the best terms possible. He was expecting his colleagues to decide upon their future course of action, the question being whether they were to stay at Paris or go to Rambouillet. Doubtless they were to find a great difference between this conference and the conversation of the morning. If the general carelessness which marked the actions of the court had not also neglected to warn the diplomatic body at the time of the departure from Saint Cloud, it is probable, considering the frame of mind in which I found Pozzo, that the propositions of those who wished to rejoin the King would have prevailed, and that their departure would have been settled before my return from Neuilly. But since the Monday when M. de Polignac had declared his

complete confidence that France was ready to submit to all the wishes of the King, he had not taken the trouble to open any communication whatever with any of the ministers, not even with those nearest to his confidence, such as MM. de Apponyi and de Sales,[1] who entirely approved of the ordinances.

In any case, these latter were somewhat ashamed of their mistake, and these feelings induced them the more easily to renounce the project of departure which they had formed in concert with the Nuncio. Castelcicala was hesitating, Sir Charles Stuart was opposed, and Pozzo settled the question by persuading von Werther. But the most conclusive argument to their diplomatic minds was the fact that they had not been summoned by Charles X. Dexterity merely consists in speaking to every one in the proper language.

At soon as I reached home, I wrote a letter explaining the results of my conversation with the Russian Ambassador, and sent it immediately to Neuilly. During my absence several people had called, including Mme. Récamier. She had waited for me a long time, and had finally left upon my table a little note in which she expressed her great regret at not finding me at home, and her keen anxiety to talk with me of a person whose deep irritation she was sorry to see. I readily understood that M. de Chateaubriand was the person in question. We had spoken of him that morning during my conversation with Mademoiselle, and we had agreed that it was desirable to secure his support in the interests of the country. I knew too much of him to consider him a very valuable ally, but I knew that he might be a formidable adversary. M. de Chateaubriand was a man who could only be secured by placing ourselves entirely under his wing; at the same time, he would speedily grow weary of following the plain and easy road. He called that process driving in a rut,

[1] M. de Sales, Sardinian Minister at Paris.

and was anxious to create obstacles merely for the amusement of surmounting them.

I was much too tired to think of going to Mme. Récamier, as I should have been obliged to walk. I was obliged to put off the question of her note until the next day; in any case, it was more than six o'clock.

I saw a number of people in the evening, and heard a number of contradictory stories of events at the Hôtel de Ville and in the Chamber, which I barely remember. I can only recollect that Alexandre de Laborde arrived in transports of joy, which disgusted and annoyed us. The general impression of my circle was one of sadness and gravity: we regarded what had happened as an inevitable result of early mistakes. This result, however, seemed to us a lamentable disaster, while we considered it our duty to prevent it from becoming a greater calamity by throwing the country into anarchy. I must do M. Pasquier the justice to say that he was gloomier and more apprehensive than any one else. With the same frankness I will admit that his fears seemed to me somewhat exaggerated. With my recollections of the "glorious revolution" of 1688,[1] the path before us seemed to me to be easier than it really was.[2]

[1] See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 109.

[2] The usurpation of 1688 in England, which marked the triumph of Protestantism over the Catholic King and the Romish Church, was a fatal example for France, and is at bottom the origin of the Revolutions of 1789 and 1830. After non-essential details are removed, the movement appears directed to the same object, though with different projects and methods. Probably no revolution would have taken place if there had not been ready to hand as a gathering point for discontent and duplicity a prince of vast wealth and ambition to play the part of William of Orange. William III. by his overthrow of the Stuarts neither evoked revolutionary passion nor destroyed national institutions. He continued the royal dynasty as a royal King, and as he had conquered by his own strength, he was not obliged to provoke the undesirable demands of the mob or to bear their exactions.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Mademoiselle desires a conversation with Pozzo—The meeting arranged at my house—I inform M. Pasquier—Appearance of the streets on Sunday, August 1—Visit to the Palais Royal—The Duchesse d'Orléans—Appearance of the palace—News of the Dauphine—Return of the Duc d'Orléans—I guide Mademoiselle to my house—Interviews with General Pozzo and M. Pasquier—The pen of honour—I go to see Mme. Récamier—She takes me to M. Chateaubriand—His fits of rage—The Duc de Bordeaux—The "Glorieuses."

On Sunday, August 1, Mme. de Montjoie came into my room at seven o'clock in the morning. She told me that Mademoiselle was anxious for a conversation with Pozzo. If he were willing to go to the Palais Royal he might enter by a door situated at a considerable distance from the palace. If, however, he offered objections, Mademoiselle was ready to come and meet him at my house. Assuming that he approved the former arrangement, he would go out with me as though he were accompanying me for a walk to the Tuileries. We were to enter the Rue Saint Honoré. Mme. de Montjoie would be waiting for us in a shop near the door at which we were to enter, and would guide us through the intricacies of the interior. Whatever Pozzo's decision might be, I promised that I myself would be at the meeting place. I immediately wrote a note to the Ambassador, asking him to come to me at once. I gave him an account of Mme. de Montjoie's visit. He replied that he would be delighted to see Mademoiselle and to have a talk with her, and was most anxious for the meeting, but he added:

"Considering the state of affairs in the Palais Royal, the

disorder of the rooms and the number of people going about, it is certain that some one would meet me and recognise me. The air of mystery given to this conference would lend it additional importance in the eyes of the public. I am especially afraid of such supposed indiscretions, as they might neutralise my efforts and destroy my influence. I can only retain my influence upon the diplomatic body as long as I preserve a show of impartiality upon the question and make common cause with my colleagues."

He therefore accepted Mademoiselle's second proposal, begged me to make his full excuses and to request that she would agree to a meeting at my house. We arranged a casual form of words which might be sent as a message to inform him that the Princess would come.

I also sent to ask M. Pasquier to come and see me, told him what was in progress, and asked him if he would be inclined for a conversation with Mademoiselle, supposing that she desired a meeting. He replied that he had no objection whatever, and would be very glad of so natural an opportunity for explaining some of his ideas and for transmitting them thus directly to the Duc d'Orléans.

When these preliminaries had been settled, I started at the appointed time, and as I have been writing an account of the streets, it is perhaps worth while to say a word of their appearance at that moment. There were a great many people going about. A large number of patrols were to be met, though they were dressed only in trousers and shirt as on the preceding days, and were almost all led by some one in uniform. Orderlies on horseback were carrying orders in great haste. Everywhere were women and children, well dressed and wandering as they pleased, or with prayer-book in hand going to the churches, where divine service was celebrated and the doors were open as usual. Though everybody seemed busy, curious, and hurried, all were calm and confi-

dent. Indeed, except for the trenches across the streets and the strange costume of the troops, one might have supposed that it was an ordinary fine Sunday morning, upon which the population of the town were preparing to view some unusual spectacle which increased rapidity of movement without adding undue agitation. The town seemed as though a festivity were in progress, for the benefit of which the carriage traffic had been stopped.

I found Mme. de Montjoie at the meeting place, and after a long journey through the palace, which led us under the eaves, we reached Mademoiselle's rooms. She was in her little gallery: her study, which I crossed to reach her, was still strewn with glass broken from the windows during the preceding days. The marks of bullets were also to be seen in the woodwork. Hardly had I arrived and given Pozzo's message, than the Duchesse d'Orléans came in in great agitation.

"Sister, there is a man here, a footman from the Duchesse de Berry, whose name I have forgotten, who is waiting to take any message from me to the Duchesse de Berry. What am I to say? I cannot refuse to see him."

"Give him some ordinary message of politeness; there is no need to go into details in the case of such a messenger, but do not write."

The Duchesse d'Orléans went out, and Mademoiselle ran after her to the next room, "Above all things, sister, do not write."

"No, I will not, I promise you."

Mademoiselle came back to me with a smile.

"My poor sister is so upset," she said, "that she cannot weigh her words, and it will not do to pledge ourselves in any direction."

We resumed the thread of our conversation, and Mademoiselle agreed that it would be better for her to come to my

house. She was ready to come that day under my sole escort, but I should be obliged to wait for a time. Her brother was out, and she could not start until he returned.

The Duchesse d'Orléans came back a second time.

"Sister, Sébastiani is here, and he is furious."

"Never mind; I will have him brought here. Whether he is furious or not, he will have to give way this time. I will undertake to talk to him."

She rang the bell to give orders that General Sébastiani should be shown into her room. I left it with the Duchesse d'Orléans. I cannot describe the confusion which then prevailed throughout the Palais Royal. During the absence of the family at Neuilly, considerable repairs had been begun in several rooms. The floors had been taken up, and we walked upon the joists amid the plaster. In other rooms painters were at work with their implements. The furniture was out of place, and we were constantly running into upholsterers carrying ladders and footmen bringing chairs. Throughout this confusion people of all kinds were going about. Meals were in progress in every room, and everybody walked in as though the palace was a street. The palace guards wore the costume which I have already described, and formed a strange constrast with the locality as well as with its inhabitants. Conversation was impossible amid such an uproar. The Duchesse d'Orléans was only able to tell me as we withdrew through Mademoiselle's rooms that she was easier in her mind concerning the Dauphine.

The latter had met the Duc de Chartres near Fontainebleau during the previous night. And as no other news of her had arrived, it was obvious that she had come to no harm, and must have rejoined her family. This was a great weight removed from the mind of the Duchesse d'Orléans. She was deeply attached to the Dauphine, and throughout the sad events which followed the misfortunes and the feelings

of this princess always caused the Queen anxiety and despair, as I have seen for myself. Later in the morning I was shown an intercepted letter from the Dauphine to her husband. I remember one phrase which struck me greatly. After a bitterly indignant account of the scene at the theatre in Dijon as she was coming out, and of the insolent cries which were uttered, she added, "They would have liked to insult me personally, but I assumed my well-known air, and they did not venture."

She was thus continuing that well-known air which we regarded as a kind of misfortune. I do not, indeed, recall these words with any sense of hostility towards the Princess, whom I respect, and whose misfortunes were in themselves a dignity, to use the expression of M. de Chateaubriand; I give them merely as a further proof of the ignorance concerning the age and the country under which the elder branch was labouring. This air, which she considered to command respect, merely produced bitterness and ill-feeling. She did not discuss the ordinances in this letter; it seemed as if she had already spoken of them:

"I shall not return to what I told you yesterday. What has been done is done, but I shall not breathe freely until we are united."

I return to the events at the Palais Royal. We were supposed to spend our time in the room known as the Salon des Batailles, where a kind of *repas en ambigu*[1] had been laid. As a matter of fact, we were continually in a room which communicated with all the apartments, and off which a large balcony looked upon the court. Every cry, every sound of

[1] A meal which is neither lunch nor dinner, but shares the nature of both, in respect of the time at which it takes place and also of the nature of the dishes. It is a mixture of both meals, hot and cold dishes, together with dessert, being served at the same time.—*Dictionnaire Larousse Illustre*, Vol. I., p. 236.

the drum, every noise, and noises were frequent, summoned us thither. The Duchesse d'Orléans was obviously attempting to overcome her mental agitation by physical exercise, for she could not sit still. After following her about for some time, I abandoned the effort, being completely exhausted, and sat down in a corner, where Mme. de Dolomieu, who was as tired as myself, came to keep me company. There we sat until the cheers in the square announced the approach of the Duc d'Orléans. Mademoiselle joined us at that signal, followed by General Sébastiani. He wore a very surly air, and as he passed gave me a glance from which I understood that he recognised me as the intermediary in a negotiation which was so entirely against his wishes.

Every one went out upon the great balcony to see the arrival of the Duc d'Orléans. He and his horse were literally borne along by the waves of people. I am well aware that such enthusiasm promises nothing for the next day, but, without attaching undue importance to it, it must be said that there was the utmost enthusiasm for him in that place and at that time. His poor wife was greatly touched, and it was a pleasant compensation to her for her previous anxieties.

At length the Duc d'Orléans emerged from the crowd, entered the palace, where the crowd was little more select, and reached the room in which we were. He stopped for a moment, embraced his youngest children, who had come from Neuilly after he had gone out, spoke to General Sébastiani, took my hand and said a few kind words, and went back into his private room, followed by his wife and sister. The latter did not stay there long. When she came out she took my arm and said:

"Come; I am ready to go."

We went back to her rooms, and the problem of dress began. She had a straw hat but no veil, and a veil was a necessity

for our expedition. My own was of deep black, as I was in mourning, and would not do for her. She rang for the only maid whom she had brought from Neuilly, but the maid had no key to the cupboards. At length she remembered a hat which had been left at Paris and trimmed with a large white veil, which was brought. She was afraid that it might be too conspicuous. I assured her that the streets were full of hats equally splendid, and soon she was as much surprised by the fact as I had been myself during the preceding days.

We went down the little turret staircase and left the palace; no one had recognised her. This was not a difficult manœuvre in the midst of the prevailing confusion. When we reached the Rue de Chartres, she said to me in English, "We are followed." We were followed, as a matter of fact, but by my butler. I had brought him because I could rely on him as the most discreet of all my servants. I reassured her accordingly.

"Then," she said, "let us each take his arm; that will look better than the sight of two women alone at this time."

We adopted her suggestion, and Jules Goulay was honoured with the arm of a princess. We arranged that if we should meet any of my acquaintances who might wish to speak to me, I was to stop while she went forward.

I told her of the note which I had received concerning M. de Chateaubriand: she repeated that his support was considered highly desirable, though it was not proposed to give him a place in the Cabinet. If the ambassadorship at Rome would suit him, he might be allowed to resume it. The evening before M. de Glandevès had begged me to say a word at the Palais Royal concerning himself and his devotion. I had performed this commission in the morning, and apparently Mademoiselle had spoken of the matter to her brother during her short conversation, for I was formally requested to tell M. de Glandevès to return to his rooms at the Tuileries,

where his position would be regularised. I delivered the message, and he refused the offer with many kind and respectful words. All this shows how much people would have desired at this first moment to continue monarchical customs, and how necessity, operating through the energy of some and the reticence of others, obliged them to follow other paths. I use the words reticence, because there was no hostility as yet. The party which has since been called Carlist or Legitimist did not exist at that time. As we were talking in English, the man between us was no embarrassment. I asked Mademoiselle whether she would care to see M. Pasquier, in which case I would send a message to him while she was talking with the Ambassador. She told me that she would be delighted. We had entered the garden of the Tuileries, but were obliged to turn back, as the gates leading to the Place Louis XV. were still closed. We followed the Rue de Rivoli. As we approached the Rue St. Florentin, Mademoiselle made me walk by her side so as to conceal her as much as possible.

"I do not want that old lame man[1] to notice me," she said; "he is so cunning, and might easily recognise me from his window. I should not care for him to see me passing, while the necessity of speaking to him would be even more unpleasant."

We reached the Rue des Champs Elysées without meeting any one. I stopped in order to give the agreed message to the Ambassador's porter. Mademoiselle went forward and I caught her up as she was entering my house; hardly had I shown her into my room when Pozzo arrived. He told me that some one would come and ask for him to sign a paper. I brought him to the Princess and left them altogether; I then

[1] Prince de Talleyrand. He lived in the residence which forms the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Florentin, opposite the Naval Ministry. The house is now the property of Baron de Rothschild.

wrote a note to M. Pasquier to tell him that he was expected. M. de Lobinski soon arrived with the despatch to be signed, and I went to fetch Pozzo. When he apologised to Mademoiselle for leaving her, he said:

"It is in your service; I am going to sign the despatch of which I was telling you, in order not to delay the departure of the courier."

He then signed two long letters, and returned to the room where Mademoiselle was waiting. I was left alone with Lobinski. He had brought a little pocket writing case, and I made some joke upon this precaution. He gave me the pen.

"Keep it," he said, "as a pen of honour. You have well deserved it. You do not know yourself the whole extent of the service that you have performed, not merely to your own country but to the whole of Europe, which will owe the maintenance of peace to you. You have every reason, Madame, to be well pleased with yourself."

I accepted this solemn address with a smile, and took the pen.

"I am speaking very seriously," he replied. "You do not know what it is that you have prevented. Rejoice at your success as a Frenchwoman, while I thank you for it as a Russian."

The words of Lobinski induced me to think that these despatches, so entirely in our favour, were being substituted for others of a very different character. This, too, was the opinion of M. Pasquier, to whom I forthwith related the incident. Yet it is possible that they merely alluded to the proposals of the diplomatic body for going to Rambouillet, the rejection of which Pozzo had secured. I never learnt any more of the matter. My degree of intimacy with the Ambassador did not permit me to cross-examine Lobinski.

M. Pasquier arrived, and we awaited the conclusion of the conference with Pozzo, which was very long. As soon as I

saw him come out I took M. Pasquier into the room and withdrew. As will be seen, I was throughout this affair nothing more than the fly on the coach-wheel. I had observed during my morning walk that cabs were beginning to go about, though with difficulty. I had sent to fetch one, and when M. Pasquier had left Mademoiselle, I suggested that she should take it rather than return on foot; she agreed, and we got in. She told me that she was pleased with M. Pasquier. "It is clear," she added, "that he is a man accustomed to face a question from every point of view, and a great means of overcoming obstacles is to have foreseen them. It is also clear that he is by no means anxious to implicate himself; obviously he has been involved in many revolutions, and is afraid of them.

"But I am perfectly delighted with our good Pozzo. He is perfect, dear Mme. de Boigne, and entirely one of us. He has told me of that despatch which he had signed, and we could not have composed it differently ourselves. I am very anxious for him to have a meeting with my brother, and shall try and arrange it for to-morrow night. In any case, the most important point is already settled: he has induced the diplomatic body to stay in Paris, and has sent off those excellent despatches."

We discussed this subject and many others during our journey, which was disturbed by no inconvenience except a constant and fearful jolting. I stopped the cab in the Rue de Valois, and accompanied Mademoiselle to the staircase of the turret. As soon as I had seen the door of her rooms close upon her, I went down to the cab and returned home. After a pretence of dining, for the excessive heat, my fatigue, and anxiety made it almost as difficult to eat as to sleep, I took another cab and went to see Mme. Récamier. She was awaiting me impatiently to speak of M. de Chateaubriand.

I soon learnt that he was angry with Charles X., who had

not answered his letter, disgusted with the peers, who had not chosen him to lead the Chamber, and furious with the Lieutenant-General, who had not entrusted him with the power that events proclaimed to be his due. Moreover, he was reputed to be ill. This was his usual resource when his ambition received any great check, and it is possible that his disappointment was sufficiently strong to have had an effect upon his health. Mme. Récamier urged me to visit him in her company and to try to soothe him. I consented, and we entered the carriage which had brought me, and reached his little house in the Rue d'Enfer.

Mme. Récamier was known to the servants, and we were shown up to his study without difficulty. We knocked at his door, and he told us to come in. We found him in a dressing-gown and slippers, with a bandanna handkerchief on his head, writing at a corner of the table. It was a long table, entirely disproportionate to the room, which was shaped like a gallery; it took up most of the space, and gave the room a slight public-house appearance. It was covered with books and papers, remnants of food, and toilet utensils by no means elegant. M. de Chateaubriand received us very kindly. It was obvious, however, that he was ill at ease by reason of this confusion, and even more because of the bandanna handkerchief. So far he was justified, for the red-and-green handkerchief by no means became his gloomy face.

We found him extremely bitter. Mme. Récamier induced him to read me the speech which he was preparing for the Chamber. It was violent to the last degree, and among other points I can remember a passage, which was afterwards inserted into one of his pamphlets, in which he depicted the Duc d'Orléans advancing towards the throne with two heads in his hands; the rest of the speech was in consonance with this phrase. We listened to his reading in the profoundest silence, and when he had finished I asked him if this work,

the literary excellence of which I admitted, was the work of a good citizen in his opinion.

"I do not claim to be a good citizen."

I asked whether he thought that this work was the best means of bringing the King back to the Tuileries.

"Heaven forfend! I should be very sorry to see him there."

"In that case, would it not be more prudent to join the powers in possession, in view of the fact that they might be able to prevent the anarchical calamities which are not unreasonably to be expected and which you depict in such fearful colours?"

Mme. Récamier took this opening to say that I had been at the Palais Royal that morning. She ventured to add that great value was set upon his support and co-operation. It would be understood that he might object to take any active part in the Government, but it was thought that he might perhaps consent to return to Rome.

He rose from his chair, saying, "Never!" and began to walk about at the other end of the little gallery. Mme. Récamier continued to talk with me quietly of the advantages of his position at Rome, of the service which he might do to religion, of the natural and valuable part which the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* might play in such a predicament, etc. He pretended not to listen to us. However, his temper grew milder and his steps slower; suddenly he stopped in front of a shelf full of books, and folding his arms, he cried:

"And what shall I say to those thirty volumes which are looking me in the face? No, no! They condemn me to throw in my fortunes with the lot of those wretches. Who knows them, who despises them, and who hates them more than I?" Then he unfolded his arms and placed his hands upon the end of the long table which separated us, and began

a diatribe against the princes and the court. He expressed himself in that bitter scorn which his hatred could produce, and with such violence that I was almost terrified. It was growing dark, and the attitude of this figure with the red-and-green handkerchief, standing before the only light that came into the room, seemed almost diabolical.

After this explosion he grew somewhat calmer, came towards us, and said in a more equable tone:

"What Frenchman has not felt enthusiastic for the admirable days which have just passed? And undoubtedly the man who has done so much to bring them about cannot have remained unmoved."

He then drew a picture in the most vivid colours of the national resistance, and the brilliance of his own picture in this story softened him under the influence of his own words.

"I recognise," he said in conclusion, "that it was impossible to reach the only possible result with greater nobility. I admit the fact, but I myself, a wretched serf bound to the soil, cannot free myself from this dogma of legitimacy, which I have so often belauded. People will always have the right to throw my words in my teeth. Moreover, all the efforts of this heroic nation will be lost; no one understands it, and the country, so young and beautiful, people wish to entrust it to the guidance of worn-out men, who will only work to sap its manhood, or it will be handed over to those little gentlemen"—this was his special name for M. de Broglie and M. Guizot, the objects of his special detestation—"and they will try to cut it to the model of their master."

"No, what France requires is new men, men of courage and bravery, bold and adventurous like herself, who will restore her with one stroke to the head of the nations! See how instinctively she feels the want! Whom did she choose to lead her when left to herself? Schoolboys and children, but they were children full of talent, dash, and hardihood, able

to inflame imagination because they are themselves enthusiastic. At most some old sailor will be required to give warning of reefs and shallows, and thus not to stop progress, but to stimulate audacity."

M. de Chateaubriand's ideas of government were thus sufficiently explained by these words. He was to be the directing power, with the schoolboys and newspaper editors as his acolytes; such was the ideal he had formed for himself of the happiness and glory of France in his discontented dreams. However, it was necessary to make an end and to take leave of these rhapsodies. I asked him if he had any answer for the Palais Royal, whither I should be going the next morning.

He replied in the negative. His place was fixed by antecedent circumstances; he had seen this crisis long ago, and had printed his profession of faith beforehand. Personally he had a high respect for the d'Orléans family. He appreciated all the difficulties of its position, which unfortunately it would not be able to secure because it did not understand the state of affairs and would not regard them from a sufficiently revolutionary standpoint.

I left him evidently much calmer. In fact, there was a wide difference between the speech which he had read to me, with the "two heads in his hands," and that which he delivered in the Chamber, and in which "he would offer a crown to the Duc d'Orléans if he had one to give." But I rediscovered in it some of the bitter sarcasms for the conquered which had formed part of his extempore speech at the end of the table, the eloquence of which had charmed him and soothed his feelings. Among others, the expression "to drive out with a pitchfork."

Throughout this long conversation, which lasted until nightfall, I can affirm that not a word was said concerning the Duc de Bordeaux. I did not hear this subject mentioned

until I returned home in the evening. I am aware that at present every one has constantly thought of it, has always desired and wished it, but I can assert that these desires were secret. The idea of the King's abdication, and above all of that of the Dauphin, had not yet become general, and for myself I must admit it had never occurred to me independently; moreover, it seemed to me very improbable of realisation.

Yet I am certain that attempts to produce this result were made during this Sunday; they had been begun during the previous evening, and were continued throughout the next day. They met with much sterner resistance at Trianon and at Rambouillet than at the Palais Royal. I think I may positively assert that the Lieutenant-General, while rejecting responsibility for the initial request, was ready to receive the royal child alone. His wife would have received the child with delight and promised him a mother's care, but the reply from Rambouillet was harsh to the point of insult. In any case, this transaction did not come within my personal knowledge of the moment, and therefore does not belong to what I have seen and heard, and I do not propose to relate anything else.

I should write a stout volume if I were to relate everything that I have since learnt concerning the details of this event, even if I confined myself to points upon which I am certain. Here, however, my task ends. I often served to carry messages to the Palais Royal, but from distances, upon special occasions and when specially commissioned. Though these details might be curious, they would hardly form a story of any continuous interest. In any case, if I were to continue I should be obliged to speak of the Tuesday and of the dreadful march upon Rambouillet, and I do not wish to conclude with so painful an impression. That event has no connection with the noble week that had just elapsed.

At that time France rose as one man, became a giant by

the unanimity of her resolve, and threw off the pigmies who attempted to enslave her. Content with this result, her only object, she would have returned to the calm of her proud rest if a handful of ambitious men and a few hundred wretches had not continued an artificial agitation which destroyed in the eyes of contemporaries the magnificence of the spectacle presented to our view. Posterity will, I believe, do more than justice to it, and I am greatly deceived if these days, now known derisively as the "Glorieuses," do not preserve their fame for centuries.

# APPENDIX

## I

*Letter*[1] *from* ADRIEN DE MONTMORENCY, DUC DE LAVAL, *to* MME. LA COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

MONSURES, *September* 5, ——.

My old friendship has been greatly touched by the singularly kind and sympathetic expressions which I have read in your letter of the 2nd. You show much interest and pity for my new miseries. The excess of grief which has placed the crown upon my wretchedness has stirred in me the recollections of our past friendship, and I am very far from receiving your gentle reproaches in an unfriendly spirit.

Why then have I been wounded? To put the matter plainly, the reason is that for some years our old and intimate friendship was drawn yet closer by unlimited confidence on my part. I used to love you as a chosen sister; I used to think of you, my dear Adèle, as a friend endowed with reason, insight, and devotion, apart from your infinite charm in ordinary intercourse. At that time sympathy prevailed between us in all circumstances, and we were friends in all the perfection of the term. Even as our parents had given us an example of this unchangeable union, so I thought that a second generation of friends would represent the strongest, sweetest, and most honourable of human affections.[2]

[1] All these letters are autograph.

[2] Adrien de Montmorency was the son of the Duc de Montmorency Laval and of the Duchesse, *née* Marie Louise Mauricette, of Montmorency Luxembourg, godmother of Mme. de Boigne, who has referred to her on several occasions. See in particular first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 193, 194 and 291.

Who then has changed and overthrown these conditions? Who has formed new friendships and new ties obliterating our old memories? It is not I. You are right when you say that old connections should not be broken off in search of new, and no one is a firmer believer than myself in those strong and admirable lines of Shakespeare:

> "Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

I intend to answer your action with tenderness and without recrimination. I shall come to see you constantly. If it were only a matter of feeling for you as an old acquaintance, of delighting myself with your wit and with the amusements of one of the pleasantest houses in Paris, there would be no more to say, or rather I should not have shown any dissatisfaction. Your only reason for complaining of my coldness is the fact that you stood far deeper in my affection, esteem, and confidence. Once again I repeat I will come to see you as soon as I come to Val. We will shake hands as before, and try to heal the sore and close the deep wound.

I return to-morrow for a few days to the Rue de l'Université, and be sure you understand that I have been deeply touched by your letter.

I am giving these lines for you to Mme. Récamier, as I am starting for Geneva; you know the consolation of which I am in search. If it were only on account of this secret which we hold in common, our friendship would be eternal and secure from revolution. France, poor country, might be stirred to its very depths, but our old friendship cannot be changed, however greatly our colours may change.

Pardon me, therefore, my reticence, and take my word that friendship is an oath which will never be changed or broken by me.

ADRIEN.

*Saturday, 28th.*

Write to M. Louis Bellanger, Poste Restante, Geneva.

## II

*Letter from* Baron Séguier, *French Consul-General at London, to* Mme. la Comtesse de Boigne.

London, *August* 13, 1830.

Madame,

Though very busy and by no means well, I cannot allow the post to go without at least acknowledging receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, and of the enclosure which I have not yet been able to send on, though I will do so when there is an opportunity.

The manner in which you speak of our new condition gives me great pleasure, for it is a proof that matters are growing settled, and it is only self-confidence, together with unity, which can eventually save us. Here we are the subjects of just admiration, and the English newspapers do nothing but apologise for the ill reputation which they formerly gave us; we are something more than a nation of dancers and hairdressers; we are, in fact, the best nation in the world next to England. These new praises seem to be genuine, and if we continue to deserve them a real esteem may come to exist between the two nations; then we shall march everywhere hand in hand, and the happiness and peace of Europe will be assured.

I hope you will be able to read this scribble, but I write with difficulty. Pray give my compliments to your family, and believe me,

Yours very truly,
Baron Séguier.

## III

*Letter from* M. de Chateaubriand *to* Mme. de la Comtesse de Boigne.

Paris, *July* 31, 1830.

Yesterday I went out to see you, but I was recognised in the streets and carried in *triumph*, much against my will, to the Chamber of Peers, where there was a meeting. To-day I am so discouraged by my *glory* that I dare no longer go out; I am about to enter upon a perilous path, where I shall find myself practically alone and in which I will sacrifice myself if necessary. I intend to remain faithful to my oaths, even towards perjurers. How unfortunate it is that I am so far from you! There are no carriages and no means of communication.

Pray accept my kind regards, Madame. I shall try and find some opportunity of getting as far as the Rue d'Anjou. Night would be the best time, but I cannot leave the house on account of the fears of Mme. de Chateaubriand, the sick people and the refugees, who have asked my hospitality. Mme. R. has not returned, but I expect to see her arrive every moment.

# INDEX


AGOULT, Vicomte d', 110 and *note* 1
Aix, 39, 42
Alexander, Emperor of Russia—
  Receives news of the military insurrection in St. Petersburg, 48–49; power of Prince Metternich over, 50; death and anxieties of his last years, 156–57
Algerian expedition, the—
  Command of, 225–28, 237–38; preparation for, 236–38; capture of Algiers, 251–52
Allée de Marigny, cutting down of trees in, 284
Allies, the, departure of, from Paris, 12–13
*Almanach Royal*, *cited*, 21 *note*, 139 *note* 2, 272 *note* 2
Alsace, visit of Charles X. to, 194
Andrinople, treaty of, 204 and *note* 2
Andujar, withdrawal of ordinance of, 97
Angoulême, Duc de, *see* Dauphin, the
Apponyi, Count—
  Lack of tact, 145–46; visit to M. Polignac, 262; mentioned, 339
— Countess, 146
Arago, M.—
  Mme. de Boigne's message to, 274–77; attempts to communicate with the Duc de Raguse, 286–87; the Dauphin's note to, 287–88; offers drink to the defenders of a barricade, 307–8; opinion on chances of the Mortemart Ministry, 310; reports the rumours current in Paris, 319; accompanies Mme. de Boigne to Neuilly, 320–22; conversation with Mme. de Montjoie, 337
Argenson, M. d', 41 *note* 2
Argenteuil, Blanche Josephine La Bascle d', 215 *note* 4
— Marquis d', 215 *note* 4
Argout, Comte d'—
  Mission to St. Cloud, 299; at the Hôtel de Ville, 301
Artois, Comte d', *see* Charles X.
Arts and Crafts School at Châlons, 164 *note* 1
Assemblies "d'Appartement," at the Tuileries, 147–48
Aumale, Duc d', 235
Austria—
  Intervention in Naples, 50 and *note* 2, 45; refusal at the Embassy in Paris to recognise military titles of Napoleon, 145–46; Russian policy of, 204–5
Avenue de Marigny, firing in, 288

BACCIOCHI, Mme., *see* Bonaparte, Princesse Elisa
Balkans, the, 205
Barrot, M. Odilon, 302–3 and *notes* 2 and 4, 334
Bastard, M. de—
  In charge of investigation for trial of Louvel, 33, 36; story of the forgotten sentinel, 308–9
Bayonne, intrigues at, 93
Beaujon, hospital of, 321
Beaumont, Mme. de, 85
Beauregard, Marquis Costa de, *cited*, 52 *note* 3; *quoted*, 98 *note*
Beauvau, Anne Louise Marie de, *see* Poix, Princesse de
— Charles Just de, Marshal, 1 *note* 1, 2 *note* 2, 22
Bellanger, M. Louis, 358
Belley, College of, 69 *note* 1
Bellune, Duc de—
  As Minister of War, 64 and *note* 1; journey to and from Bayonne,

Bellune, Duc de—*continued*
93–94; replaced by the Baron de Damas, 101–2
— Duchesse de, 93 and *note*
Benoît, M. Denis, 293
Beresina, battle of, 215 *note* 1
Bergami, 43
Bernadotte, Mme., persevering affection towards the Duc de Richelieu, 74–78
Berry, Duc de—
Ball given by, at the Elysée, 12, 15–16; visits to the Palais Royal, 14–15; at the ball of M. Greffulhe, 17; assassination of, 19–25; sorrow caused by his death, 26
— Duchesse de—
Attitude towards the Duchesse d'Orléans, 15; character of, 16; at the ball of M. de Greffulhe, 17; behaviour on the assassination of her husband, 21–22; distrust of M. Decazes, 23; fulfils her husband's requests, 23–24; intrigues with the Ultra party, 33–37; tomb and inscription to her husband's memory, 38; title of "Madame" refused to, 130; at Rosny, 138–41; her habits and tastes, 138–39; popularity, 140; in the coronation procession of Charles X., 143; at the Dauphine's reception, 147–48; dislike to M. de Villèle, 172; reception of, 180; balls given by, 196–98, 244–46; expedition in La Vendée, 214 *note* 1; goes south to meet her father, 220; her gratitude to the king, 260; delight at the loyalty of the troops, 304
— Princesse de, 20, 198–200
Bertin, Louis François—
Account of, 117 and *note* 1; arrest and acquittal, 231 *note* 3
Bertin de Vaux, 117 *note* 1
Berton, General, 71 *note* 1
Bertrand, General, 55 and *note* 2
— Madame, 55 and *note* 2
Béthisy, Marquise de, 21
Blacas, M. de (French Ambassador at Naples), 81 and *note* 1, 220, 246
Black Band, the, 109
Boigne, General de—
Founds the refuge of Saint Benoît, 39–40; illness and death of, 247–48
Boisgelin, Alexandre de, 19 and *note* 2
Bonaparte, Joseph, 67 *note* 1
— Princesse Elisa, 240 and *note* 2
Bordeaux, Duc de—
Birth of, 44 and *note* 2, 44–45; placed under M. de Rivière, 153–54; education, 199–200; Duc de Damas appointed his guardian, 190–91; desire to place him on the throne, 354–55; mentioned, 36 *note* 1, 88, 140
Bouillerie, Comte de La, 111
Bouillon, Duc de, 3 *note* 3
— Princessee de, 3 and *note* 3
Bourbon, Duc de, 143, 234–35
Bourdeau, M., Minister of Justice, 207 *note* 4
Bourdois, Dr., 75–76
Bourdonnaye, Comte de La—
Charles X.'s reliance on, 213 and *note* 1; as Minister of the Interior, 214 *note* 2; resigns, 223 and *note* 2; recounts the king's defence of M. de Bourmont, 224–25; at Saint Cloud, 301; mentioned, 102 *note* 1, 191 *note* 2
Bourmont, Comte de—
Appointment as Minister of War, 214 and *notes* 1 and 2; his treachery, 223–24; Charles X.'s justification of, 224–25; tricks Marshal Marmont, 225–29; conversation with M. de Glandevès, 237
Brézé, M., 129
Briche, Mme., de La, masquerade at the house of, 19 and *note* 1
Brissac, Comte de, 139 *note* 3
Broglie, Duc de, 302, 317, 353
— Duchesse de, 85
Brown, Mrs., of London, 24
Bubna, General, 53–54

Cadiz, military insurrection in, 47
Caïn, Henri Louis, 160 and *note* 3
Calabria, Duke of, *see* Francis I. of Naples
Capelle, Baron, 223 *note* 2, 240 and *note* 1

Capuchins, convent of, refounded by M. de Boigne, 40
Caraman, Duc de, recalled from Vienna, 184–85; at the Verona Congress, 81 and *note* 1
Carignan, Charles Albert Prince de, 52 *notes* 2 and 3, 53; conduct at the capture of the Trocadéro, 98; the Grenadiers give him woollen epaulettes, 99
Carlist party, anger against Mme. de Boigne, 315
Caroline, queen of George IV.—
Conduct in Savoy, 43 and *note* 2; trial of, 43 *note* 2; 45; death of, 56
Caron, Lieutenant-Colonel, 72 *note* 2
Carrousel, the—
Occupied by the military, 269; captured by the people, 289
Castlereagh, Lord—
Interview with George IV., 56; death of, 78
Castries, Duc de, 32–33
Causans, M. de. 176 *note* 2
Caux, M. de, Minister of War, 30, 178 *note* 1
Cayla, Comtesse du—
Influence over Louis XVIII., 57, 62–63, 125–26; over the Marquis de Lauriston, 65; relations with the Duc de Rovigo, 105; the house at Saint Ouen, 107; her adroitness, 125–26; attitude of the Court of Charles X. towards, 170
— M. du, 170
Censorship of the Press—
Established by ordinance of August 15, 1824, 117; removed under Charles X., 132; suspension before the elections of 1827, 174; established by the July ordinances, 1830, 252 *note* 2
Chabot, Elizabeth Charlotte de, 2 *note* 2
— Comtesse Fernand de, 96 and *note* 2
Chabrol, M. de—
As Naval Minister, 120 and *note* 2, 178 *note* 1; as Minister of Finance, 214 *note* 2; resignation of, 239
Chalais, Prince de, 2, 3 *note* 2, 7
— Princesse de, 2, 3 and *note* 2, 5
Chambéry, 248; institutions founded at, by M. de Boigne, 39–40
Champagny, Nompere de—
Supposed influence over the Dauphin, 193; ignorance of the July ordinances, 254; mentioned, 325
Champs de Mars, 85, 165
— Elysées, 288
Chantelauze, M. de, Minister of Justice, 223 *note* 2, 234
Chantilly, 234
Charity Ball at the Opéra, 231
Charles X.—
Presence at the Duc de Berry's death, 22; promise to the Duc de Richelieu on offering him the Ministry, 27–28; informs Louis XVIII. of the Duchesse de Berry's plot, 35; conversation with the Duc de Richelieu, 60 and *note;* reign of, 73; attitude on the death of the Duc de Richelieu, 76; favours war with Spain, 81; sorrow at the death of Mathieu de Montmorency, 90; goes to St. Cloud 127; retort on M. Brézé, 129; entry into Paris, 131–32; attitude towards the army, 136; at cards, 137–38; coronation at Reims and entry into Paris, 142–44; attitude as to quarrel at the Austrian Embassy, 146; supports law for conversion of Government stock, 147; his assemblies "d'Appartement," 148; abolishes the National Guard, 1827, 165–66; at the camp of Saint Omer, 171; antipathy to Chateaubriand, 182–83; journey in Alsace, 194; attitude towards M. Pasquier, 201–2; conversation with the Duc de Mortemart, 203; declares for the Emperor Nicholas, 204; opposes his own Cabinet, 206; Opposition fables concerning, 208 and *note* 2–209; difference in his language to M. de Martignac and M. de La Ferronnays, 209–10; formation of the Polignac Ministry, 215–17; believes himself able to justify M. de Bourmont, 224; Royal Session at the Louvre, 232; in-

Charles X.—*continued*
cident of dropping his hat, 233; conversation with Admiral Duperré, 237–38; July ordinances signed, 252 and *note* 2–255; game of whist at Saint Cloud, 301; choice of passwords during the elections of 1830, 249; promise to the Duc d'Orléans, 250; returns thanks to God for capture of Algiers, 251–52; march upon Rambouillet, 302 *note* 2; cold reception of M. de Glandevès, 313; retirement to Rambouillet, 317; trial of the Ministers, 336; at Rambouillet, 337; indifference shown to the ambassadors, 338–39; question of abdication, 354
Charles Felix, King of Italy—
Succession of, 52 *note* 2; policy towards the Prince de Carignan, 98 *note* 1
Charlotte, Queen of England, 15 *note* 1
Charlotte of Spain, 179 *note* 2
Charter, the, 250, 295
Chartres, 32
— Duc de—
Incident at the Duchesse de Berry's ball, 196–97; regard of the Princesse de Berry for, 198; at the Charity Ball, 231; mentioned, 267
— Duchesse de, *see* Orléans, Dowager Duchesse d'
Chastellux, M. de, 5 and *note*
Chateaubriand, Duc de—
Publishes a history of the Duc de Berry, 39; appointed to Stockholm, 39 and *note* 1; as ambassador in London, 79–80; at Verona, 81–82; succeeds the Duc de Montmorency, 82; appointment of the Duc de Rauzan, 91–92; recalls the Marshal de Bellune, 101; is recalled, 115–16; his anger, 116; M. de Salvandy's article attributed to, 129; pamphlets of, 175; his disappointed ambition, 181–82; accepts the embassy at Rome, 183–84; returns from Rome, 207; resigns, 218; scheme as to the crown of Navarre, 243; letters to the
Chateaubriand, Duc de—*continued*
Comtesse de Boigne, 311, 360; Mme. Récamier's solicitations on behalf of, 339; visit of the Comtesse de Boigne to, 351–54; his fits of rage, 352–53; mentioned, 29
— Mme. de, 360
Châtenay, 168, 215
Châtillon-sur-Seine, 159
Chavernac, Dr., takes a message to the Duc de Raguse, 272; his return to the Comtesse de Boigne, 276
Chevreuse, Duchesse de, 82 *note* 2
Chio, massacres of, 174
Choiseul, M. de, 283 and *note* 1
Choisy, Mme. de, 109
Christina, Queen of Spain, 220 and *note* 4, 242, 243
Clausel, General, 193 and *note* 2
Clementina, Archduchess, 51 *note* 1, 244 *note* 1
Clermont d'Amboise, Louis de, 2 *note* 2
Clermont Ferrand, College of, 154 *note* 2
Clichy, barrier of, shooting at, 305
Clorivière, P. de, 69 *note* 1
Collard, M. Royer—
Opposes M. Richelieu, 59; fitness for office, 181–82; his account of M. de La Bourdonnaye, 213
Colmar, events at, June 1822, 71
Comédie Française, the, 149
Communities, female, law affecting, 153
Conclave, the address of M. de Chateaubriand, 207
Congregation of Jesuits, the—
College of, refounded by M. de Boigne, 40; influence on the Villèle Ministry, 67 and *notes;* projects of, 69–71; demands under Charles X., 134–35; alteration of the coronation oath, 141; demands on M. de Villèle, 153; *Mémoire à Consulter* directed against, 154; reports of miraculous events spread by, 170; policy towards Greece, 173; determine the overthrow of M. de Villèle, 177; ordinance of June 1828 against, 191 and *note*

Congregation of Jesuits, the—*con'd* 2; Opposition fables concerning 208–9 and *note* 2; Ultra Party defeated by, 222
Conspiracy, military, of August 20, 1820, 41 and *note* 2
Constant, Benjamin, 71 *note* 1, 307
Constitutional Charter, the, 131–32
— Party, attitude towards the Martignac Ministry, 195
— Royalists, refuse support to M. de Villèle, 177
Conti, Princess of, 333
Coppet, 86
Corbière, Comte de, Minister of the Interior, 63 and *note* 2; policy of, 120
Corcelle, M. de, 41 *note* 2
Council of the King's Conscience, 253
Courteilles, home of Mme. de Richelieu at, 10, 74
Courville, M. De, 191 *note* 2
Courvoisier, M.—
As Minister of Justice, 214 *note* 2; appointed in the Polignac Ministry, 216–17; resignation of, 218, 223, 239
Coussergues, M. Clausle, de, 26 and *note* 1
Croy, Cardinal de, 119, 135

Damas, Baron de—
Connection with the Jesuits, 69 and *note* 2; replaces the Marshal de Bellune, 102 and *note* 1; as Minister for Foreign Affairs, 120; guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux, 190–91; his method of education, 200; mentioned, 2, 5 *note* 2, 7, 87, 146
— Comtesse Charles de, 2; personality of, 5–6
Damas, Mlle. de, 5 and *note* 1
Dambray, Vicomte, 37
Daniel, Samuel, 33 and *note* 2
Dauphin, the—
Presence at the Duc de Berry's death, 22, 24; sorrow for the Duc de Richelieu's death, 76; departure for Spain, 92; his prudence, 94–96; religion, 95; ill-feeling against him, 96; return to Paris, 102; reply to M. Portal, 113; becomes Dauphin, 126; enters the council of Charles X., 133–34; attitude towards the army, 135–36; his wisdom, 172; leading influence in the Ministry of War, 178 and *note* 1; change in his attitude, 188–89; share in the drawing up of the June ordinances, 191–92, 254; joins the Ultra party, 192–93; opposes the Algerian expedition, 225, 228; journey to Toulon, 239; his ultra tendencies, 250; his requests to M. Arago, 287; dismisses M. de Glandevès, 313–14; quarrels with the Duc de Raguse, 318 *note* 1; question of abdication, 355
Dauphine, the—
At the Duc de Berry's ball, 16; treatment of the Duc de Richelieu, 74, 77; favours Mathieu de Montmerency, 87, 90; at Bordeaux, 100–2; attitude towards Mme. du Cayla, 109; towards Father Elisée, 121; sorrow on death of Louis XVIII., 126; assumes the title of Dauphine, 130; attitude towards the army, 136; evening receptions given by, 138; receptions at the palace, 147; attitude towards the clergy, 172; is expelled from Bordeaux, 193; disapproves of the Duchesse de Berry's ball, 197; anger against the magistrates, 230 and *note* 3; attitude towards the Orléans family, 234–35; her impressions as to repeal of Pragmatic Sanction, 243; at the Palais Royal ball, 246; attitude towards the Ministry, 250-51; fears of the Duchesse d'Orléans regarding, 325; attitude towards the Orléans princesses, 324; intercepted letter to her husband, 345
Dauphiné, ovations given to M. de Lafayette in, 221
Decazes, M.—
The Duchesse de Berry's distrust of, 23; public ill-feeling against, 26–27; resignation of, 27; Louis XVIII.'s regard for, 32–33

Declaration of Saint Ouen, 107
Deputies, Chamber of—
Septennial Act passed, 1824, 114; number of *émigrés* in, 150; intrigues in, 206
Despilly, M., 270
Dessolles, General, 27
Digeon, General Alexandre, 93 and *note* 1
Dijon, 223, 345
Dillon, Mlle. Fanny, *see* Bertrand, Mme.
Dino, Mme. de, 163
Doctrinaires, the, opposition to the Richelieu Ministry, 59–60
Dolomieu, Mme. de, 322, 324, 346
Dom Miguel, visit of, to Paris, 179 and *note* 2
— Pedro, 179 and *note* 2
Dona Maria da Gloria, Queen, 179 and *note* 2
Doudeauville, Duc de—
Intrigues of, 58 *note* 1; made Postmaster-General in 1822, 64–65 and *note* 2; replaces the Marquis de Lauriston, 110–11; resigns, 168; mentioned, 126
Dreux, 75
Duperré, Admiral, 237–38
Dupin (major), 191 *note* 2
Dupont de l'Eure, M., 41 *note* 2, 334
Duras, Duc de 259, 294, 310 *note* 1
— Mme. de, 91, 232
Duvergier, *Collection des lois et décrets, cited*, 110 *note* 1

Eckmühl, Duc d', 110 *note* 1
Egidie, 32
Election, new law of, provided by the July ordinances, 252 *note* 2
Elections of February and March, 1824, 114 and *note* 1
— of 1827, 174–177
— of 1830, 248–50
Elie, name of M. Decazes, 32
Elisée, Father, 121–22
Elizabeth, *d.* of Henry IV. of France, 242 *note* 1
Elysée Palace—
Ball given by the Duc de Berry, at, 12, 15–17; sorrow in, on the death of the Duc de Berry, 25; mentioned, 250
*Emigrés*, indemnity of, 117, 150–53
Enghien, Duc d', 105
England—
Russian policy of, 204; opinion in, of the French situation, 359
Essonnes, the boat of, 291
Etoile, barrier l', fighting at the, 289
Eu, 265, 266

Fabvier, Baron, 273–74 and *note* 1
— Colonel, 41 *note* 2
Fagel, M. de, 260
Fare, Henri de La, 119
Fathers of the Faith, Society of, 69 *note* 1
Faubourg St. Honoré, barricade in the, 283
Federation, the, preparations for, in the Champs de Mars, 85
Ferdinand I., King of Naples—
Conduct at Laybach, 50 and *note* 3; return to Naples and meeting with the Duke of Calabria, 51; describes the *Paura*, 51–52; treatment of the Duc d'Angoulême, 97
— II., King of Naples, 219 and *note* 2
— VII., King of Spain, account of, 220 and *note* 4; abolition of the Salic Law by, 242 and *note* 1
Ferronnays, M. de La—
At Verona Congress, 81; Minister of Foreign Affairs, 178 *note* 1, 182–83; relations with M. de Polignac, 184; attitude of the Dauphin towards, 189–90; resigns office, 201, 202; accident to, 205 and *note* 1; conversation with Charles X., 210; appointed to Rome, 219; mentioned, 24
Fesch, Cardinal, 118
Feuchères, Mme. de, received at Court, 234–35
Feudal customs at the funeral of Louis XVIII., 127–29
Feutrier, Mgr., Bishop of Beauvais, 178 *note* 1, 191 *note* 2, 208
Fieschi, 125 *note* 1
FitzJames, Duc de—
Incident of the dagger, 18; search for the assassins, 34; mentioned, 215 *note* 4
— Henrietta Victor de, 215 *note* 4
Fleury, Duc de, 62
Force, Duc de la, 249 and *note* 3

Foy, General, subscription for children of, 222; mentioned, 41 *note* 2, 71 *note* 1
France, Revolution of 1830 in (*see also* Paris), the first popular rising, 263–64
Franchet, M. d'Espérey—
Account of, 68 and *note* 3; dismissed from post of General Director of Police, 185
Francis I., Emperor of Austria—
Intervention in Naples, 49–50 and *note* 2; policy regarding the Duc de Reichstadt, 99 *note* 1; mentioned, 246 *note* 1
Francis I., King of Naples—
Meeting with Ferdinand at Rome, 51; family relations of, 220 and *note* 3; visit to Paris, 242–46, 250
François II., representation of Court of, at the Duchesse de Berry's ball, 196–98
Frayssinous, M. de, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, 178 *note* 1
Fréville, Baron de, 314
Froissart, "very sadly" phrase of, 15
Fronsac, Duc de, 8
— Duchesse de, 8 and *note* 2

Garche, Mme., 284–85
Gardanne, General, 273 *note* 1
Genaudel, Commissioner of Police, 94 *note* 2
Genlis, Comtesse de, 332 and *note* 2
George IV.—
Accession of, 27; trial of Queen Caroline, 43 *note* 2; receives news of Napoleon's death, 56; mentioned, 15 *note* 1
Gérard, General—
Mission to Neuilly, 325; his cowardice in civil matters, 336 and *note* 1; as deputy, 298 *note* 1, 301, 318 *note* 1
Girardin, M. de, 268–69
— Mme. de, 268
Glandevès, Baron de—
Conversation with M. de Bourmont, 236–37; widening of the royal box at the Tuileries, 244; escape of, 289; story of his escape from the Tuileries, 297–301; saying of, 301; receives his pass, 306; dismissal from Saint Cloud, 313–14; asks Mme. de Boigne to speak for him, 347; mentioned, 190 and *note* 1
Glandevès, Baron de—*continued*
"Glorieuses," the, 356
"God helps those who help themselves," society, 175
Gontaut, Duchesse de—
*Mémoires* of, *cited*, 20 *note*, 24, 45 *note*, 96 *note* 2, 97 *note* 1, 191 *note* 1, 196 *note* 1; *quoted*, 196 *note* 1, 310 *note* 1; refuses to address the Duchesse de Berry as "Madame," 130; coolness of the Duchesse de Berry towards, 140; reproaches M. de Polignac, 313; mentioned, 153
Goulay, Jules, 347
Gourgaud, Gaspar Baron, 55 and *note* 1
Gourgues, M. de, 176 *note* 2
Grande Chartreuse, the, 89
Grandmaison, M. Geoffroy de—
*La Congrégation* of, *quoted*, 67 *note* 1, 69 *note* 1, 192 *note* 1; *cited*, 176 *notes* 1 *and* 2, 191 *note* 2, 193 *note* 1; exact information from, 69 *note* 3
Gravier, M., 36 *note* 1
Greece, events in, effect of, on Parisian society, 173
Greffulhe, M., 253; masked ball given by, 17–19
Grenoble, 221, 239
Grouchy, General, 41 *note* 2
Guards, Royal, absence of, from Paris, 254
Guémenée, M. de Rohan, 234
Guilleminot, General—
Plot against, 94–95 and *note* 2; in Spain, 95
Guizot, M.—
Organisation of the elections, 175; Chateaubriand's hatred of, 353

Haussez, Baron d', 214 *note* 2
Hautefort, Adélaide Gabrielle de (Duchesse de Fronsac), 8 *note* 2
— Mlle. d' (Baronne de Damas), 9
Hayti loans, the, 152 *note* 1
Heinrich of Leiningen, Prince, 15 *note* 1
Hénin, Prince d', 3 *note* 1
— Princesse d', 2, 3 and *note* 1–4

Henriade, the, 317
Henry IV., introduction of the Salic Law by, 242 *note* 1
Hinaux, Commissioner of Police, 94 *note* 2
Holy Alliance, the, 115
Hôtel de Richelieu, 7
Hôtel de Ville, 144, 295, 301
Hundred Days, 193
Hydra, massacres of, 174

Ile Bourbon, the, 65
Imperial Almonry, the, 118
Incendiarism in Normandy, 248, 254
Insurrections, military, epidemic of, 47
Isabella Maria, Regent, 179 *note* 2
— Queen of Naples, 51 *note* 1, 220 *note* 3, 244–46, 250
— II., Queen of Spain, 220 *note* 4, 242 *note* 1
Issoudun, Mlle. d', 24
Istrie, Duchesse d', 146

Jeanne, *d.* of Louis X., 242 *note* 1
Jérôme, King of Westphalia, 30 *note* 2
Jesuits, *see* Congregation of Jesuits
João VI., 179 *note* 2, 182 *note* 1
*Journal des Debats, cited*, 116, 129, 230 *note* 3
July ordinances, the, 252 and *note* 2, 255
Jumilhac, Mme. de, 10–11, 211, 291
June ordinances, the, 191–92 and *note* 2

Karoly, Count, escape of, 275
Kaunitz, Prince, 48 *note* 1
Kent, Duke of, 15 *note* 1
Kinnaird, Lord, dismissed by General Bubna, 54
Knights Commanders, promotion of, on the birth of Duc de Bordeaux, 45–46

La Rochelle, execution of subalterns of, 113
La Vendée, 214 *note* 1, 223
Labedoyère, Mme., 293, 312
Laborde, Comte Alexandre de, 300, 306, 340
— Nathalie de, 2 *note* 1, 215 *note* 1
Lafayette, M. de—
Ovations given to, in Dauphiné, 221; the message from Rouen, 295–96; popular enthusiasm for, 312; mentioned, 41 *note* 2, 72 *note* 1
Lafitte, M., deputy, 41 *note* 2, 72 *note* 1, 298 *note* 1, 334
— Messrs., 152 *note* 1
Lainé, M., 40–42, 191 *note* 2
Lallemant, law student, death of, 38
Lally, M. de (Comte de Lally Tollendal), 3, 6
Lambruschini, Louis, Papal nuncio, 230
*Larousse, Dictionnaire, Illustré, cited*, 345 *note* 1
Latil, Abbé de, Archbishop of France 134, 230
Lauriston, Marquis de—
As Minister of the King's Household, 65; appointed Marshal of France, 110–11
Laval, Duc de—
Recalled from Rome, 184; replaces M. de Polignac in London, 219; his visit to the Comtesse de Boigne, 219; letter to the Comtesse de Boigne, *quoted*, 357; mentioned, 29, 88
— Marquis Guy de, 83; death of, 84
— Marquise de, 83–86
— Vicomte de, 82
— Vicomtesse de, 82–83
Lavau, M. Guy de, Prefect of Police, 68 and *note* 2, 112 *note* 1, 164 *note* 1; dismissal of, 184
Laybach, Congress of Troppau removed to, 47 *note* 1, 50
Le Kaïn, *see* Caïn
*Le Temps*, accounts of disturbances published in, 276
Leo XII., Pope, death of, 207 *note* 1
Leopold I., King of Belgium, 15 *note* 1
— Prince of Salerno, 246 and *note* 1
Lerminier, Dr., 75–76
Les Oiseaux, Convent of, 192 *note* 1
Lévis, Duc de, 134, 139 *note* 3
Lévis-Mirepoix, M. de, 176 *note* 2
Liancourt, Duc de—
Saying of, 64 *note* 3; deprived of his sinecures, 112 and *note* 1; funeral of, 164–65
Liberal opposition, "the fifteen years' comedy," 164 *note* 1

Lieutard, M., 108
Lille, loyalty of, 171
*Lit de Justice*, 71 and *note* 1
Lobau, Comte, deputy, 298 *note* 1
Lobinski, M. de, presents the "pen of honour" to Mme. de Boigne, 349
Londonderry, Marquis of, *see* Castlereagh, Lord
Lormoy, Château de, at Longpont, 215 and *note* 3
Lorraine, Sophie of Guise, Princess of, 8 *note* 1
Lostende, M. de, 94 *note* 2
Louis, Baron, 335
— Philippe Joseph, 332 *note* 1
— X., 242 *note* 1
— XVI., 22, 167
— XVIII.—
Favour shown to M. Decazes, 27–29, 32; presents sent by mistake to the Duc de Castries, 33; informs the Council of the plot of the Duchesse de Berry, 35; influence of Mme. du Cayla over, 57, 61–63; anxiety for the resignation of the Richelieu Ministry, 61–63; attitude on the death of the Duc de Richelieu, 77; policy at Verona, 81; portrait of, at Saint Ouen, 108; objection to leaving the Tuileries, 122; last illness and death, 123–26; funeral, 127–29; attitude towards the army, 136
Louvel, Louis Pierre, assassinates the Duc de Berry, 21–24; his trial and execution, 25 *note*, 33, 36
Louvre, royal session at the, 232–33; capture of, 288–89
Lowe, Sir Hudson, conduct towards Napoleon, 56 and *note* 3
Luxembourg, Duc de, Captain of the Guards, 302
— Palace, 312
Luynes, Duc de, 83
— Duchesse de, 82–83 *note* 2
Lyons, 221

MacCarthy, Father, Jesuit, 67 *note* 1
Macchi, Monseigneur, 108
Mackau, Baron de, 152 *note* 1, 225
"Madame," title of, refused to the Duchesse de Berry, 130
*Mme. Récamier et ses amis, cited*, 207 *note* 3
Madeleine, the, black flag hoisted on, 281; tricolour replaces the black flag, 295
Mahon, 239
Maillé, Comte Hardouin de, 215 *note* 2
— Duc de (Charles Fran. Armand), 22, 215 and *note* 4
Maison, Nicholas Joseph, 302–3 and *notes* 2, 3
Mallet, MM., bankers, 269–70, 275
Manuel, M.—
Expelled from the Chamber, 102 and *note* 1; funeral of, 164; mentioned, 41 *note* 2, 71 *note* 1
Maria Clementina, *d.* of Francis I. of Austria, 246 *note* 1
— Josephine Amelia Beatrice, Princess of Saxony, 220 *note* 4
— Theresa, *d.* of Philip IV. of Spain, 242 *note* 1
Marialva, Marquis of, 180 and *note* 1
Marie Antoinette Theresa, Princess of Naples, 220 *note* 3
— Isabella Françoise, Princess of Portugal, 220 *note* 3
Marmont, Marshal, *see* Raguse, Duc de
Marsan, Pavillon de, 36, 140
Martignac, Ministry, the—
Composition of, 178 and *note* 1; prospects of, 194–95; fall of, 213–16
— Vicomte de—
In Spain, 95; Minister of the Interior, 178 *note* 1; dislike of Charles X. for, 194–95; his dismissal, 209–10
Martin the Seer, 303
Marville, Château de, 65 *note* 1
Massa, Duchesse de, 146
Masséna defeats Souvarov, 8 *note* 3
Maubreuil, Marie Armand Guerri de, assault of, on Talleyrand, 161–63 and *note*
Mauguin, M., deputy, 298 *note* 1
Maximum, law of, 150
Meffray, Comtesse de, 97 and *note* 1
*Mémoire à Consulter* of M. de Montlosier, 154
Merlin, General, 41 *note* 2
Mesnard, Comte de, 139 and *note* 3

Metternich, Prince—
Tact of, 47–49 and *note;* account of the *Paura* by, 51; influence over Alexander, 157; at Paris, 170; influence over Dom Miguel, 180
Meun, M. de, 20
Migné in Poitou, 170
Millemont, 206 *note* 2
Molé, Comte, 19 *note* 1
Moncalieri, 52 *note* 1
*Moniteur*, the—
*Quoted*, 59 *note* 2, 232 *note* 1, 248 *note* 1, 251–52 and *note; cited*, 64, 112, 131; the July Ordinances published in, 254; at Saint Cloud, 259; publishes the *coup d'état*, 325; mentioned, 168, 181, 182, 190, 214 and *note* 2, 217, 227
Monsieur, *see* Charles X.
Montauban, insurrection at, 249
Montbel, Baron de, Minister of Education, 214 *note* 2; Minister of the Exchequer, 223 *note* 2
Montblanc, Mgr. de, Archbishop of Tours, 176 *note* 2
Montcalm, Mme. de—
*Salon* of, 7–11; personality of, 10–11; receives the Duc de Richelieu, 75
Montesquiou, Abbé de, personality of, 6; mission to Saint Cloud, 271
Montjoie, Comtesse de—
Conversation with Pozzo, 336; Mme. de Boigne's intercourse with, 266–67, 315–16, 319, 341, 343
Montlosier, Comte de, *Mémoire à Consulter* by, 154 and *note* 2
Montmorency, Duc Mathieu de—
As Minister for Foreign Affairs, 63; in the hands of the Congregation, 66, 67, 69; at Verona, 80–82; war policy and resignation, 82; his life and death, 83–90
— Duchesse Mathieu de, 63; story of, 83–90
Montmorency-Laval, Duc and Duchesse de, 357 *note* 1
Montpensier, Duchesse de, 220 *note* 4
Montrouge, Jesuits of, 153
Moreau, steward, of Pontchartrian, 317, 318
Morlot, officer of the peace, 94 *note* 2
Mortefontaine, Mme. de, 19
Mortemart, Duc de—
Proposed as successor to the Duc de Rivière, 190; conversation with Charles X., 203; arrives at Hôtel de Ville, 301; criticism of the Russian Ambassador, 310; summons the peers to the Luxembourg, 312; illness of, 314; commissioned to form a Cabinet, 318 *note* 1; mentioned, 126, 176 *note* 1, 305
Mortier, Marshal, sale of house of, 125 and *note* 1
Mouchy, Duc de, 1 *note* 1, 2 and *note* 1; his opinion of the Polignac Ministry, 215 and *note* 1, 216, 219
Mounier, M., 31, 191 *note* 2

Nansouty, Adélaide, Comtesse de, 211
— Etienne, Comte de, 211 *note* 1
Naples—
Military revolution in, 47; conduct of the old king, 50 and *note* 3; visit of the Court of, to Paris, 244–46, 250
Napoleon I., Emperor—
Death of, 55–56; refusal of the Austrian Court to recognise titles bestowed by, 145–46; policy towards his Ministers, 201–2
— II., King of Rome, 99–100 and *note* 1, 294, 295
Narishkine, Mme. de, relations with the Emperor Alexander, 156–57
National Guard, the—
Refuse to remove M. Manuel, 102 *note* 1; disbanding of, 165–67; proposed re-establishment, 270, 275; action at Essonnes, 291; the incident of the fleurs-de-lys, 336 *note* 1
Nature, a freak of, 186–87
Navarino, battle of, 173–74
Navarre, throne of, question of succession to, under the Salic Law, 242 *note*, 243
Neuilly, the Comtesse de Boigne at, 265–67, 320–28
Neuville, Baron Hyde de—
Promise to M. de Chateaubriand, 182 and *note* 1, 202;

Neuville, Baron Hyde de—*cont'd.*
conference with M. Pasquier, 271; mentioned, 178 *note* 1
Neveu, 36 *note* 1
Ney, Marshal, trial of, 224
Nicholas, Emperor—
Coronation of, 158; behaviour during the campaign against Turkey, 204; efforts of Charles X. on behalf of, 204
Nicole, Abbé, visit of, to M. de Richelieu, 76
Noailles, Alexis de, 191 *note* 2
— Alfred de, 215 *note* 1
— Charles de, *see* Mouchy, Duc de
— Charlotte Léontine de, 215 *note* 1
— Comtesse Juste de, 139
— Mlle. de, 8 *note* 1
Normandy, conflagrations in, 248, 254
Nostradamus, M. Michel, *Les Prophéties* by, 25 *note*
Notre Dame, Te Deum sung at, on the capture of Algiers, 251

Odessa, founding of, 9, 62
Opéra, the, Charity Ball at, 231
Ordinances—
August, 1824, 117
July, 252 and *note* 2, 255; repeal of, 318 *note* 1
June, 1828, 191–92 and *note* 2
November 5, 1827, 174 *note*, 176 *note*
Regarding funeral processions, 164
Orléans, Duc d'—
Life at the Palais Royal, 13–14; absents himself from the Duc de Berry's ball, 15; at the Duc de Berry's death, 23; illness of his wife, 220–21; at the Charity Ball, 231; incident of the fall of the king's hat, 233; gratitude to M. de Glandevès, 244; ball given to the Court of Naples, 245–49; deceived by Charles X., 250; arrival at the Palais Royal July 30, 314–15; proclamation issued by, as Lieutenant-General, 320 and *note* 1; question of his title, 322; conduct on hearing the summons, 325–26; ovation for, 346
Orléans, Duchesse d'—
Attitude towards the Duchesse de Berry, 15; at the Dauphine's reception, 148; illness of, 220–21; bitterness at repeal of Pragmatic Sanction, 243; the Palais Royal ball, 245–47; conversation with Mme. de Boigne, 324–27; arrives at the Palais Royal with the Princesses, 327; relations with Mme. de Boigne, 329; her character, 330–31; visit to Mademoiselle, 343–44
— Mademoiselle d'—
Regrets as to her family's position, 265; conversation with Mme. de Boigne, 322–23, 328; character, 331–36; interview with Pozzo, 341–50; her opinion of Pasquier and Pozzo, 350
— Princes d'—
Receive the title of "Royal Highness," 130; in the coronation procession of Charles X., 143
— Princesse Louise d', 219, 324
— the Dowager Duchess, 333 and *note* 4
Osmond, Comte Rainulphe d'—
*Aide-de-camp* to the Duc d'Angoulême, 103; at the death of Louis XVIII., 127
— Comtesse Rainulphe d'—
Favour shown to, by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, 101, 138; birth of her daughter, 155
— Mademoiselle Jeanne, 155
Osmond, Marquis d'—
Non-promotion of, with Knights Commanders, 45; summoned to the Luxembourg, 312
— Marquise d', 317–18
— Rainulphe d' (son of Comte Rainulphe), 155
Oudinot, Marshal, *see* Reggio, Duc de
Ouvrard, 93–94

Pajol, General, 41 *note* 2
Palais Bourbon, 235, 320 *note* 1
Palais Royal—
Drawing-rooms and social life of, 13–14; ball at, 245–47; arrival at, of the Duc d'Orléans, 314–16; the Orléans Princesses, 327; Comtesse de Boigne's visit

Palais Royal—*continued*
to, 342–44; appearance of the palace, 344–46; mentioned, 7
Pampeluna, capture of, 110 and *note* 1
Panisse, M. de, 176 *note* 2
Parga massacres, 174
Paris—
Carnival of 1820, 12; departure of the Allies from, 12–13; entry of Charles X., 131; festivities on the coronation of Charles X., 143–44; visit of the Court of Naples to, 244–47, 250; agitation in the town, 251; March, 1814, and July, 1830, compared, 258; appearance of the streets, July 26, 1830, 261–62; the first popular rising, 262–63; first barricades, 267–68; appearance of the streets, July 28, 270; events of July 28, 280–81; the first cannon-shot, 275; insurgents seek arms, 276; resumption of the conflict, 278; tactics of the insurgents, 279–81; the black flag, 281; alarming rumours, 280–81; the tocsin, 280–81; Thursday, July 29, 281; manufacture of cartridges at the Bourse, 282; impossibility of leaving, 282–83; tactics of the insurgents, 283–84; evacuation by the royal troops, 288–89; capture of the Louvre, 288–89; barricades on the boulevards, 291–92; a walk through, 291–95; "Long live the Charter," 295; the march upon Rambouillet, 302 *note* 2; events of July 30, 306; the workmen resume work, 307; honesty and toleration of the populace, 307–10; arrival of the Duc d'Orléans, the provisional Government, 314–16; general anxiety, 318–19; proclamation by the Lieutenant-General, 320 and *note* 1; ambassadors' proposal to go to Rambouillet, 338; appearance of the streets Sunday, August 2, 342
— Comtesse de, 220 *note* 3
— See of, 118–19
Pasquier, M.—
As Minister of Foreign Affairs, 27 and *note* 2; *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier, cited*, 28, 39 *note* 1, 79 *note* 1, 115, 204 *note* 2; *quoted*, 36 *note* 1, 58 *note* 1, 60 *note* 1, 62 *note*, 64 *note* 3, 72 *note* 2, 94 *note* 2, 117 *note* 1, 192 *note* 1, 218 *note*, 311 *note* 1; defeats the Opposition, 38; friendship with the Comtesse de Boigne, 78; defeat of M. de Villèle, 117 and *note* 1; speech on the law of sacrilege, 135; declines the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, 201–2; visit to the Girardin household, 269; conference with M. de Neuville, 271; advises Mme. de Boigne not to leave Paris, 283; talk with Mme. de Boigne, 312; visit to M. de Mortemart, 314; gloomy apprehensions, 340; interviews with Mademoiselle, 342, 349–50; mentioned, 188, 214, 280, 301
Paul I., Emperor of Russia, 8 and *note* 4
*Paura*, the, Ferdinand's description of, 51–52
Peers, Chamber of—
Trial of the military conspirators, 41 *note* 2, 57; anger of, at political executions, 72; adoption of Septennial Act, 114; law affecting female communities passed, 153; opposition to law concerning primogeniture, 164; alliance with the country, 165; nomination of seventy-six new peers, 176–77; popularity, 176; trial of Marshal Ney, 224
Penthièvre, Duc de, 335
Périer, M. Augustin, 221 *note* 1
— M. Casimir—
Account of, 222 and *note* 1; as deputy, 298 and *note* 1; sends pass to M. Glandevès, 306; the hand-shake of M. Glandevès, 313; mentioned, 301, 318 *note* 1
Peyronnet, Comte de—
In the Villèle Ministry, 63–64 and *note* 4; policy of, 120; as Minister of the Interior, 223 and *note* 2; public opinion regarding, 239–40; his assurance to M. de Rothschild, 253; mentioned, 185, 206

Philip V. of France, 242 *note* 1
— V. of Spain, 242 *note* 1
Piedmont, military insurrection in, 47, 52–53
Pins, Mgr. de, 176 *note* 2
Pius VIII., Pope, election of, 207 and *note* 1
Place Beauvau—
Stockades in, 284; the proclamation read in, 320 and *note* 1
— de Grève, 37
— de la Bourse, 268
— Louis XV.—
Artillery in, 269; fusillade in, 288
— Vendôme—
Military occupation of, 269; declaration suspending hostilities read in, 286
Podenas, Mme. de, 196
Poix, Prince de, 1 *note* 1, 215 *note* 1
— Princesse de—
*Salon* of, 1–7; personality, 2, 4; mentioned, 215 *note* 1
Polignac, M. Jules de—
Connection with the Jesuits, 69; intrigues of, 178, 184; Minister of Foreign Affairs, 214 *note* 2; rejects movement for the Algerian expedition, 225, 227; signs the July ordinances, 252 and *note* 2; his shortsightedness and incapacity, 254; his triumph, 262–63; coerces the Duc de Raguse, 273; advice to General Vincent, 293; M. de Glandevès' account of his behaviour, 298; his visions, 302; his confidence, 313–14; and the diplomatic body, 338–39
— Ministry, the, 210; general outcry against, 215–18, 223
Polytechnic School—
Action of the pupils, 282; their authority recognised, 290, 294, 308, 321
Pontchartrain, 75, 219, 283; Mme. de Boigne's connection with, 310, 317–18
Poreth, M. de, 19
Portal, Baron, Naval Minister—
Law for protection of coasting trade, 135; mentioned, 27 *note* 2, 30, 113, 124 and *note* 1, 188
Portalis, M.—
As Minister of Justice, 178
Portalis, M.—*continued*
*note* 1; as Interim Minister, 202, 205; as Minister of Foreign Affairs, 207 *note* 4; mentioned, 31
Porte Sainte Marie, 97
— Saint Martin—
Parody of *Danaides* at, 18; disturbances in, 267; battle at, 279–80
Porto Ferrajo, 239
Potier, Charles, 18
Potocka, Comtesse Vincent, 107
Pozzo di Borgo, General—
Premonitions concerning the House of Bourbon, 44–45; quoted, 51; account of the assault on M. de Talleyrand, 161–62; induces Charles to interfere on the Russian question, 204; visit to M. Polignac, 262; maintains the right of nations to punish perjured kings, 268; opinion of the situation, 292, 310; meetings with Mme. de Boigne, 314, 315, 337; aversion for General Sébastiani, 315–16; changed attitude towards proposed d'Orléans dynasty, 337–39; interviews with Mademoiselle, 341, 348–50; mentioned, 301
Pragmatic Sanction, repeal of, 242–43 and *note* 1
Preissac, Comte de, 249 and *note* 2
Press censorship, *see* Censorship of the Press
Primogeniture, right of, law of, opposed by Peers, 164
Princesses, the "United," 3
Princeteau, Mme., 32

Quélen, M. de, Archbishop of Paris—
Opposition to M. de Villèle, 118–20 and *note;* forbids clergy of his diocese to attend Louis XVIII.'s funeral, 128 and *note;* mentioned, 191 *note* 2

Raguse, Duc de—
Account of the funeral of Louis XVIII. by, 128–29; mission to the Emperor Nicholas, 158; schemes of, 158–60; account of the assault on M. de Talleyrand,

Raguse, Duc de—*continued*
161–63; accounts of the Dauphin, 194; tricked by M. de Bourmont, 225–29; fury against M. de Bourmont, 228–29; character, 229; the password "Montpellier," 249; ignorance of the July ordinances, 254; learns of the *coup d'état*, 259; his opinion, 260–61; established at the Tuileries, 268; Mme. de Boigne's message to, 271–74; his operations, 272; reports concerning him, 281; his illusion, 283; "God protects good mothers," 285; declines to fire on women and children, 285; his own opinion of his situation, 286; story of M. de Glandevès, 298–300; his despair, 314; his position, 318 and *note* 1; under the special protection of the Orléans Princesses, 337; mentioned, 136, 145–46, 211
Raincy, 320 *note* 1
Rainneville, M. de, General Secretary of Finance, 68
Rambouillet—
March on, 302 *note* 2; retirement to, 317, 323; mentioned, 260, 337
Ranville, M. de Guernon, 214 *note* 2
Rauzan, Duc de, 280, 285, 293; as Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, 91–92
— Duchesse de—
Finds it impossible to leave Paris, 283; information received by, 318, 319; helps Mme. de Boigne to start for Neuilly, 320; mentioned, 280, 312
Ravez, M., request to M. Manuel, 102 *note* 1; declines to enter the Polignac Ministry, 213–14
Récamier, Mme.—
Visits of Mme. Bernadotte to, 77–78; as peacemaker, 82, 91–92; note to the Comtesse de Boigne, 339–40; the Comtesse de Boigne's visit to, 350–54; mentioned, 219, 358, 360
Reggio, Duc de (Marshal Oudinot), 98, 145–46; order abolishing the National Guard, 166
Reggio, Duchesse de, 139
Reichstadt, Duc de, *see* Napoleon II.
Reims, coronation of Charles X. at, 142–43
Renel, Marquis de, *see* Clermont d'Amboise, Louis de
Republic, fears of a, 313–14
Retz, Cardinal, 119
Reuilly, Comtesse de, 235
Revolution, "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 compared with that of 1830, 340 *note* 2
— of 1830, *see* Paris
Reyneval, M., 31 and *note* 1
Richelieu, Duc de—
Story of his wife, 7–10; preference for Mme. de Montcalm, 10–11; good-will towards M. Decazes, 27; appointed in place of M. Decazes, 27–29; second Ministry of, 30–32; intrigues against his Ministry, 57–61; resignation, 61–63; illness and death of, 73–78
— Duc de (grand-nephew of the Cardinal), 8 and *note* 1, 197
— Duchesse de (wife of the Minister), story of, 6–10
Right and Left Parties, opposition to the Richelieu Ministry, 59
Rigny, Vice-Admiral de—
Commands at the battle of Navarino, 173; in the Admiralty, 214 *note* 2; appointment in the Polignac Ministry, 216 and *note* 2; refusal to accept office, 217 and *note* 3, 218; personality of, 238–39
Rivière, Duc de—
Appointed Captain of the Guards to Monsieur, 39 *note* 1; connection with the Jesuits, 69; as guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux, 134, 153–54; illness and death of, 178–79; question of replacing him, 190; mentioned, 176
Rochefoucauld, Liancourt, Duc de, *see* Liancourt
— Mme. de La, 89
— Sosthène de La—
Intrigues of, 58 and *note* 1; relations with Mme. du Cayla, 63; with M. de Villèle, 168–69
Rochejacquelin, Mme. de La, 139
Roger, Father, of the Congregation, 68 *note* 3

Ronsin, Father Pierre, of the Congregation, 68 *note* 3, 69 and *note* 1; work of, 192 *note* 1
Rosny—
Tomb of the Duc de Berry at, 38; the Duchesse de Berry at, 138, 141; journey of the Naples Court to, 245; mentioned, 250, 325
Rothe, Mme. de, 8 *note* 1
Rothesay, Sir Charles Stuart, Papal nuncio, 310 *note* 1
Rothschild, Baron de, 348 *note* 1
— Baron James de, interview of, with M. de Peyronnet, 253–54
— Messrs., 147, 152 *note* 1
Rouen, the messenger from, 295–96
Rougé, Marquis de, 176 *note* 1
Roussin, Baron, 237
Rovigo, Duc de, 41 *note* 2, 105–7
Roy, M., Minister of Finance, 27 *note* 2, 30 and *note* 4, 178 *note* 1
Royal Guard, the, return of, to Paris, 297; death of a grenadier, 321–22
"Royal Highness," title of, given to the Princes d'Orléans, 130
Rubichon, M., 253
Rue, Baron de La (Isidore), 272–74
— Colonel de La, and the Duc de Reichstadt, 99–100
— Coq Héron, Postmaster-General's official residence in, 64
— d'Anjou, the patrol in, 275; barricades in, 283
— de l'Echelle, barricades, in 268
— de Lycée, 245
— de Mont Blanc, 270
— de Rivoli, 292; Talleyrand's house in, 348 *note* 1
— de Sèvres, Jesuit convent in, 192 *note* 1
— de Surène, 275; barricades in, 284
— des Mathurins, 270
— du Faubourg St. Honoré, fusillade in, 275; barricades in, 294
— du Roule, 320
— Saint Denis, disturbances in, 265
Rumilly, 42
Russia, campaign against the Turks, 204

Sacred Heart, Ladies of the, 153
Sacrilege, law of, 134–35
Saint Acheul, Jesuits of, 153
— Benoït, refuge of, founded by M. de Boigne, 39–40
— Bruno, chapel of, 89
— Cloud—
Condition of, 122; reception at, 131; life at, 138; on July 26, 1830, 259; march of the troops on, 289; behaviour of the king at, 301–2; abandoned, 317
— Criq, M., Minister of Commerce and Manufactures, 178 *note* 1
— Denis—
Burial of Louis XVIII. in, 127–29; the expiatory ceremony at, 161
— Domingo, indemnity of, 152 and *note* 1
— Helena, death of Napoleon on, 54–56
— John of God, Brothers of, 121 and *note* 2
— Omer, camp of, 171
— Ouen, 107
— Petersburg, insurrection of the garrison, 48–49
— Simon, *cited*, 130
— Thomas d'Aquin, church of, 89, 192 *note* 1
— Thomas de Villeneuve, Sisters of, 192 *note* 1
Sales, M. de, Sardinian Minister at Paris, 339
Salic Law, abolition of, in Spain, 242 and *note* 1, 243
Salvandy, M. de—
Account of the funeral of Louis XVIII. by, 129; pamphlets of, 175; arrival from Essonnes, 291; refuses the tricolour, 309
San Sebastian, siege of, 110 *note* 1
Sauvigny, General Bertier de, 236
Schonen, M. de, 302 *note* 2
Sébastiani, General, Minister of Foreign Affairs, 315, 322; interviewed by Mademoiselle, 344, 346
Séguier, Baron—
Correspondence with Mme. de Boigne, *quoted*, 79 *note* 1, 292 *note* 2, 359; rebuffed by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, 230; mentioned, 191 *note* 2

Sémonville, Marquis de—
Observation of, to the Duc d'Orléans, 266 and *note*, 267; his mission to Saint Cloud, 299; return of, 301
Septennial election, law of, passed 1824, 114
Serre, M. de, Minister of Justice, 27 *note* 2, 30, 38
Siddons, Mrs., 160 and *note* 4
Sieyès, Abbé, 83
Sillery, Marquis de, 332 *note* 2
Siméon, M., Minister of the Interior, 30
Simiane, Marquis de, 4 *note* 1
— Marquise de, 2, 4
Sorbonne, the, 77
Soult, Marshal, 145–46
Souvarov, Count, Russian general, 8 and *note* 3
Spain, abolition of the Salic Law in, 242 and *note* 1, 243
Spanish War, absence of preparations for, 92; the campaign, 97–98
Staël, Mme. de, 3; friendship of Mathieu de Montmorency for, 85, 86
Stock, Government—
Conversion of, by M. de Villèle, 114, 115 and *note*, 117, 120, 121; the law of May, 1825, 146–47 and *note* 1, 150–53
Strasburg, 194
Stuart, Lord, 292 and *note* 2
Suisses, the, behaviour of, at the Tuileries, 300
Sweden, Queen of, *see* Bernadotte, Mme.

TAGANROG, 156
Talleyrand, M. de—
Sayings of, 76, 167; charges of the Duc de Rovigo against, 105–7; assaulted by Maubreuil, 161–63; remark of Mademoiselle regarding, 348 and *note* 1; mentioned, 118
Talma, François Joseph, death of, 160
Talon, General, reports concerning, 280
Tarentaise, the, 247
Thuret, Mme., 254
Tonnerre, Cardinal, of Clermont, Archbishop of Toulouse, 67 *note* 1
— Duc de Clermont—
Connection with the Jesuits, 67 and *note* 1, 69; transferred to the War Office, 120
— Duchesse de Clermont, 67 *note* 1
— Marquis Amédee de Clermont, 67 *note* 1
Toulon, journey of the Dauphin to, 239
Tour d'Auvergne, Marie Sophie Charlotte de La, 1 *note* 1
— du Pin Chambly, Comte de La, 280 *note* 1
— Maubourg, M. de La, Minister of War, 27 *note* 2, 30
Trocadéro, capture of the, exaggerated enthusiasm over, 97–98, 103–4
Troppau, Congress of, 47 and *note* 1, 50
Tuileries, Palace of the—
Duchesse de Berry established in, 36; reception of the Duc d'Angoulême at, 103; Louis XVIII.'s objection to leaving, 122; the assemblies "d'Appartement" of Charles X. at, 147–48; theatrical performances at, 149, 180; ball given by the Duc de Berry to the Court of Naples, 244–46; Duc de Raguse established at, 268, 271; abandonment of, 289; after the evacuation, 292; story of M. de Glandevès, 299–300
Turkey, Russian campaign against, 204–5

ULTRA Party—
Intrigues of, 34–37, 93, 175–78; anger at the decision of M. Dambray, 37; opposition to the Richelieu Ministry, 59–61; power over M. de Villèle, 114; projects of, 171; joined by the Dauphin, 192–94; defeated by the Jesuit party, 222
Undiscoverable Chamber, 6, 30, *note* 2, 182 *note* 1

VALENCE, 221
— Vicomtesse de, 336

Vandamme, General, 41 *note* 2
Varna, siege of, 204 and *note* 1
Vatimenil, M. de, Minister of Education, 178 *note* 1
Vaulabelle, *Histoire de la Restauration*, quoted, 217 *note* 3
Verac, Comte de, 137
Verona, Congress of, 79 *note* 1
Vichy, 252 *note* 1
Victoire of Saxe-Coburg (Duchess of Kent), 15 *note* 1
Victor Emanuel I., King of Piedmont, abdication of, 52 and *note* 2
Victoria, Queen, 15 *note* 1
Vienna, conference at, 79 *note* 1
Vierzon, Mlle. de, 24
Villefranche, M. de, 209–10
Villèle, M. de—
Relations with Mme. du Cayla, 58, 60; Ministry of, 63–67; character, 65–67; attitude towards the Congregation, 71–72; President of the Council, 80 and *note* 1; at Verona, 81–82; his political position, 114–20; attack on M. de Chateaubriand, 115–16; policy of, 133–34; opposition to the Congregation, 141–42; law for conversion of Government stock, 146–47, 151–52; proposed law for the indemnity of the *émigrés*, 149–53; his part in the abolition of the National Guard, 166–68; relations with
Villèle, M. de—*continued*
Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, 168; projects regarding a fresh election, 171; the creation of seventy-six peers, 176–78; fall of, 178; retires from Paris, 185
Villeneuve l'Etang, 74
Vincent, Baron von, Austrian Ambassador—
Tact of, 145
— General, his advice to M. de Polignac, 293; at Saint Cloud, 301–2
Vintimille, Mlle. Duluc de, 17–18
Virginie, opera dancer, 24
Vitrolles, M. de, 115, 301
Vizille, 221
Vogué, M. de, 5 and *note* 1
Voyer d'Argenson, M., 71 *note* 1

WALL, General de, 286
Waterloo, treachery of M. de Bourmont at, 224
Wellington, Duke of, discussion in the Council regarding, 189; observation on the marriage of the Duc de Berry, 45
Werther, Baron von, Prussian Minister at Paris, 310

YPSILANTI, Prince, insurrection of, 49

ZÉLIE, name of Mme. Princeteau, 32

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 004351794